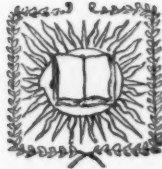


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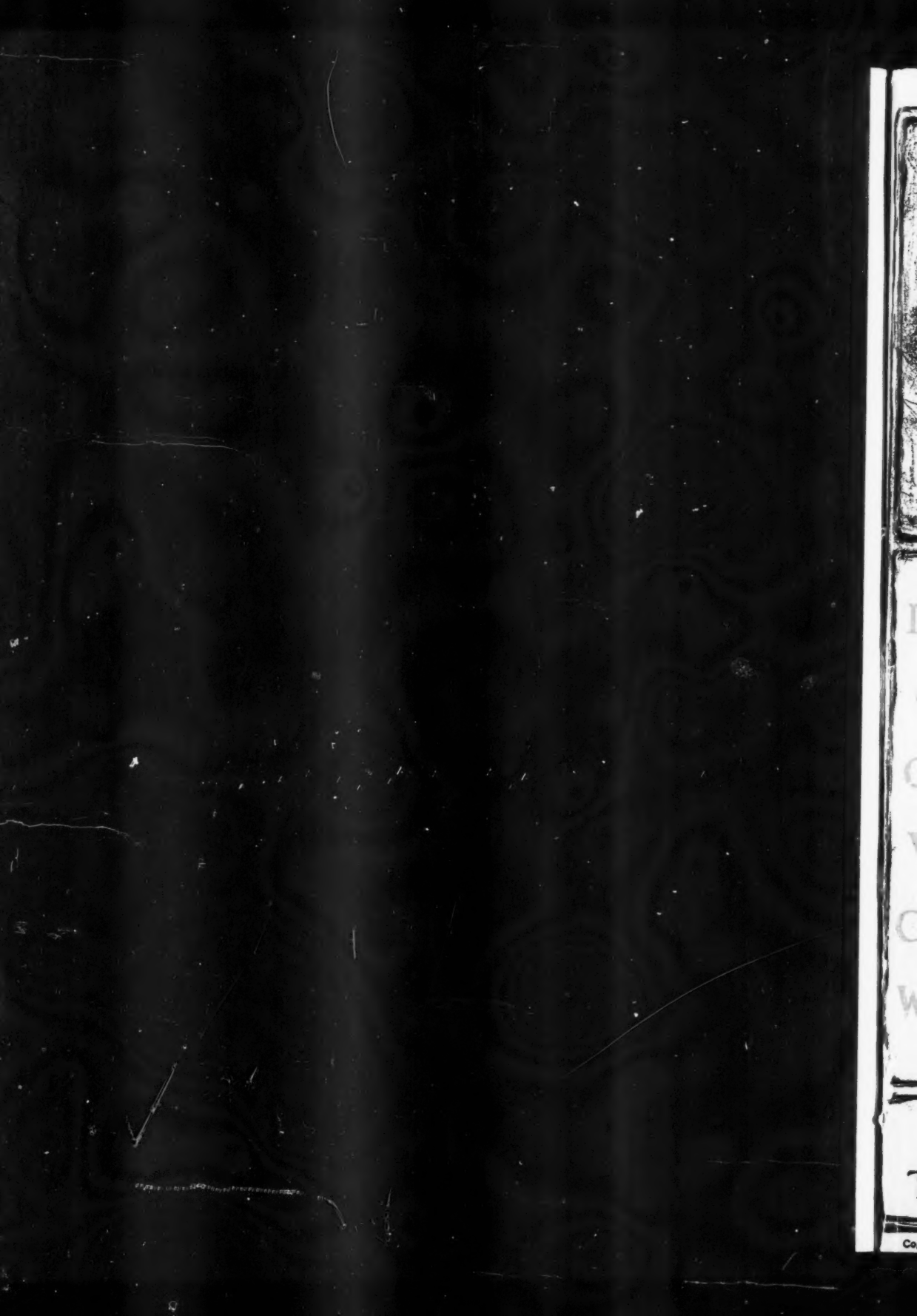
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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIFE
OF
OLIV-
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CROM-
WELL



BY
JOHN
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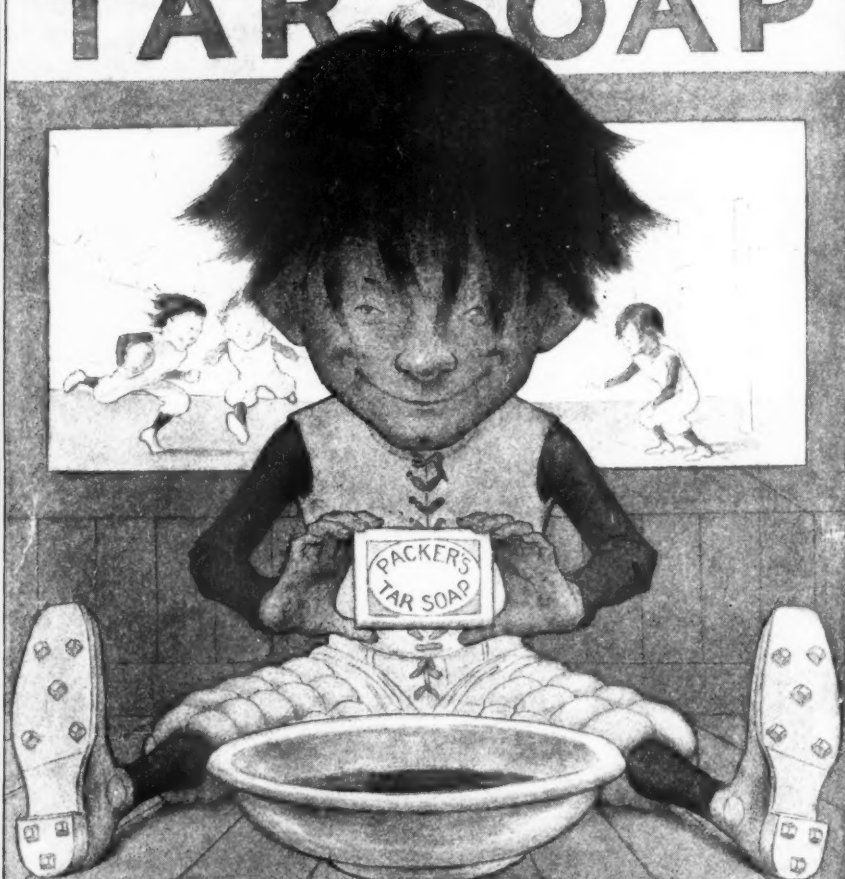


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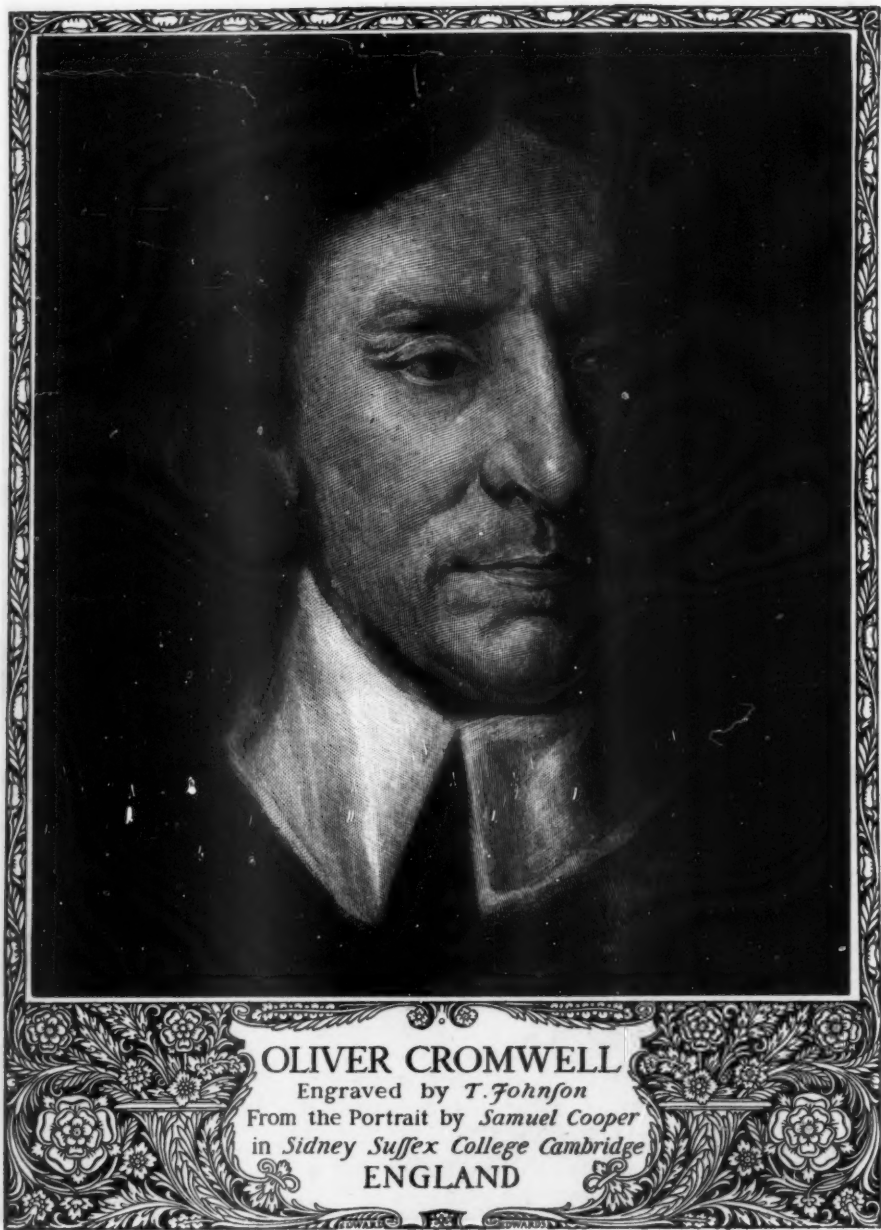
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OLIVER CROMWELL

Engraved by T. Johnson

From the Portrait by Samuel Cooper
in Sidney Sussex College Cambridge

ENGLAND

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 1.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

PROLOGUE.

THE figure of Cromwell has emerged from the floating mists of time in many varied semblances, from the blood-stained and hypocritical usurper up to the transcendental hero and the liberator of mankind. The contradictions of his career all come over again in the fluctuations of his fame.

He put a king to death, but then he broke up Parliament after Parliament. He led the way in the violent suppression of bishops, he trampled on Scottish Presbytery, and set up a state system of his own; yet he is the idol of voluntary congregations and the free churches. He had little comprehension of that government by discussion which is now counted the secret of liberty; no man that ever lived was less of a pattern for working those constitutional charters which are the favorite guaranties of public rights in our century; his rule was the rule of the sword; yet his name stands first, half warrior, half saint, in the calendar of English-speaking democracy.

It has been truly said that the effect that a written history can produce is nowhere seen more strongly than in Clarendon's story of the Rebellion. The view of the event and of the most conspicuous actor was for many generations fixed by that famous work. Not accurate always in every detail, and hardly pretending to be impartial, yet it presented the great drama with a living vigor, a breadth, a grave ethical air, that made a profound and lasting impression. To Clarendon Cromwell was a rebel and a tyrant, the creature of personal ambition, using religion for the mask of selfish and perfidious designs. For several generations the lineaments of Oliver, thus portrayed, were undisturbed in the mind of Europe. After the conservative of the seventeenth century came the greater conservative of the eighteenth. Burke, who died almost exactly two centuries after Cromwell was born, saw in him one of the great bad men of the old stamp, like Medici at Florence or Petrucci at Siena, who exercised the power of the state by force of character and personal authority. Cromwell's virtues, says Burke, were at least some correctives of his crimes. His government was military and despotic, yet it was regular; it was rigid, yet it was no savage tyranny. Ambition suspended, but did not wholly suppress, the sentiment of religion and the love of an honorable name. Such was Burke's modification of the dark colors of Clarendon. As time went on, opinion slowly widened. By the end of the first quarter of this century, reformers like Godwin, though they could not forgive Cromwell's violence and what they thought his apostasy from old principles and old allies, and though they had no sympathy with the biblical religion that was the mainspring of



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
OLIVER CROMWELL'S BIRTHPLACE, HUNTINGDON.

gone far. Cromwell, we are told by one of the most brilliant of living political critics, was about the greatest human force ever directed to a moral purpose, and in that sense about the greatest man that ever trod the scene of history (Goldwin Smith). Another powerful writer, of a different school, holds that Oliver stands out among the very few men in all history who, after overthrowing an ancient system of government, have proved themselves with an even greater success to be constructive statesmen (F. Harrison). Then comes the honored historian who has devoted the labors of a life to this intricate and difficult period, and his verdict is the other way. Oliver's negative work endured, says Gardiner, while his constructive work vanished, and his attempts to substitute for military rule a better and a surer order were no more than "a tragedy—a glorious tragedy." As for those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery, of them I need say nothing. History, after all, is something besides praise and blame. To seek measure, equity, and balance, is not necessarily the sign of a callous heart and a mean understanding. For the passion for broad classifications works havoc with truth; and to insist upon long series of unqualified clenchers in history and biography only ends in confusing questions that are separate, in distorting perspective, in exaggerating proportions, and in falsifying the past for the sake of some spurious edification of the present.

Of the Historic Sense it has been truly said that its rise indicates a revolution as great as any produced by the modern discoveries of physical science. It is not, for instance, easy for us, who are vain of living in an age of reason, to enter into

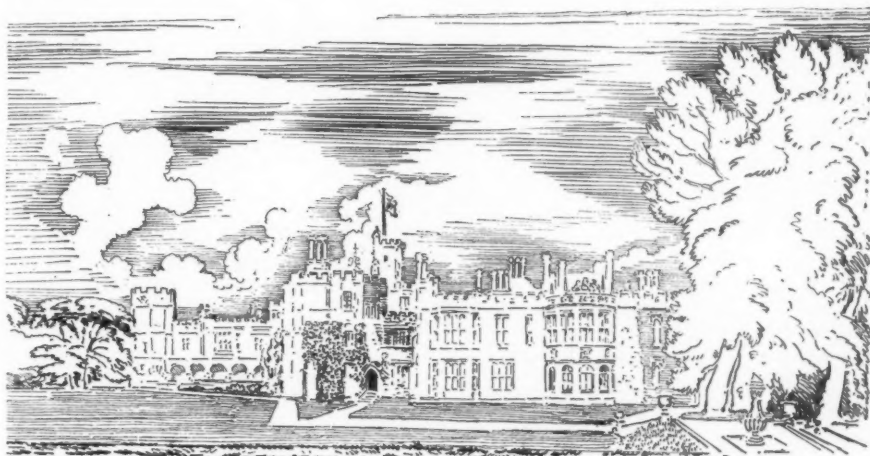
his life, yet they were inclined to place him among the few excellent pioneers that have swayed a scepter, and they almost brought themselves to adopt the glowing panegyrics of Milton.

The genius and diligence of Carlyle, aided by the firm and manly stroke of Macaulay, have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition. The reaction has now



the mind of a mystic of the seventeenth century. Yet by virtue of that sense even those who have moved furthest away in belief and faith from the books and the symbols that lighted the inmost soul of Oliver should still be able to do justice to his free and spacious genius, his high heart, his singleness of mind.

On the political side it is the same. It may be that "a man's noblest mistake is to be before his time"; but historic sense forbids us to judge results by motive, or real consequences by the ideals and intentions of the act or who produced them. The effective revolution came thirty years later, and when it came it was no Cromwellian revolution; it was aristocratic and not democratic, the substitution for the old monarchy of a territorial oligarchy supreme alike in Lords and Commons. Nor is it true to say that the church became a mere shadow of its ancient form after the Restoration. For two centuries, besides her vast influence as a purely ecclesiastical organization, the church was supreme



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE ELDER BRANCH OF THE CROMWELL FAMILY.

in the universities, those powerful organs in English national life, supreme in the great schools that fed them. The directing classes of the country were almost exclusively her sons; the land was theirs. Dissidents were tolerated; they thrived and prospered; but they had little more share in the government of the nation than if Cromwell had never been born. To perceive all this, to perceive that Cromwell did not succeed in turning aside the destinies of his people from the deep courses that history had preappointed for them, into the new channels which he fondly hoped that he was tracing with the point of his victorious sword, implies no blindness either to the mighty gifts of a brave and steadfast man, or to the grandeur of his ideals of a good citizen and a well-governed state.

It is hard to deny that wherever force was useless Cromwell failed; or that his example would often lead in what modern opinion firmly judges to be false directions; or that it is in Milton and Bunyan rather than in Cromwell that we seek what was deepest, loftiest, and most abiding in Puritanism: we look to its apostles rather than its soldier. Yet Oliver's largeness of aim; his freedom of spirit, and that energy that comes of a free spirit; the presence of a burning light in his mind, though the light to our later times may have grown dim; his good faith, his valor, his constancy, have stamped his name, in spite of some exasperated acts that it is pure sophistry to justify, upon the imagination of men over all the vast area of the civilized world where the English tongue prevails.

The greatest names in history are those who, in a full career and amid the turbid extremities of political action, have yet touched closest and at most points the wide, ever-standing problems of the world, and the things in which men's interest never dies. Of this rare company Cromwell was surely one.

I. OLIVER CROMWELL'S EARLY LIFE.

“I WAS by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity.” Such was Cromwell’s account of himself. He was the descendant in the third degree of Richard Cromwell, whose earlier name was Richard Williams, a Welshman from Glamorganshire. In the deed of jointure on his marriage the future Protector is described as Oliver Cromwell *alias* Williams. Hence those who insist that what is called a Celtic strain is needed to give fire and speed to an English stock find Cromwell a case in point.

The original Richard was one of the agents of Thomas Cromwell, the iron-handed servant of Henry VIII, the famous Sledge-hammer of the monks, and the master builder of the Church of England. Whether Richard was near kinsman or kinsman at all is disputable. What is certain is that he was in favor with Thomas Cromwell, and with the king after his patron's fall, and that Henry VIII gave him, among other spoils of the church, the revenues and manors belonging to the priory of Hinchinbrook and the abbey of Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire and the adjacent counties. Sir Richard left a splendid fortune to an eldest son, whom Elizabeth made Sir Henry. This, the Golden Knight, so called from his profusion, was the father of Sir Oliver, who was of a prodigal turn like himself. Besides Sir Oliver, the Golden Knight had a younger son, Robert, and Robert in turn became the father of the mighty Oliver of history, who was thus the great-grandson of the first Richard.

Robert Cromwell married (1591) a young widow, Elizabeth Lyons. Her maiden name of Steward is interesting only because some of her stock boasted that, if one should

climb the genealogical tree high enough, it would be found that Elizabeth Steward and the royal Stewarts of Scotland had a common ancestor. Men are pleased when they stumble on one of Fortune's tricks, as if the regicide should himself turn out to be, even from a far-off distance, of the kingly line. The better opinion seems to be that Steward was not Stewart at all, but only Norfolk Styward.

The story of Oliver's early life is soon told. He was born at Huntingdon, on April 25, 1599. His parents had ten children in all; three of them died young, and Oliver was the only son. Homer has a line which has been taken to mean that it is bad for character to grow up an only brother among many sisters; but Cromwell, at least, showed no default in either the bold and strong or the tender qualities that belong to manly natures. He was sent to the public school of the place. The master was a learned and worthy divine, the preacher of the word of God in the town of Huntingdon; the author of some classic comedies; of a proof, in two treatises, of the well-worn proposition that the Pope is Antichrist; and of a small volume called "The Theater of God's Judgments," in which he collects, from sacred and profane story, examples of the justice of God against notorious sinners both great and small, but more especially against those high persons of the world whose power insolently bursts the barriers of mere human justice. The youth of Huntingdon, therefore, drank of the pure milk of that stern word which bade men bind their kings in chains and their nobles in links of iron.

How long Oliver remained under Dr. Beard, what proficiency he attained in study, and how he spent his spare time, we

A p[er]to. Ammirationis 1616 ad
p[er]f[ect]o. Elphab[et]h. Cl[ar]k[en]gile.
M[ac]romwell H[ab]it[us]. Cromwell Huntingdonensis abbas
ad iorniation[em] & oronum op[er]ib[us] singino-
trio. tulo. p[er]o. Elphab[et]h. Cl[ar]k[en]gile. Hic p[er]f[ect]o.
grandis ill[us] m[er]ito. carnis p[er]f[ect]io. p[er]f[ect]io regi. Carol[us] 10
Hic p[er]f[ect]o. Carol[us] 10
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ENTRY IN THE SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE REGISTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S ADMISSION, APRIL 23, 1616.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" BY PERMISSION OF THE MASTER OF SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE.

The first part of the entry reads: "Mr. Cromwell.—Oliver Cromwell, Huntingdon, admitted to [two words unintelligible] April 23 under the tutorship of Master Richard Howlet."

The finer writing, evidently an interpolation by another hand, after the Restoration, reads: "He was a great impostor, invidious scoundrel who, after the most sacred King Charles I had been nefariously slain, usurped the throne itself and for a space of 5 [i] years, under the title of Protector, vexed the three kingdoms by his unrestrained tyranny."—EDITOR.



DRAWN BY EINSTEIN HASKELL, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH. THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IS AT SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION OF THE MASTER OF THE COLLEGE.

S. WARD, D.D., MASTER OF SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE IN OLIVER CROMWELL'S TIME.

do not know, and it is idle to guess. In 1616 (April 23), at the end of his seventeenth year, he went to Cambridge as a fellow-commoner of Sidney Sussex College. Dr. Samuel Ward, the master, was an excellent and conscientious man, and had taken part in the version of the Bible so oddly associated with the name of King James I. He had taken part also in the famous Synod of Dort (1619), where Calvinism triumphed over Arminianism. His college was denounced by Archbishop Laud as one of the nurseries of Puritanism, and there can be no doubt in what sort of atmosphere Cromwell passed those years of life in which the deep outlines of character are unalterably drawn.

After little more than a year's residence in the university, he lost his father (June, 1617). Whether he went back to college we cannot tell, nor whether there is good ground for the tradition that after quitting Cambridge he read law at Lincoln's Inn. It was the fashion for young gentlemen of the time, and Cromwell may have followed it. There is no reason to suppose that Cromwell was ever the stuff of which the studious are made. Some faint evidence may be traced of progress in mathematics; that he knew some of the common tags from Greek and Roman history; that he was able to hold his own in surface discussion on jurisprudence. In later days when he was Protector, the Dutch ambassador says that they carried on their conversation together in Latin. But, according to Burnet, Oliver's Latin was

vicious and scanty, and of other foreign tongues he had none. There is a story about his arguing upon regicide from the principles of Mariana and Buchanan, but he may be assumed to have derived these principles from his own mother-wit, and not from text-books. He had none of the tastes or attainments that attract us in many of those who fought by his side or who fought against him. The spirit of the Renaissance was never breathed upon him. Cromwell had none of that fine judgment in the arts which made King Charles one of the most enthusiastic and judicious collectors of paintings in his time. We cannot think of Cromwell as of Sir John Eliot, beguiling his heavy hours in the Tower with Plato and Seneca; or Hampden, pondering Dávila's new "History of the Civil Wars in France"; or Milton, forsaking the "still air of delightful studies" to play a man's part in the confusions of the time; or Falkland, in whom the Oxford men in Clarendon's immortal picture "found such an immenseness of wit and such



FROM AN OLD PRINT. BY PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DR. BEARD, OLIVER CROMWELL'S SCHOOLMASTER.



SIR OLIVER CROMWELL, UNCLE OF OLIVER THE PROTECTOR.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK (ARTIST UNKNOWN), BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

ROBERT CROMWELL, FATHER OF OLIVER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK BY ROBERT WALKER,
BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, MOTHER OF OLIVER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK BY ROBERT WALKER,
BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

OLIVER CROMWELL, AGED TWO YEARS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PANEL AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

a solidity of judgment, so infinite a fancy bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air." Cromwell was of another type. Bacon said about Sir Edward Coke that he conversed with books, and not with men, who are the best books. Of Cromwell the reverse is true; for him a single volume comprehended all literature, and that volume was the Bible.

More satisfactory than guesses at the extent of Oliver's own education is a sure glimpse of his views upon education, to be found in his advice, when the time came, about an eldest son of his own. "I would have him mind and understand business," he says. "Read a little history; study the mathematics and cosmography. These are good with subordination to the things of God. . . . These fit for public services, for which man is born. Take heed of an unactive, vain spirit. Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History; it's a body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story." "The tree of knowledge," Oliver exhorts Richard to bear in mind, "is not literal or speculative, but inward, transforming the mind to it."

These brief hints of his riper days make no bad text for an educational treatise. Man is born for public service, and not to play the amateur; he should mind and understand business, and beware of an unactive spirit; the history of mankind to be studied as a whole, not in isolated fragments; true knowledge is not literal nor speculative, but such as builds up coherent character, and grows a part of it, in conscious harmony with the Supreme Unseen Powers. All this is not full nor systematic like Ascham, or Bacon, or Milton, or Locke; but Oliver's hints have the root of the matter in them, and in this deep sense of education he was himself undoubtedly bred.

His course is very obscure until we touch solid ground in what is usually one of the most decisive acts of life. In August, 1620, being his twenty-second year, he was married to Elizabeth Bourchier at the Church of St. Giles in Cripplegate, London, where, fifty-four years later, John Milton was buried. Her father was a merchant on Tower Hill, the owner of land at Felsted in Essex, a knight, and a connection of the family of Hampden. Elizabeth Cromwell seems to have been a sim-

ple and affectionate character, full of homely solicitudes, intelligent, modest, thrifty, and gentle, but taking no active share in the fierce stress of her husband's life. Marriage and time hide strange surprises; the little bark floats on a summer bay, until a tornado suddenly sweeps it out to sea, and washes it over angry waters to the world's end. When all was over, and Charles II had come back to Whitehall, a paper reached the Council Office, and was docketed by the Secretary of State, "Old Mrs. Cromwell, Noll's wife's petition." The sorrowful woman was willing to swear that she had never intermeddled with any of those public transactions which

*Oliver Cromwell and
Elizabeth Bourchier 22^{dy}*

FACSIMILE OF THE CLERK'S ENTRY OF THE NAMES OF OLIVER CROMWELL AND ELIZABETH BOURCHIER IN THE MARRIAGE REGISTER OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

had been prejudicial to his late or present Majesty, and she was especially sensitive of the unjust imputation of detaining jewels belonging to the king, for she knew of none such. But this was forty years off.

The stories about Oliver's wicked youth deserve not an instant's notice. In any case the ferocity of party passion was certain to invent them. There is no corroborative evidence for them. Wherever detail can be tested, the thing crumbles away, like the more harmless nonsense about his putting a crown on his head at private theatricals, and having a dream that he should one day be King of England; or about a congenial figure of the devil being represented on the tapestry over the door of the room in which Oliver was born. There is, indeed, one of his letters in which anybody who wishes to believe that in his college days Oliver drank, swore, gambled, and practised "uncontrolled debaucheries," may, if he chooses, find what he seeks. "You know what my manner of life hath been," he writes to his cousin, the wife of Oliver St. John, in 1638. "Oh, I lived in darkness and hated light; I was the chief of sinners. This is true; I hated Godliness, yet God had mercy on me."

Seriously to argue from such language as this that Cromwell's early life was vicious is as monstrous as it would be to argue that Bunyan was a reprobate from the remorseful charges of "Grace Abounding." From



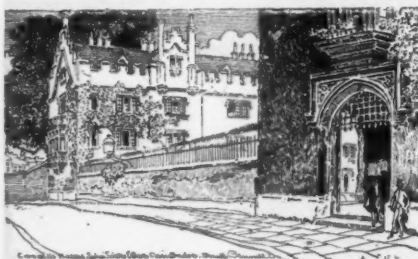
*All Saints' Church, Huntingdon
in this Church, Oliver Cromwell
was baptised.*

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HUNTINGDON, WHERE OLIVER CROMWELL WAS BAPTIZED.



The Grammar School, Huntingdon

THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON, ATTENDED BY CROMWELL.



CROMWELL'S ROOMS, SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE, IN THE CORNER BEHIND THE STREET-LAMP AND INCLUDING THE BOW WINDOW.



INTERIOR OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON.



ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, WHERE CROMWELL WAS MARRIED.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S FARM NEAR ST. IVES.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S HOUSE ON PALACE GREEN AT ELY.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S BARN AT ST. IVES.

SCENES RELATING TO CROMWELL'S LIFE. DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

other evidence we know that Cromwell did not escape, nor was it possible that he should, from those painful struggles with religious gloom that at one time or another confront nearly every type of mind endowed with spiritual faculty. They have found intense expression in many keys from Augustine down to Cowper's "Castaway." Some they leave plunged in gulfs of perpetual despair, while stronger natures emerge from the conflict with all the force that is in them purified, exalted, fortified, illumined. Oliver was of the melancholic temperament, and the misery was heavy while it lasted. But the instinct of action was born in him, and when the summons came, he met it with all the vigor of a strenuous faith and an unclouded soul.

After his marriage Cromwell returned to his home at Huntingdon, and there for eleven years took care of the modest estate that his father had left. For the common tradition of Oliver as the son of a brewer there is nothing like a sure foundation. Robert Cromwell undoubtedly got his living out of the land, though it is not impossible that he may have done occasional brewing for neighbors less conveniently placed for running water. We may accept or reject with tolerable indifference. The elder branch of his family meanwhile slowly sank down in the world, and in 1627 Hinchinbrook was sold to one of the house of Montagu, father of the admiral, who in days to come helped to bring back Charles II, and an uncle of that Earl of Manchester by whose side Oliver was drawn into such weighty dispute when the storms of civil war rose. Decline of family interests did not impair Oliver's personal position in his town, for in the beginning of 1628 he was chosen to represent Huntingdon in Parliament.

This was the third Parliament of the reign, the great Parliament that fought and carried the Petition of Right, the famous enactment which recites and confirms the old instruments against forced loan or tax; which forbids arrest or imprisonment save by due process of law, forbids the quartering of soldiers or sailors in men's houses against their will, and shuts out the tyrannous decrees called by the name of martial law.

Here the new member, now at the age of twenty-nine, saw at their noble and hardy task the first generation of the champions of the civil rights and parliamentary liberties of England. He saw the zealous and high-minded Sir John Eliot, the sage and intrepid

Pym, masters of eloquence and tactical resource. He saw the first lawyers of the day—Coke, now nearing eighty, but as keen for the letter of the law now that it was for the people, as he had been when he took it to be on the side of authority; Glanvil, Selden, "the chief of men reputed in this land,"—all conducting the long train of arguments, legal and constitutional, for old laws and franchises, with an erudition, an acuteness, and a weight as cogent as any performances ever witnessed within the walls of the Commons House. By his side sat his cousin John Hampden, whose name speedily became, and has ever since remained, a standing symbol for civil courage and lofty love of country. On the same benches still sat Wentworth, in many respects the boldest and most powerful political genius then in England, now for the last time using his gifts of ardent eloquence on behalf of the popular cause.

All the stout-hearted struggle of that memorable twelvemonth against tyrannical innovation in civil things and rigorous reaction in things spiritual Cromwell witnessed, down to the ever-memorable scene in English history where Holles and Valentine held the Speaker fast down in his chair, to assert the right of the House to control its own adjournment, and to launch Eliot's resolutions in defiance of the king. Cromwell's first and only speech in this Parliament was the production of a case in which a reactionary bishop had backed up a certain divine in preaching flat popery at St. Paul's Cross, and had forbidden a Puritan reply. The Parliament was abruptly dissolved (March, 1629), and for eleven years no other was called together.

There is no substance in the fable, though so circumstantially related, that, in 1636, in company with his cousin Hampden, despairing of his country, he took his passage to America, and that the vessel was stopped by an order in Council. All the probabilities are against it, and there is no evidence for it. What is credible enough is Clarendon's story that five years later, on the day when the Great Remonstrance was passed, Cromwell whispered to Falkland that if it had been rejected he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England more, and he knew there many other honest men of the same resolution. So near, the Royalist historian reflects, was this poorkingdom at that time to its deliverance.

His property meanwhile had been increased by a further bequest of land in Huntingdon from his uncle Richard Crom-



PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL OF THE ORIGINAL IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

KING CHARLES I.

well. Two years after his return from Westminster (1631) he sold his whole Huntingdon property for eighteen hundred pounds. With this capital in hand he rented and stocked grazing-lands at the east end of St. Ives, some five miles down the river, and here he remained, steadily doing his business, and watching the black clouds slowly rise on the horizon of national affairs. Children came in due order, nine of them in all. He went to the parish church, "generally with a piece of red flannel round his neck, as he was subject to an inflammation in his throat." He had his children baptized like other people, and for one of them he asked the vicar, a fellow of St. John's at Cambridge, to stand godfather. He took his part in the affairs of the place. At Huntingdon his keen public spirit and blunt speech had brought him into trouble. A new charter in which, among other provisions, Oliver was made a borough justice, transformed an open and popular corporation into a close one. Cromwell dealt

faithfully with those who had procured the change. The mayor and aldermen complained to the Privy Council of the disgraceful and unseemly speeches used to them by him and another person, and one day a messenger from the Council carried the two offenders under arrest to London (November, 1630). There was a long hearing with many contradictory asseverations. We may assume that Cromwell made a stout defense on the merits, and he appears to have been discharged of blame, though he admitted that he had spoken in heat and passion, and begged that his angry words might not be remembered against him. In 1636 he went from St. Ives to Ely, his old mother and unmarried sisters keeping house with him. This year his maternal uncle died and left to him the residuary interest under his will. The uncle had farmed the cathedral tithes of Ely, as his father had farmed them before him, and in this position Oliver had succeeded him. Ely was the home of Cromwell and his family until 1647.

He did not escape the pang of bereavement: his eldest son, a youth of good promise, died in 1639. Long afterward Oliver, lying ill at Hampton Court, called for his Bible, and desired an honorable and godly person present to read aloud to him a pas-

Christ which strengtheneth me." After the verses had been read, "This Scripture," said Cromwell, now nearing his own end, "did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." It was this spirit, praised in Milton's words



PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL OF THE ORIGINAL IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.

sage from Philippians (iv. 11-13): "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through

of music as his "faith and matchless fortitude," that bore him through the years of battle and contention lying predestined in the still sealed scroll before him. Here is the essence of a better than stoical resignation, whatever be the formal dispensation under which we may conceive ourselves to be living.

Cromwell's first surviving letter is evidence



PAINTED BY FORD MADOX BROWN. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY FREDERICK HOLLYER. OWNED BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

OLIVER CROMWELL ON HIS FARM AT ST. IVES.

alike in topic and in language of the thoughts on which his heart was set. A lecturer was a man paid by private subscribers to preach a sermon after the official parson had read the service, and he was usually a Puritan. Cromwell presses a friend in London for aid in keeping up a lecturer in St. Ives (1635). The best of all good works, he says, is to provide for the feeding of souls. "Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety;

but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious." About the same time (1635), Oliver's kinsman John Hampden was consulting his other kinsman, Oliver St. John, as to resisting the writ of ship-money. Laud, made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1633, was busy in the preparation of a new prayer-book for the regeneration of Scotland. Wentworth was fighting his high-handed battle for a better order in Ireland.

II. THE LAWS, THE KING, AND THE QUEEN.

STUDENTS of the struggle between monarchy and Parliament in the seventeenth century have worked hard upon black-letter; on charter, custom, franchise, tradition, precedent, and prescription, on which the Commons defended their privileges, and the king defended his prerogatives. How much the lawyers really founded their case on the precedents for which they had ransacked the wonderful collections of Sir Robert Cotton, or how far, on the other hand, their "pedantry" was a mask for a determination that in their hearts rested on very different grounds, opens a discussion into which we need not enter here. What the elective element in the old original monarchy amounted to, and what the popular element in the ancient deliberative council amounted to; what differences in power and prerogative marked the office of a king when it was filled by Angevin, by Plantagenet, or by Tudor; how the control of Parliament over legislation and taxation stood under the first three Edwards and under the last three Henrys; whether the popular champions in the seventeenth century were abandoning both the accustomed theory and the practice of Parliament from Edward I to the end of Elizabeth; whether the real conservative on the old lines of the constitution was not King Charles himself,—all these, and the kindred questions, profoundly interesting as they are, fill little space in the story of Cromwell. It was not until the day of the lawyers and the constitutionalists had passed that Cromwell's hour arrived, and "the meager, stale, forbidding ways of custom, law, and statute" vanished from men's thoughts.

In the time of Washington the questions of the constitutional right of Parliament to impose taxing laws upon the English colonists in Massachusetts or Virginia rapidly lost all living significance. The unwritten law was on the side of King George, but liberty was on the side of the colonists, and liberty they were resolutely determined to conquer. The constitutional case of the seventeenth century is more complex and goes deeper; still, the situation in this aspect of it was not unlike. "It was for the Commons," says the historian, "to take up the part which had been played by the barons who had resisted John, and by the earls who had resisted Edward. Here and there, it might be, their case was not without a flaw; but the spirit of the old constitution was on their side" (Gardiner).

In a constitution mainly unwritten, as was that of England on the accession of Charles I, it is in the spirit of it that men seek the root of the matter. Nearly all those chief articles of government which are now firm as adamant were at that moment vague, fluctuating, mutable, and open to infinite and legitimate contention.

To a man of Cromwell's political mind the questions were plain and broad, and could be solved without much history. If the estates of the crown no longer sufficed for the public service, could the king make the want good by taxing his subjects at his own good pleasure? Or was the charge to be exclusively imposed by the estates of the realm? Were the estates of the realm to have a direct voice in naming agents and officers of executive power, and to exact a full responsibility to themselves for all acts done in the name of executive power? Was the freedom of the subject to be at the mercy of arbitrary tribunals, and were judges to be removable at the king's pleasure? What was to be done—and this came closest home of all—to put down cruel assumptions of authority by the bishops, to reform the idleness of the clergy, to provide godly and diligent preachers, and sternly to set back the rising tide of popery, of vain ceremonial devices and pernicious Arminian doctrine? Such was the simple statement of the case as it presented itself to earnest and stirring men. Taxation and religion have ever been the two prime movers in human revolutions; in the civil troubles in the seventeenth century both those powerful factors were combined.

In more than one important issue the king undoubtedly had the black-letter upon his side, and nothing is easier than to show that in some of the transactions, even before actual resort to arms, the Commons defied both letter and spirit. Charles was not an Englishman by birth, training, or temper, but he showed himself at the outset as much a legalist in method and argument as Coke, Selden, St. John, or any Englishman among them. It was in its worst sense that he thus from first to last played the formalist, and if to be a pedant is to insist on applying a stiff theory to fluid fact, no man ever deserved the name better. Both king and Commons, however, were well aware that the vital questions of the future could be decided by no appeals to a disputable past. The manifest issue was whether prerogative was to be the basis of the government of England. Charles held that it had been always so, and made up his mind that so it should remain. He had seen



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

CROMWELL'S FIRST AND ONLY SPEECH IN THE THIRD PARLIAMENT.

"A reactionary bishop had backed up a certain divine in preaching flat popery at St. Paul's Cross."

the court of Paris, and he had lived for several months in the court of Madrid, and he knew no reason why the absolutism of France and of Spain should not flourish at Whitehall. More certain than obscure influences such as these was the rising tide of royalism in high places in the church. If this was the mind of Charles, Pym and Hampden and their patriot friends were equally resolved

that the base of government should be in the Parliament, and in the Commons branch of the Parliament. They claimed for Parliament a general competence in making laws, granting money, levying taxes, supervising the application of their grants, restricting abuses of executive power, and holding the king's servants answerable for what they did or failed to do. Beyond all this vast field of

activity and power, they entered upon the domain of the king as head of the church, and England found herself plunged into the vortex of that religious excitement which for a whole century, and almost without a break, had torn the Christian world, and distracted Europe with bloodshed and clamor that shook thrones, principalities, powers, and stirred the souls of men to their depths.

Truly has it been said that universal history makes a large part of every national history. The lamp that lights the path of a single nation receives its kindling flame from a central line of beacon-fires that mark the onward journey of the race. The English have never been less insular in thought and interest than they were in the seventeenth century. About the time when Calvin died (1564) it seemed as if the spiritual empire of Rome would be confined to the two peninsulas of Italy and Spain. North of the Alps and north of the Pyrenees the Reformation seemed to be steadily sweeping all before it. Then the floods turned back; the power of the papacy revived, its moral ascendancy was restored; the Counter-Reformation, or the Catholic reaction, by the time when Cromwell and Charles came into the world, had achieved startling triumphs. The indomitable activity of the Jesuits had converted opinion, and the arm of flesh lent its aid in the great work of reconquering Christendom. What the arm of flesh meant the English could see with the visual eye. They never forgot Mary Tudor and the Protestant martyrs. In 1567 Alva set up his court of blood in the Netherlands. In 1572 the work in France began with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1588 the Armada appeared in the British Channel for the subjugation and conversion of England. In 1605 Guy Fawkes and his powder-barrels were found in the vault under the House of Lords. These were the things that explain that endless angry refrain against popery that rings through our seventeenth century with a dolorous monotony at which modern indifference may smile or tolerance may groan.

Britain and Holland were the two Protestant strongholds, and it was noticed that the Catholics in Holland were daily multiplying into an element of exceeding strength, while in England, though the Catholics had undoubtedly fallen to something very considerably less than the third of the whole population, which was their proportion in the time of Elizabeth, still they began under James and Charles to increase again. People counted with horror in Charles's day some

ninety Catholics in places of trust about the court, and over one hundred and ninety of them enjoying property and position in the English counties. What filled England with dismay filled the pertinacious Pope Urban VIII with the hope of recovering here some of the ground that he had lost elsewhere, and he sent over Panzani, then Cuneo, then Rossetti, to work for the reconquest to Catholicism of the nation whom another pope, a thousand years before, had first brought within the Christian fold. The presence of the Roman agents at Whitehall only made English Protestantism more violently restive. A furious struggle was raging on the continent of Europe. The Thirty Years' War (1618-48) was not in all its many phases a contest of Protestant and Catholic, but that tremendous issue was never remote or extinct; and even apart from the important circumstance that the elector palatine had espoused the daughter of James I, its fluctuations kept up a strong and constant undercurrent of feeling and attention in England.

THIS double and deep-reaching quarrel, partly religious, partly political, Charles did not create. He inherited it in all its sharpness along with the royal crown. In nearly every country in Europe the same battle between monarch and assembly had been fought, and in every case the possession of concentrated authority and military force, sometimes at the expense of the nobles, sometimes of the burghers, had left the monarch victorious. Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—"we need not be ashamed to call her so," said Cromwell—carried prerogative at its highest. In the five-and-forty years of her reign only thirteen sessions of Parliament were held, and it was not until near the close of her life that she heard accents of serious complaint. Constitutional history in Elizabeth's time—the momentous institution of the Church of England alone excepted—is a blank chapter. Yet in spite of the subservient language that was natural toward so puissant and successful a ruler as Elizabeth, signs were not even then wanting that, when the stress of national peril should be relaxed, arbitrary power would no longer go unquestioned. The reign of James was one long conflict. The struggle went on for twenty years, and for every one of the most obnoxious pretensions and principles that were afterward sought to be established by King Charles a precedent had been set by his father.

Neither the temperament with which

Charles I was born, nor the political climate in which he was reared, was promising of a good deliverance from so dangerous a situation. In the royal council-chamber, in the church, from the judicial bench,—those three great centers of organized government,—in all he saw prevailing the same favor for arbitrary power, and from all he learned the same oblique lessons of practical statecraft. On the side of religion his subjects noted things of dubious omen. His mother, Anne of Denmark, though her first interests were those of taste and pleasure, was probably at heart a Catholic. His grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, had been the renowned representative and champion of the Catholic party in the two kingdoms. From her and her mother, Mary of Guise, Charles had in his veins the blood of that potent house of Lorraine, who were in church and state the standard-bearers of the Catholic cause in France. A few weeks after his accession he married (May, 1625) the sister of the King of France, and daughter of Henry of Navarre. His wife, a girl of fifteen at the time of her marriage, was a Bourbon on one side and a Medici on the other, an ardent Catholic, and a devoted servant of the Holy See. That Charles was ever near to a change of faith there is no reason whatever to suppose. But he played with the great controversy when the papal emissaries round the queen drew him into argument, and he was as bitterly averse from the puritanic ideas, feelings, and aspirations of either England or Scotland as Mary Stuart had ever been from the doctrines and discourses of John Knox.

It has been said that antagonism between Charles and his Parliament broke out at once as a historical necessity. The vast question may stand over, how far the working of historical necessity is shaped by character and motive in given individuals. Suppose that Charles had been endowed with the qualities of Oliver,—his strong will, his active courage, his powerful comprehension, above all his perception of immovable facts,—how might things have gone? Or suppose Oliver the son of King James, and that he had inherited such a situation as confronted Charles? In either case the English constitution, and the imitations of it all over the globe, might have been run in another mold. Such questions are interesting, but idle. As it was, Charles had neither vision nor grasp. It is not enough to say that he was undone by his duplicity. There are, unluckily, far too many awkward cases in history where duplicity has

come off triumphant. Charles was double, as a man of inferior understanding would be double who had much studied Bacon's essay on Simulation and Dissimulation, without digesting it or ever deeply marking its first sentence, that dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom, for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it; therefore it is the worst sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers. His fault—and no statesman can have a worse—was that he never saw things as they were. He had taste, imagination, logic, but he was a dreamer, an idealist, and a theorizer, in which there might have been good rather than evil, if only his dreams, theories, and ideals had not been out of relation with the hard duties of a day of storm. He was gifted with a fine taste for pictures, and he had an unaffected passion for good literature. When he was a captive he devoted hours daily not only to Bishop Andrewes and the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of Hooker, but to Tasso, Ariosto, the "Faerie Queene," and, above all, to Shakspeare.

He was not without the more mechanical qualities of a good ruler: he was attentive to business, methodical, decorous, as dignified as a man can be without indwelling moral dignity, and a thrifty economist, meaning well by his people. His manners, if not actually ungracious, were ungenial and disobliging. "He was so constituted by nature," said the Venetian ambassador, "that he never obliges anybody either by word or by act." Of gratitude for service, of sympathy, of courageous friendship, he never showed a spark. He had one ardent and constant sentiment, his devotion to the queen. What a strange irony of the stars it was that threw the fortunes of a great kingdom at a deciding hour into the hands of a pedant of five-and-twenty and a foreign school-girl! France saw something like it a century later: Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the Austrian, were neither of them twenty when they were called to regulate the fire-floods of the volcano.

ONE of the glories of literature is the discourse in which the mightiest of French divines commemorates the strange vicissitudes of fortune—the glittering exaltation, the miseries, the daring, the fortitude, and the unshaken faith of the queen of Charles I.

As a delineation of an individual it is exaggerated and rhetorical, but the rhetoric is splendid and profound. Bossuet, more than a divine, was moralist, statesman, philoso-

pher, exploring with no mere abstract speculative eye the thread of continuous purpose in the history of mankind, and using knowledge, eloquence, and art to mold the wills of men. His defense of established order has been called the great spectacle of the seventeenth century. It certainly was one of them, and all save narrow minds will care to hear how the spectacle in England moved this commanding genius. Taking a text that was ever present to him, "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth," Bossuet treated that chapter of history in which the life of Henrietta Maria was an episode as a lofty drama with many morals of its own. "I am not a historian," he says, "to unfold the secrets of cabinets, or the ordering of battle-fields, or the interests of parties; it is for me to raise myself above man, to make every creature tremble under the judgments of Almighty God." Not content with the majestic commonplaces, so eternally true, so inexorably apt, yet so incredulously heard, about the nothingness of human pomps and earthly grandeur, he extracts special lessons from the calamities of the particular daughter of St. Louis whose lot inspired his meditations. What had drawn these misfortunes on the royal house in England? Was it inborn libertinism in English character that brought the Rebellion about? Nay, he cries; when we look at the incredible facility with which religion was first overthrown in that country, then restored, then overthrown again, by Henry VIII, by Edward VI, by Mary, by Elizabeth, so far from finding the nation rebellious, or its Parliament proud or factious, we are driven to reproach the English people with being only too submissive. For did they not place their very faith, their consciences, their souls, under the yoke of earthly kings? The fault was with the kings themselves. They it was who taught the nations that their ancient Catholic creed was a thing to be lightly flung away. Who could arrest the catastrophe but the bishops of the church? And then turning to reproach them as sternly as he had reproached their royal masters, it was the bishops, he exclaimed, who had brought to naught the authority of their own thrones by openly condemning all their predecessors up to the very source of their consecration, up to St. Gregory the Pope, and St. Augustine the missionary monk. By skilfully worded contrast with these doctors of apostate kings and prelates, he glorified the zeal of Henrietta Maria; boasted how many persons in England had abjured their errors under the

influence of her almoners; and how the zealous shepherds of the afflicted Catholic flock, of whom the world was not worthy, saw with joy restored the glorious symbols of their faith in the chapel of the Queen of England, and the persecuted church, which in other days hardly dared so much as to sigh or weep over its past glory, now sang aloud the song of Zion in a strange land.

All this effulgence of words cannot alter the fact that the queen was the evil genius of her husband, and of the nation over whom a perverse fate had appointed him to rule. Men ruefully observed that a French queen never brought happiness to England. To suffer women of foreign birth and alien creed to meddle with things of state, they reflected, had ever produced grievous desolation for the realm. Charles had a fancy to call her Marie rather than Henrietta, and even Puritans had superstition enough to find a bad omen in a woman's name that was associated with no good luck to England.

Of the many women, good and bad, who have tried to take part in affairs of state from Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba downward, nobody by character or training was ever worse fitted than the wife of Charles I for such a case as that in which she found herself. Henry IV, her father, thought that to change his Huguenot faith and go to mass was an easy price to pay for the powerful support of Paris. Her mother came of the marvelous Florentine house that had given to Europe such masters of craft as Cosmo and Lorenzo, Leo X and Clement VII, and Catherine of the Bartholomew massacre. But the queen had none of the depth of these famous personages. To her, alike as Catholic and as queen seated on a shaking throne, the choice between bishop and presbyter within a Protestant communion was matter for contemptuous indifference. She understood neither her husband's scruples, nor the motives of his rebellious adversaries. The sanctity of law and immemorial custom, rights of taxation, parliamentary privilege, Magna Charta, habeas corpus, and all the other symbols of civil freedom, were empty words without meaning to a petulant and untrained mind. In Paris, by the side of the great ladies whose lives were passed in seditious intrigues against Richelieu or Mazarin, Henrietta Maria would have been in her native element. She would have delighted in all the intricacies of the web of fine-spun conspiracy in which Marie de Medici, her mother, and Anne of Austria, her sister-in-law, and Mme. de Chevreuse,

her close friend and comrade, first one and then the other, spent their restless days. Habits and qualities that were mischievous enough even in the galleries of the Louvre, in the atmosphere of Westminster and Whitehall were laden with irremediable disaster. In intrepidity and fortitude she was a true daughter of Henry of Navarre. Her energy was unsparing, and her courage. Nine times she crossed the seas in storm and tempest. When her waiting-women were trembling and weeping, she assured them, with an air of natural serenity that seemed of itself to bring back calm, that no queen was ever drowned.

In the second year of the war, in one of her expeditions on the king's business, bringing arms from Holland for the king, after facing the fury of winds and waves for several days, she reached the little port of Bridlington Quay. Four of the Parliament ships had followed her, and began so brisk a fire upon the house in which she had sought shelter that, she says, "before I could get out of bed the balls were whistling upon me in such style that you may easily believe I loved not such music. Everybody came to force me to go out, the balls beating so on all the houses that, dressed just as it happened, I went on foot to some distance from the village, to the shelter of a ditch, like those at Newmarket; but before we could reach it, the balls were singing round us in fine style, and a sergeant was killed twenty paces from me. We placed ourselves then under this shelter, during two hours that they were firing on us, and the balls passing always over our heads, and sometimes covering us with dust."

D'Ewes has left a picture of the queen as he saw her at dinner at Whitehall, long after her marriage: "I perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eyes. Besides, her deportment among her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion."

"The queen," says Burnet, "was a woman of great vivacity in conversation, and loved all her life long to be in intrigues of all sorts, but was not so secret in them as such times and affairs required. She was a woman of no manner of judgment; she was bad at contrivance, and much worse in execution; but by the liveliness of her discourse she

made always a great impression on the king."

In 1644, after she had parted from the king to see him no more, she lay in at Exeter, Essex and the Parliamentary army besieging the city. In the midst of her anguish she exclaims, with pious resignation common to both sides in those hard days: "God's will be done; he has done so much for us, and aids us so visibly in all our affairs, that certainly, however he may be pleased to dispose of me, it will be for your good and mine."

III. WENTWORTH, LAUD, PYM.

JUST as the historic school has come to an end that despatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite and a usurper, so we are escaping from the other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveler and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate. That Wentworth passed over from the popular to the Royalist side, and that by the same act he improved his fortunes and exalted his influence, is true. But there is no good reason to condemn him of shifting the foundation of his views of national policy. He was never a Puritan, and never a partizan of the supremacy of Parliament. By temperament and conviction he was a firm believer in organized authority; though he began in opposition, his instincts all carried him toward the side of government; and if he came round to the opinion that a single person, and not the House of Commons, was the vital organ of national authority, that was an opinion which Cromwell himself, in days to come, was destined to share and to exemplify. Wentworth's ideal was centered in a strong state, exerting power for the common good; and the mainspring of a strong state must be monarch, and not Parliament. It was the idea of the time that governing initiative must come from the throne, with or without a check in the people. Happily for us, men of deeper insight than Wentworth perceived that the assertion of the popular check was at this deciding moment in English history more important than to strengthen executive power in the hands of the king. Wentworth, with all the bias of a man born for government and action, may easily have come to think otherwise. That he associated the elevation of his own personality with the triumph of what he took for the right cause is a weakness, if weakness it be, that he shares with some of the most upright reformers that have ever lived. It is a chaste ambition, if rightly placed, he

said at his trial, to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good in the place where a man lives. The actual possession of power stimulated his natural passion for high principles of government.

His judgment was clear, as his wit and fancy were quick. He was devoted to friends, never weary of taking pains for them, thinking nothing too dear for them. If he was extremely choleric and impatient, yet it was in a large and imperious way. He had energy, boldness, unsparing industry and attention, long-sighted continuity of thought and plan, lofty flight, and as high a concern for order and the public service as Pym or Oliver or any of them.

All this marks precisely the type of man who was required to deal with ecclesiastics and rapacious nobles alike. Bishops were said to be displaced with no more ceremony than excisemen. The common impression of Wentworth is shown in an anecdote about Williams, afterward Archbishop of York. When the court tried to pacify Williams with the promise of a good bishopric in Ireland, he replied that he had held out for seven years against his enemies in England, but if they sent him to Ireland he would fall into the hands of a man who, within seven months, would find out some old statute or other to cut off his head.

The pretty obvious parallel has often been suggested between Strafford and Richelieu; but it is no more than superficial. There is no proportion between the vast combinations, the immense designs, the remorseless rigors, and the majestic success with which the great cardinal built up royal power in France and subjugated reactionary forces in Europe, and the petty scale of Wentworth's eight years of rule in Ireland. To frighten Dean Andrewes or Lord Mountnorris out of their wits was a very different business from bringing Montmorencys, Chalais, Marillacs, Cinq-Mars, to the scaffold. It is true that the general aim was not very different. Richelieu said to the king: "I promised your Majesty to employ all my industry and all the authority that he might be pleased to give me to ruin the Huguenot party, to beat down the pride of the great, to reduce all subjects to their duty, and to raise up his name among other nations to the height at which it ought to be." Strafford would have said much the same. He, too, aspired to make his country a leading force in the counsels of Europe, as Elizabeth had done, and by Elizabeth's patient and thrifty policy.

Unlike his master of flighty and confused brain, he perceived the need of system and a sure foundation. On the eve of the troubles in Scotland, Charles was active for the restoration of his kinsman the elector palatine after his loss of the crown of Bohemia.

"It affects me very much," wrote Wentworth (1637), "to hear the peace and prosperity of your affairs at home disquieted by entering again into action upon any foreign hopes or engagements abroad, until the crown were discharged of debts, the coffers filled, and your Majesty's profits and sovereignties set upon their right foot throughout your three kingdoms." This was sound statesmanship for an English king seeking to be master in his own house. Strafford's success would have meant the transformation of the state within the three kingdoms, not into the monarchy of the Restoration of 1660 or of the Revolution of 1688, but at best into something like the qualified absolutism of modern Prussia.

As time went on, and things grew hotter, his ardent and haughty genius drew him into more energetic antagonism to the popular claim and its champions. In his bold and imposing personality they recognized that all those sinister ideas, methods, and aims which it was the business of their lives to overthrow, were gathered up.

The precise date is not easily fixed at which Wentworth gained a declared ascendancy in the royal counsels, if ascendancy be the right word for a chief position in that unstable chamber. In 1632 he was made lord deputy in Ireland, and for seven years he devoted himself exclusively to Irish administration. He does not seem to have been consulted upon general affairs before 1637, and it was later than this when Charles began to lean upon him. It was not until 1640 that he could prevail upon the king to augment his political authority by making him lord lieutenant and Earl of Strafford.

If Strafford was a bad counselor for the times, and the queen a worse, Laud, who filled the critical station of Archbishop of Canterbury, was perhaps the worst counselor of the three. But let us save ourselves from the extravagances of some modern history. "His memory," writes one, "is still loathed as the meanest, the most cruel, and the most narrow-minded man who ever sat on the episcopal bench" (Buckle). "We entertain more unmitigated contempt for him," says another, "than for any character

in history" (Macaulay). It is pretty safe to be sure that these slashing superlatives are never true. Laud was no more the simpleton and the bigot of Macaulay than he was the saint to whom, in our day, Anglican high-fliers dedicate painted windows, or who describe him as Newman did, as being "cast in a mold of proportions that are much above our own, and of a stature akin to the elder days of the church." Burnet, who was no Laudian, says that he "was a learned, a sincere and zealous man, regular in his own life, and humble in his private deportment; but he was a hot, indiscreet man, eagerly pursuing some matters that were either very inconsiderable or mischievous, such as setting the communion-table by the east wall of churches, bowing to it, and calling it the altar, the breaking of lectures, the encouraging of sports on the Lord's day; . . . and yet all the zeal and heat of that time was laid out on these." The agent of the Vatican described him as timid, ambitious, inconstant, and therefore ill equipped for great enterprises. Whitelocke tells us that his father was anciently and thoroughly acquainted with Laud, and used to say of him that he was "too full of fire, though a just and good man; and that his want of experience in state matters, and his too much zeal for the church, and heat, if he proceeded in the way he was then in, would set this nation on fire."

It was indeed Laud who did most to kindle the blaze. He was harder than anybody else, both in the Star Chamber and the High Commission. He would have sent Felton, who murdered Buckingham, to the rack, had not the king directed that the judges should be asked whether the rack were lawful. He had a restless mind, a sharp tongue, and a hot temper; he took no trouble to persuade, and he leaned wholly on the law of the church and the necessity of enforcing obedience to it. He had all the harshness that is so common in a man of ardent convictions who happens not to have intellectual power enough to defend them. But he was no harder of heart than most of either his victims or his judges. Prynne was more malicious, vindictive, and sanguinary than Laud; and a Scottish presbyter was often as arrogant and unrelenting as the English archbishop. Much of Laud's energy was that of good stewardship. The reader who smiles at his injunction that divines should preach in gowns, and not in cloaks, must at least applaud when in the same document avaricious bishops are warned not

to dilapidate the patrimony of their successors by making long leases, or taking heavy fines on renewal, or cutting down the timber. This was one side of that love of external order, uniformity, and decorum, which, when applied to rites and ceremonies, church furniture, church apparel, drove English Puritanism frantic. "It is called superstition nowadays," Laud complained, "for any man to come with more reverence into a church than a tinker and his dog into an ale-house."

That he had any leaning toward the Pope is certainly untrue; and his eagerness to establish a branch of the Church of England in all the courts of Christendom, and even in the cities of the Grand Turk, points rather to an exalted dream that the Church of England might one day spread itself as far abroad as the Church of Rome. Short of this, he probably aspired to found a patriarchate of the three kingdoms, with Canterbury as the metropolitan center. He thought the Puritans narrow, and the Catholics no better. We may observe that churchmen in all ages are divided into those on the one hand who think most of institutions, and those on the other who think most of the truths on which the institutions rest, and of the spirit that gives them life. Laud was markedly of the first of these two types, and even of that doctrinal zeal that passed for spiritual unction in those hot times he had little. Yet it is worth remembering that it was his influence that overcame the reluctance of the pious and devoted George Herbert to take orders. His personal kindness to Chillingworth and to John Hales has been taken as a proof of his tolerance of latitudinarianism, and some passages in his own works are construed as favoring liberal theology. That liberal theology would have quickly progressed within the church under Laud's rule, so long as outer uniformity was preserved, is probably true, and an important truth it is in judging the events of his epoch. At the same time Laud was as hostile as most contemporary Puritans to doubts and curious search, just as he shared with his Presbyterian enemies their hatred of any toleration for creed or church outside of the established fold. He was fond of learning, and gave it munificent support, and he had the merit of doing what he could to found his cause upon reason. But men cannot throw off the spirit of their station, and, after all, his sheet-anchor was authority. His ideal has been described as a national church, governed by an aristocracy of bishops, invested with certain powers by divine right, and closely united with the

monarchy. Whether his object was primarily doctrinal, to cast out the Calvinistic spirit, or the restoration of church ceremonial, it would be hard to decide; but we may be sure that if he actively hated heresies about justification or predestination, it was rather as breaches of order than as either errors of intellect or corruptions of soul. "He had few vulgar or private vices," says a contemporary, "and, in a word, was not so much to be called bad as unfit for the state of England."

He was unfit for the state of England, because, instead of meeting a deep spiritual movement with a missionary inspiration of his own, he sought no saintlier weapons than oppressive statutes and persecuting law-courts. It may be at least partially true that the nation had been a consenting party to the Tudor despotism, from which both the statute and the court had come down. Persecution has often won in human history; often has a violent hand dashed out the lamp of truth. But the Puritan exodus to New England was a signal, which no statesman ought to have misread, that new forces were arising, and would require far sharper persecution to crush them than the temper of the nation would endure.

In the early stages of the struggle between Parliament and king, the only leader on the popular side on a level in position with Strafford and Laud was John Pym, in many ways the foremost of all the Parliamentary worthies. A gentleman of good family, and bred at Oxford, he had entered the House of Commons eleven years before the accession of Charles. He made his mark early, as one who understood the public finances, and, what was even more to the point, as a determined enemy of popery. From the first, in the words of Clarendon, he had drawn attention for being "concerned and passionate in the jealousies of religion, and much troubled with the countenance given to the opinions of Arminius." He was a Puritan in the widest sense of that word of many shades. That is to say, in the expression of one who came later, "he thought it part of a man's religion to see that his country be well governed," and by good government he meant the rule of righteousness both in civil and in sacred things. He wished the monarchy to stand, and the Church of England

to stand; nor was any man better grounded in the maxims and precedents which had brought each of those exalted institutions to be what it was.

Besides massive breadth of judgment, Pym had one of those luminous and discerning minds that in times of high contention have the rare secret of singling out the central issues and choosing the best battle-ground. Early he perceived and understood the common impulse that was uniting throne and altar against both ancient rights and the social needs of a new time. He was no revolutionist either by temper or principle. A single passage from one of his speeches is enough to show us the spirit of his statesmanship, and it is well worth quoting. "The best form of government," he said, "is that which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of a state to the common good; for as those parts give strength and ornament to the whole, so they receive from it again strength and protection in their several stations and degrees. If, instead of concord and interchange of support, one part seeks to uphold an old form of government, and the other part introduce a new, they will miserably consume one another. Histories are full of the calamities of entire states and nations in such cases. It is, nevertheless, equally true that time must needs bring about some alterations. . . . Therefore have those commonwealths been ever the most durable and perpetual which have often reformed and recomposed themselves according to their first institution and ordinance. By this means they repair the breaches, and counterwork the ordinary and natural effects of time."

This was the English humor all through, and at its best. Surrounded by men who were often apt to take narrow views, Pym, if ever English statesman did, took broad ones; and to impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party leader exists for. He had the double gift, so rare even among leaders in popular assemblies, of being at once practical and elevated; a master of tactics and organizing arts, and yet the inspirer of sound and lofty principles. How can we measure the perversity of a king and counselors who forced into opposition a man so imbued with the deep instinct of government, so whole-hearted, so keen of sight, so skilful in resource as Pym?

(To be continued.)

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS (SALLY FOSTER).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

AMONG the American women noted a century ago for beauty, intelligence, vivacity, and wit, none received homage more justly than Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, the wife of one of Massachusetts' favorite sons. She was Sally Foster, the daughter of a prominent Boston merchant, and was married to Mr. Otis, May 31, 1790, when in her twenty-first year. Upon their marriage they visited Philadelphia, then the seat of government, where Mr. Otis's father was secretary to the United States Senate, and where the charms of the young bride and the courtly manners and winning address of her husband made them at once figures of prominence in the exclusive "court set" of that day. Mr. Otis a few years later succeeded Fisher Ames in Congress, where his polished oratory won for him a wide reputation; but the prominent part he took in the notorious Hartford Convention of 1814 diminished his popularity and somewhat ostracized him from his friends. The Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis whose portrait Stuart painted, about 1814, and who died in 1838, must not be confounded with the lady of the same name who died in 1873, after having been for many years the great social leader of Boston. Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Otis, which has been superbly rendered into black and white by Mr. Wolf, with a companion portrait of Mr. Otis, is owned by her grandson Mr. George T. Lyman of Bellport, Long Island. Its dignified and graceful pose and its delicate and pure color make it one of the painter's great achievements.

As we have already stated, Stuart painted three portraits of Washington from life, and these present two totally dissimilar types. At what precise date the first picture was painted, showing the right side of the face, we do not know, but it was doubtless early in the year 1795, soon after the painter's going to Philadelphia, for in April of that year Stuart made out a rough list of the names of some thirty-two gentlemen "who are to have copies of the portrait of the President of the United States." How many of these were made from the first picture, we cannot tell, only some half-dozen of this type having

been found, and each one of them showing some variance from the original portrait.

In April, 1796, Stuart painted his second portrait of Washington from life, the whole-length known as the Lansdowne type, the pose and composition of the picture being taken almost bodily from Rigaud's portrait of Bossuet, made familiar by Drévet's engraving of it. This portrait shows the left side of the face, as does the very similar vignette head, left unfinished by the painter, and which, called the Athenæum head, is the household Washington. From this last portrait Stuart made a great many copies, adding the details necessary to make finished pictures. These were regular pot-boilers, which he called his hundred-dollar pieces. A few of them are good, some fair, but many very indifferent, all showing, however, unmistakable evidence of the master's hand. It has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with "Stuart's Washington," each one, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the past year the writer has had more than a score of these portraits submitted for his opinion; but all save one were copies.

As a likeness of Washington the first picture is undoubtedly more correct and lifelike than the subsequent ones, although it is not so generally familiar, owing to the public position that has been occupied by the last one. This was the judgment of Mrs. Washington, and she surely should be a satisfactory arbiter of such a question. It is a noble portrait, full of distinction, and is what the other heads are not—the likeness of a man—a man who lived among men. Firmness and gentleness, decision and moderation, thoughtfulness and power, are all depicted there. One feels that Washington could have looked like this Stuart portrait, and it is not so wholly unlike the portraits of him painted by other artists; but no one can ever feel that Washington did look like either the Lansdowne or Athenæum heads, while as paintings the latter are measurably inferior to the former.



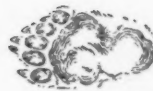
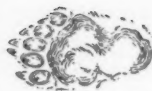
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF GEORGE T. LYMAN, ESQ.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.



"THEY ALL RUSHED UNDER IT LIKE A LOT OF LITTLE FIGS."



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PART I. THE CUBHOOD OF WAHB.

I.

HE was born over a score of years ago, away up in the wildest part of the wild West, on the head of the Little Piney, above where the Palette Ranch is now.

His Mother was just an ordinary Silvertip, loving the quiet life that all Bears prefer, minding her own business and doing her duty by her family, asking no favors of any one excepting to let her alone.

It was July before she took her remarkable family down the Little Piney to the Graybull, and showed them what strawberries were, and where to find them.

Notwithstanding their Mother's deep conviction, the cubs were not remarkably big or bright; yet they were a remarkable family, for there were four of them, and it is not often a Grizzly Mother can boast of more than two.

The woolly-coated little creatures were having a fine time, and reveled in the lovely mountain summer and the abundance of good things. Their Mother turned over each log and flat stone they came to, and the moment it was lifted they all rushed under it like a lot of little pigs to lick up the ants and grubs there hidden.

It never once occurred to them that Mammy's strength might fail sometime, and let the great rock drop just as they got under it; nor would any one have thought so that might have chanced to see that huge arm and that shoulder sliding about under the great yellow robe she wore. No, no; that arm could never fail. The little ones were quite right. So they hustled and tumbled one another at each fresh log in their haste to be first, and squealed little squeals, and growled little growls, as if each was a pig, a pup, and a kitten all rolled into one.

They were well acquainted with the common little brown ants that harbor under logs in the uplands, but now they came for the first time on one of the hills of the great, fat, luscious Wood-ant, and they all crowded around to lick up those that ran out. But they soon found that they were licking up more





cactus-prickles and sand than ants, till their Mother said in Grizzly, "Let me show you how."

She knocked off the top of the hill, then laid her great paw flat on it for a few moments, and as the angry ants swarmed on to it she licked them up with one lick, and got a good rich mouthful to crunch, without a grain of sand or a cactus-stinger in it. The cubs soon learned. Each put up both his little brown paws, so that there was a ring of paws all around the ant-hill, and there they sat, like children playing "hands," and each licked first the right and then the left paw, or one cuffed his brother's ears for licking a paw that was not his own, till the ant-hill was cleared out and they were ready for a change.

Ants are sour food and made the Bears thirsty, so the old one led down to the river. After they had drunk as much as they wanted, and dabbled their feet, they walked down the bank to a pool, where the old one's keen eye caught sight of a number of Buffalo-fish basking on the bottom. The water was very low, mere pebbly rapids between these deep holes, so Mammy said to the little ones:

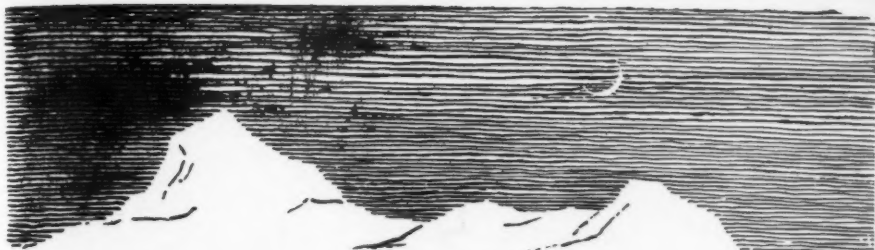
"Now you all sit there on the bank and learn something new."

First she went to the lower end of the pool and stirred up a cloud of mud which hung in the still water, and sent a long tail floating like a curtain over the rapids just below. Then she went quietly round by land, and sprang into the upper end of the pool with all the noise she could. The fish had crowded to that end, but this sudden attack sent them off in a panic, and they dashed blindly into the mud-cloud. Out of fifty fish there is always a good chance of some being fools, and half a dozen of these dashed through the darkened water into the current, and before they knew it they were struggling over the shingly shallow. The old Grizzly jerked them out to the bank, and the little ones rushed noisily on these funny, short snakes that could not get away, and gobbled and gorged till their little bellies looked like balloons.

They had eaten so much now, and the sun was so hot, that all were quite sleepy. So the Mother-bear led them to a quiet little nook, and as soon as she lay down, though they were puffing with heat, they all snuggled around her and went to sleep, with their little brown paws curled in, and their little black noses tucked into their wool as though it were a very cold day.

After an hour or two they began to yawn and stretch themselves, except little Fuzz, the smallest; she poked out her sharp nose for a moment, then snuggled back between her Mother's great arms. The largest, the one afterward known as Wahb, sprawled over on his back and began to worry a root that stuck up, grumbling to himself as he chewed it, or slapped it with his paw for not staying where he wanted it. Presently Mooney, the





mischievous, began tugging at Frizzle's ears, and got his own well boxed. They clenched for a tussle; then, locked in a tight little grizzly yellow ball, they sprawled over and over on the grass, and, before they knew it, down a bank, and away out of sight toward the river.

Almost immediately there was an outcry of yells for help from the little wrestlers. There could be no mistaking the real terror in their voices. Some dreadful danger was threatening.

Up jumped the gentle Mother, changed into a perfect demon, and over the bank in time to see a huge Range-bull make a deadly charge at what he doubtless took for a yellow dog. In a moment all would have been over with Frizzle, for he had missed his footing on the bank; but there was a thumping of heavy feet, a roar that startled even the great Bull, and, like a huge bounding ball of yellow fur, Mother Grizzly was upon him. Him! the monarch of the herd, the master of all these plains, what had he to fear? He bellowed his deep war-cry, and charged to pin the old one to the bank; but as he bent to tear her with his shining horns, she dealt him a stunning blow, and before he could recover she was on his shoulders, raking the flesh from his ribs with sweep after sweep of her terrific claws.

The Bull roared with rage, and plunged and reared, dragging Mother Grizzly with him; then, as he hurled heavily off the slope, she let go to save herself, and the Bull rolled down into the river.

This was a lucky thing for him, for the Grizzly did not want to follow him there; so he waded out on the other side, and bellowing with fury and pain, slunk off to join the herd to which he belonged.

II.

OLD Colonel Pickett, the cattle king, was out riding the range. The night before, he had seen the new moon descending over the white cone of Pickett's Peak.

"I saw the last moon over Frank's Peak," said he, "and the luck was against me for a month; now I reckon it's my turn."

Next morning his luck began. A letter came from Washington granting his request that a post-office be established at



his ranch, and contained the polite inquiry, "What name do you suggest for the new post-office?"

The colonel took down his new rifle, a 45-90 repeater. "May as well," he said; "this is my month"; and he rode up the Graybull to see how the cattle were doing.

As he passed under the Rimrock Mountain he heard a far-away roaring as of Bulls fighting, but thought nothing of it till he rounded the point and saw on the flat below a lot of his cattle pawing the dust and bellowing as they always do when they smell the blood of one of their number. He soon saw that the great Bull, "the boss of the bunch," was covered with blood. His back and sides were torn as by a Mountain-lion, and his head was battered as by another Bull.

"Grizzly," growled the colonel, for he knew the mountains. He quickly noted the general direction of the Bull's back trail, then rode toward a high bank that offered a view. This was across the gravelly ford of the Graybull, near the mouth of the Piney. His horse splashed through the cold water and began jerkily to climb the other bank.

As soon as the rider's head rose above the bank his hand grabbed the rifle, for there in full sight were five Grizzly Bears, an old one and four cubs.

"Run for the woods," growled the Mother Grizzly, for she knew that men carried guns. Not that she feared for herself; but the idea of such things among her darlings was too horrible to think of. She set off to guide them to the timber-tangle on the Lower Piney. But an awful, murderous fusillade began.

Bang! and Mother Grizzly felt a deadly pang.

Bang! and poor little Fuzz rolled over with a scream of pain and lay still.

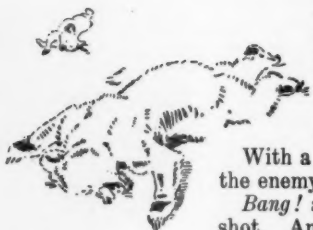
With a roar of hate and fury Mother Grizzly turned to attack the enemy.

Bang! and she fell paralyzed and dying with a high shoulder shot. And the three little cubs, not knowing what to do, ran back to their Mother.

Bang! bang! and Mooney and Frizzle sank in dying agonies beside her, and Wahb, terrified and stupefied, ran in a circle about them. Then, hardly knowing why, he turned and dashed into the timber-tangle, and disappeared as a last *bang* left him with a stinging pain and a useless, broken hind paw.

THAT is why the post-office was called Four-Bears. The colonel seemed pleased with what he had done; indeed, he told of it himself.

But away up in the woods of Anderson's Peak that night a little lame Grizzly might



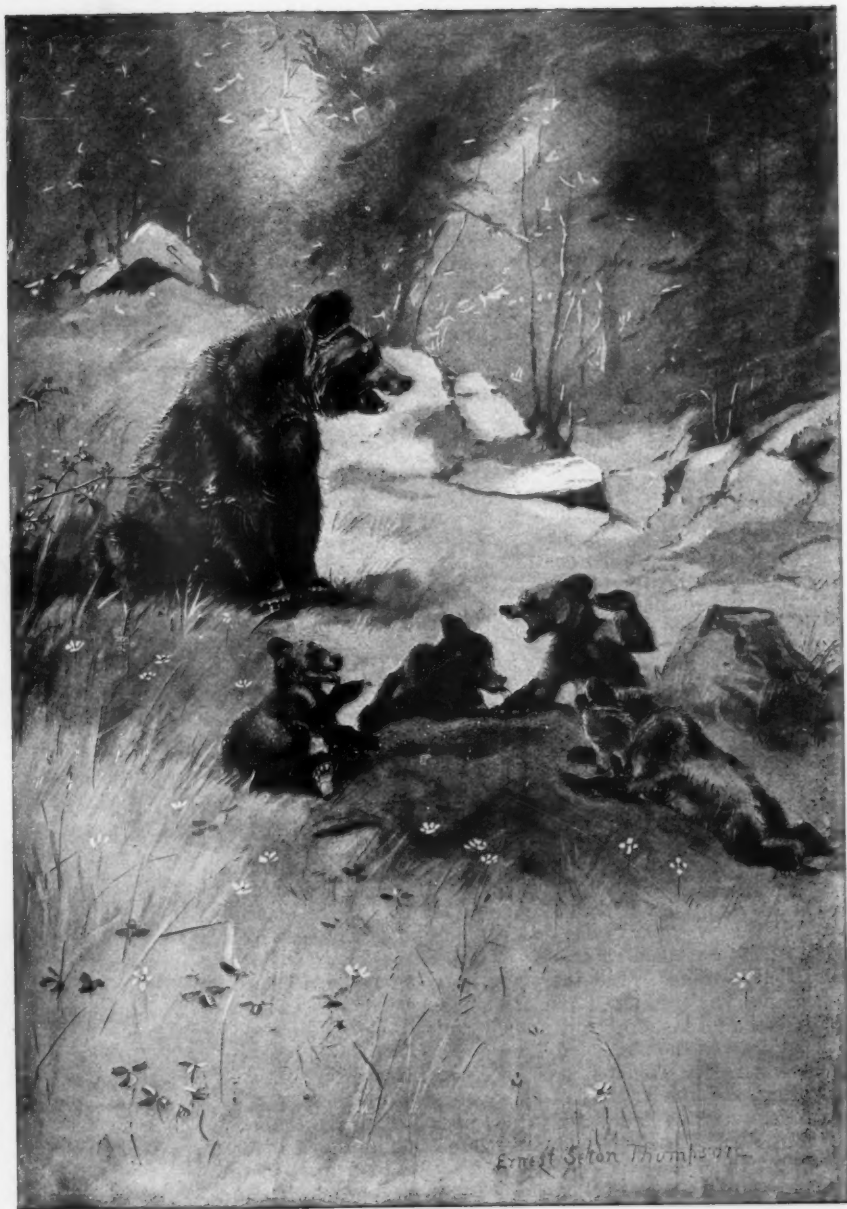
have been seen wandering, limping along, leaving a bloody spot each time he tried to set down his hind paw; whining and whimpering, "Mother! Mother! Oh, Mother, where are you?" for he was cold and hungry, and had such a pain in his foot. But there was no Mother to come to him, and he dared not go back where he had left her, so he wandered aimlessly about among the pines.

Then he smelled some strange animal smell and heard heavy footsteps; and not knowing what else to do, he climbed a tree. Presently a band of great, long-necked, slim-legged animals, taller than his Mother, came by under the tree. He had seen such once before and had not been afraid of them then, because he had been with his Mother. But now he kept very quiet in the tree, and the big creatures stopped picking the grass when they were near him, and blowing their noses, ran out of sight.

He stayed in the tree till near morning, and then he was so stiff with cold that he could scarcely get down. But the warm sun came up, and he felt better as he sought about for berries and ants, for he was very hungry. Then he went back to the Piney and put his wounded foot in the ice-cold water.

He wanted to get back to the mountains again, but still he felt he must go to where he had left his Mother and brothers. When the afternoon grew warm, he went limping down the stream through the timber, and down on the banks of the Graybull till he came to the place where yesterday they had had the fish-feast; and he eagerly crunched the heads and remains that he found. But there was an odd and horrid smell on the wind. It frightened him, and as he went down to where he last had seen his Mother the smell grew worse. He peeped out cautiously at the place, and saw there a lot of Coyotes, tearing at something. What it was he did not know; but he saw no Mother, and the smell that sickened and terrified him was worse than ever, so he quietly turned back toward the timber-tangle of the Lower Piney, and nevermore came back to look for





"LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING 'HANDS,' . . . ONE CUFFED HIS BROTHER'S EARS." (SEE PAGE 28.)

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

his lost family. He wanted his Mother as much as ever, but something told him it was no use.

As cold night came down, he missed her more and more again, and he whimpered as he limped along, a miserable, lonely, little, motherless Bear—not lost in the mountains, for he had no home to seek, but so sick and lonely, and with such a pain in his foot, and in his stomach a craving for the drink that would nevermore be his. That night he found a hollow log, and crawling in, he tried to dream that his Mother's great, furry arms were around him, and he snuffled himself to sleep.



III.

WAHB had always been a gloomy little Bear; and the string of misfortunes that came on him just as his mind was forming made him more than ever sullen and morose.

It seemed as though every one were against him. He tried to keep out of sight in the upper woods of the Piney, seeking his food by day and resting at night in the hollow log. But one evening he found it occupied by a Porcupine as big as himself and as bad as a cactus-bush. Wahb could do nothing with him. He had to give up the log and seek another nest.

One day he went down on the Graybull flat to dig some roots that his Mother had taught him were good. But before he had well begun, a grayish-looking animal came out of a hole in the ground and rushed at him, hissing and growling. Wahb did not know it was a Badger, but he saw it was a fierce animal as big as himself. He was sick, and lame too, so he limped away and never stopped till he was on a ridge in the next cañon. Here a Coyote saw him, and came bounding after him, calling at the same time to another to come and join the fun. Wahb was near a tree, so he scrambled up to the branches. The Coyotes came bounding and yelping below, but their noses told them that this was a young Grizzly they had chased, and they soon decided that a young Grizzly in a tree means a Mother Grizzly not far away, and they had better let him alone.

After they had sneaked off Wahb came down and returned to the Piney. There was better feeding on the Graybull, but every one seemed against him there now that his loving guardian was gone, while on the Piney he had peace at least sometimes, and there were plenty of trees that he could climb when an enemy came.

His broken foot was a long time in healing; indeed, it never got quite well. The wound healed and the soreness wore off, but





it left a stiffness that gave him a slight limp, and the sole-balls grew together quite unlike those of the other foot. It particularly annoyed him when he had to climb a tree or run fast from his enemies; and of them he found no end, though never once did a friend cross his path. When he lost his Mother he lost his best and only friend. She would have taught him much that he had to learn by bitter experience, and would have saved him from most of the ills that befell him in his cubhood—ills so many and so dire that but for his native sturdiness he never could have passed through alive.

The piñons bore plentifully that year, and the winds began to shower down the ripe, rich nuts. Life was becoming a little easier for Wahn. He was gaining in health and strength, and the creatures he daily met now let him alone. But as he feasted on the piñons one morning after a gale, a great Blackbear came marching down the hill. "No one meets a friend in the woods," was a byword that Wahn had learned already. He swung up the nearest tree. At first the Blackbear was scared, for he smelled the smell of Grizzly; but when he saw it was only a cub, he took courage and came growling at Wahn. He could climb as well as the little Grizzly, or better, and high as Wahn went, the Blackbear followed, and when Wahn got out on the smallest and highest twig that would carry him, the Blackbear cruelly shook him off, so that he was thrown to the ground, bruised and shaken and half stunned. He limped away moaning, and the only thing that kept the Blackbear from following him up and perhaps killing him was the fear that the old Grizzly might be about. So Wahn was driven away down the creek from all the good piñon woods.

There was not much food on the Graybull now. The berries were nearly all gone; there were no fish or ants to get, and Wahn, hurt, lonely, and miserable, wandered on and on, till he was away down toward the Meteetsee.

A Coyote came bounding and barking through the sage-brush after him. Wahn tried to run, but it was no use; the Coyote was soon up with him. Then with a sudden rush of desperate courage Wahn turned and charged his foe. The astonished Coyote gave a scared yowl or two, and fled with his tail between his legs. Thus Wahn learned that war is the price of peace.

But the forage was poor here; there were too many cattle; and Wahn was making for a far-away piñon woods in the Meteetsee Cañon when he saw a man, just like the one he had seen on that day of sorrow. At the same moment he heard a *bang*, and some sage-brush rattled and fell just over his back. All the dreadful smells and dangers of that day came back to his memory, and Wahn ran as he never had run before.

He soon got into a gully and followed it into the cañon. An opening between two cliffs seemed to offer shelter, but as he ran toward it a Range-cow came trotting between, shaking her head at him and snorting threats against his life.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

He leaped aside upon a long log that led up a bank, but at once a savage Bobcat appeared on the other end and warned him to go back. It was no time to quarrel. Bitterly Wahb felt that the world was full of enemies. But he turned and scrambled up a rocky bank into the piñon woods that border the benches of the Meteetsee.

The Pine Squirrels seemed to resent his coming, and barked furiously. They were thinking about their piñon-nuts. They knew that this Bear was coming to steal their provisions, and they followed him overhead to scold and abuse him, with such an outcry that an enemy might have followed him by their noise, which was exactly what they intended.

There was no one following, but it made Wahb uneasy and nervous. So he kept on till he reached the timber line, where both food and foes were scarce, and here on the edge of the Mountain-sheep land at last he got a chance to rest.

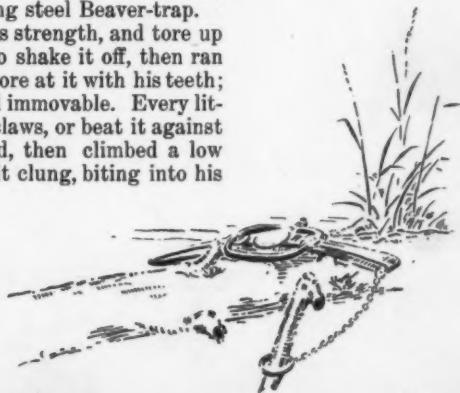
IV.

WAHB never was sweet-tempered, like his baby sister, and the persecutions by his numerous foes were making him more and more sour. Why could not they let him alone in his misery? Why was every one against him? If only he had his Mother back! If he could only have killed that Blackbear that had driven him from his woods! It did not occur to him that some day he himself would be big. And that spiteful Bobcat, that took advantage of him; and the man that had tried to kill him. He did not forget any of them, and he hated them all.

Wahb found his new range fairly good, because it was a good nut year. He learned just what the Squirrels feared he would, for his nose directed him to the little granaries where they had stored up great quantities of nuts for winter's use. It was hard on the Squirrels, but it was good luck for Wahb, for the nuts were delicious food. And when the days shortened and the nights began to be frosty, he had grown fat and well favored.

He traveled over all parts of the cañon now, living mostly in the higher woods, but coming down at times to forage almost as far as the river. One night as he wandered by the deep water a peculiar smell reached his nose. It was quite pleasant, so he followed it up to the water's edge. It seemed to come from a sunken log. As he reached over toward this, there was a sudden *clank*, and one of his paws was caught in a strong steel Beaver-trap.

Wahb yelled and jerked back with all his strength, and tore up the stake that held the trap. He tried to shake it off, then ran away through the bushes trailing it. He tore at it with his teeth; but there it hung, quiet, cold, strong, and immovable. Every little while he tore at it with his teeth and claws, or beat it against the ground. He buried it in the ground, then climbed a low tree, hoping to leave it behind; but still it clung, biting into his



flesh. He made for his own woods, and sat down to try to puzzle it out. He did not know what it was, but his little green-brown eyes glared with a mixture of pain, fright, and fury as he tried to understand his new enemy.

He lay down under the bushes, and, intent on deliberately crushing the thing, he held it down with one paw while he tightened his teeth on the other end, and bearing down as it slid away, the trap-jaws opened and the foot was free. It was mere chance, of course, that led him to squeeze both springs at once. He did not understand it, but he did not forget it, and he got these not very clear ideas: "There is a dreadful little enemy that hides by the water and waits for one. It has an odd smell. It bites one's paws and is too hard for one to bite. But it can be got off by hard squeezing."

For a week or more the little Grizzly had another sore paw, but it was not very bad if he did not do any climbing.

It was now the season when the Elk were bugling on the mountains. Wahb heard them all night, and once or twice had to climb to get away from one of the big-antlered Bulls. It was also the season when the trappers were coming into the mountains, and the Wild Geese were honking overhead. There were several quite new smells in the woods, too. Wahb followed one of these up, and it led to a place where were some small logs piled together; then, mixed with the smell that had drawn him, was one that he hated—he remembered it from the time when he had lost his Mother. He sniffed about carefully, for it was not very strong, and learned that this hateful smell was on a log in front, and the sweet smell that made his mouth water was under some brush behind. So he went around, pulled away the brush till he got the prize, a piece of meat, and as he grabbed it, the log in front went down with a heavy *chock*.

It made Wahb jump; but he got away all right with the meat and some new ideas, and with one old idea made stronger, and that was, "When that hateful smell is around it always means trouble."

As the weather grew colder, Wahb became very sleepy; he slept all day when it was frosty. He had not any fixed place to sleep in; he knew a number of dried ledges for sunny weather, and one or two sheltered nooks for stormy days. He had a very comfortable nest under a root, and one day, as it began to blow and snow, he crawled into this and curled up to sleep. The storm howled without. The snow fell deeper and deeper. It draped the pine-trees till they bowed, then shook themselves clear to be draped anew. It drifted over the mountains and poured down the funnel-like ravines, blowing off the peaks and



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

ridges, and filling up the hollows level with their rims. It piled up over Wabh's den, shutting out the cold of the winter, shutting out itself; and Wabh slept and slept.

V.

HE slept all winter without waking, for such is the way of Bears, and yet when spring came and aroused him, he knew that he had been asleep a long time. He was not much changed—he had grown in height, and yet was but little thinner. He was now very hungry, and forcing his way through the deep drift that still lay over his den, he set out to look for food.

There were no piñon-nuts to get, and no berries or ants; but Wabh's nose led him away up the cañon to the body of a winter-killed Elk, where he had a fine feast, and then buried the rest for future use.

Day after day he came back till he had finished it. Food was very scarce for a couple of months, and after the Elk was eaten, Wabh lost all the fat he had when he awoke. One day he climbed over the Divide into the Warbonnet Valley. It was warm and





"A SAVAGE BOBCAT . . . WARNED HIM TO GO BACK." (SEE PAGE 35.)

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

sunny there, vegetation was well advanced, and he found good forage. He wandered down toward the thick timber, and soon smelled the smell of another Grizzly. This grew stronger and led him to a single tree by a Bear-trail. Wahn reared up on his hind feet to smell this tree. It was strong of Bear, and was plastered with mud and Grizzly hair far higher than he could reach; and Wahn knew that it must have been a very large Bear that had rubbed himself there. He felt uneasy. He used to long to meet one of his own kind, yet now that there was a chance of it he was filled with dread.

No one had shown him anything but hatred in his lonely, unprotected life, and he could not tell what this older Bear might do. As he stood in doubt, he caught sight of the old Grizzly himself slouching along a hillside, stopping from time to time to dig up the quamash-roots and wild turnips.

He was a monster. Wahn instinctively distrusted him, and sneaked away through the woods and up a rocky bluff where he could watch.

Then the big fellow came on Wahn's track and rumbled a deep growl of anger; he followed the trail to the tree, and rearing up, he tore the bark with his claws, far above where Wahn had reached. Then he strode rapidly along Wahn's trail. But the cub had seen enough. He fled back over the Divide into the Meteteetsee Cañon, and realized in his dim, bearish way that he was at peace there because the Bear-forage was so poor.

As the summer came on, his coat was shed. His skin got very itchy, and he found pleasure in rolling in the mud and scraping his back against some convenient tree. He never climbed now: his claws were too long, and his arms, though growing big and strong, were losing that suppleness of wrist that makes cub Grizzlies and all Blackbears great climbers. He now dropped naturally into the Bear habit of seeing how high he could reach with his nose on the rubbing-post, whenever he was near one.

He may not have noticed it, yet each time he came to a post, after a week or two away, he could reach higher, for Wahn was growing fast and coming into his strength.

Sometimes he was at one end of the country that he felt was his, and sometimes at another, but he had frequent use for the rubbing-post, and thus it was that his range was mapped out by posts with his own mark on them.

One day late in summer he sighted a stranger on his land, a glossy Blackbear, and he felt furious against the interloper. As the Blackbear came nearer Wahn noticed the tan-red face, the white spot on his breast, and then the bit out of his ear, and last of all the wind brought a whiff. There could be no further doubt; it was the very smell: this was the black coward that had chased him down the Piney long ago. But how he had shrunk! Before, he had looked like a giant; now Wahn felt he could crush him with one paw. Revenge is sweet, Wahn felt, though he did



not exactly say it, and he went for that red-nosed Bear. But the Black one went up a small tree like a Squirrel. Wahn tried to follow as the other once followed him, but somehow he could not. He did not seem to know how to take hold now, and after a while he gave it up and went away, although the Blackbear brought him back more than once by coughing in derision. Later on that day, when the Grizzly passed again, the red-nosed one had gone.

As the summer waned, the upper forage-grounds began to give out, and Wahn ventured down to the Lower Meteetsee one night to explore. There was a pleasant odor on the breeze, and following it up, Wahn came to the carcass of a Steer. A good distance away from it were some tiny Coyotes, mere dwarfs compared with those he remembered. Right by the carcass was another that jumped about in the moonlight in a foolish way. For some strange reason it seemed unable to get away. Wahn's old hatred broke out. He rushed up. In a flash the Coyote bit him several times before, with one blow of that great paw, Wahn smashed him into a limp, furry rag. Then he crushed in all his ribs with one crunch of his jaws. Oh, but it was good to feel the hot, bloody juices oozing between his teeth!

The Coyote was caught in a trap. Wahn hated the smell of the iron, so he went to the other side of the carcass, where it was not so strong, and had eaten but little before *clank*, and his foot was caught in a Wolf-trap that he had not seen.

But he remembered that he had once before been caught and had escaped by squeezing the trap. He set a hind foot on each spring and pressed till the trap opened and released his paw. About the carcass was the smell that he knew stood for man, so he left it and wandered down-stream; but more and more often he got whiffs of that horrible odor, so he turned and went back to his quiet piñon benches.

(To be continued.)



THE WISDOM OF DARK PATHRICK.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC"),

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

THERE was wanst upon a time, as the oul' stories goes,—it might 'a' been five hundred years ago, or it might 'a' been ten hundred years ago, or it might 'a' been double that; meself does n't rightly know any more nor that it was a *laghie* wheen iv years ago, anyhow,—an' the Lord Mayor himself of Dublin had a great fallin' out with the lan'lord of the Head Inns there. The Lord Mayor an' this same lan'lord had been great oul' cronies entirely up till the time they fell out. As thick as thieves they had always, up till this, been. They wor like a pair of magpies in good weather—ye could n't see wan of them without findin' the other close by. But behould ye! as I sayed, somethin' or other comed atween them an' sundhered them, an' they had a great fallin' out altogether, an' a bitter wan. An' whatsomiver it was that sundhered them, it was n't the Lord Mayor's fault, anyhow; beca'se a good-natureder man or a better-hearted niver breathed than him. The lan'lord of the Head Inns, though, was a cantank'rus nadger, an' it was the wondher iv the wurrl' why iver the poor Lord Mayor tuk till him, or how iver he stuck till him; a cantank'rus, crabbèd oul' cadger he was, that could n't agree with nobody, or nobody could n't agree with him, for he was iver an' always sthrivin' to get the inside an' the upper han' of ivery wan iver he fell in with. But the Lord Mayor, bein' a simple, kindly hearted crature, as I sayed afore, somehow managed to pull along with the oul' nadger till this thing (whatsomiver it was) turned up an' parted them, with bitterness ranklin' in the black heart of the lan'lord.

The designin' oul' buck immediately laid himself out to plan how he'd vent his spleen an' revenge himself on the Lord Mayor. An' he soon thought he foun' a gran' way—for the devil was surely helpin' him. The Lord Mayor, it seems, was in the habit, on his way home till his own dinner, of dhroppin' in to see the lan'lord of the Head Inns; an' it usually happened that the lan'lord would just at that very time be shooperintendin' the spreadin' of the dinner for his lodgers, an' the Lord Mayor would, of course, step

into the parlor where the dinner was bein' laid out, an' have a chat with the lan'lord, an' a pleasant sniff of the dinner, moreover—which always did him a mighty share of good, for the Head Inns's dinners was iver the very best (there 's no denyin' it), an' smelt mortal fine. Very well. The lan'lord of the Head Inns, runnin' over iverything in his mind, took stock of this, an' "Me buck," says he till himself, an' referrin' to the Lord Mayor—"me buck," says he, "I have ye there. If I have n't I 'll let me panthry-boy twist me nose for me." With small loss of time, he spit on his stick, an' thrudged off to the foremost liwyer in the city, tuk his advice on the matther, an', that bein' favorable, there an' then at wanst enthered a great law-shoot again' the Lord Mayor of Dublin to recover a large debt off the Lord Mayor, the cost of smellin' his dinner every day for the past ten years—which would come till a mighty great sum when it would be all added up, an' would sartintly ruinate the poor Lord Mayor out an' out, if the lan'lord won his case, an' laive him a beggar on the shreetres of Dublin. An' then the scoundhril went an' employed all of the foremost liwyers in Ire-lan' to fight his case; an' all of them sayed he had a mortial good case, an' was sartint to win it. The poor Lord Mayor, seein' beggary starin' him in the face, did n't employ a liwyer at all, at all, only wan; beca'se he could n't afford more if he was goin' to be called on to pay all the big damages that the case would come to.

Well, there was a tarrible great furore all over Dublin when they heerd of the case the lan'lord of the Head Inns had again' the Lord Mayor, an' nothing else was talked of from end to wynd of the city; an' all Dublin was at wanst divided intil parties, wan party sayin' that the Lord Mayor 'ud surely win the case, an' the other party swearin' that the lan'lord of the Head Inns had all the laws of the lan' on his side, an' would sartintly be given heavy damages again' the Lord Mayor. An' among the liwyers an' judges even there was a hot time; they divided intil two camps, an' banged law an'

law-books an' no end of abuse at others' heads over it.

The day of the thrial it was looked forrid to by all hands with the greatest excitement. An' when the day come, the people was packed in the coort-house lake herrin's in a hogshead; an' outside the coort-house an' for as good as a quarther of a mile around it on all sides, the crowds swarmed an' pushed an' crushed, an' swore an' fought, an' did all sorts of outrageous things that an excited crowd 'ill do. There was twelve judges picked out of all Irelan' sat on the bench to thry the case, an' wan head judge over them all—the very greatest liwyer an' brilliantest judge in the lan'. There niver was such a case in Irelan' afore, an' there has n't been anything like such a case since. The thrial it begun afther br'akfast-time on a Monday, on a long June day, an' it was be candle-light, on the third evenin' afther, that the last witness finished givin' his evidence, for they had no end of cooks, an' great connoshoors (they called them), an' famous aitors an' dhrinkers, an' celebrated liwyers, all givin' their evidence an' their opinions on the matther; an' afther that the lan'lord's counsel an' the Lord Mayor's counsel got aich a whole leelong day till himself to wind up an' explain the pros an' cons of the case, an' make it a deuced sight complicateder than ever it had been for the help an' guidance of the thirteen lads that slept in relays on the bench. An' then, afther that, it tuk them thirteen lads another leelong day to consider an' weigh the evidence, an' make their minds as to the rights an' the wrongs of the case—which brought the thrial on to Sathurday night; an' there was many's an' many's the wan there that for the whole six days niver riz off their saits or left the coort-house, but had their virtuals passed in to them over the heads of the crowd.

Late on Sathurday night, then, the decision was given. The thirteen judges come out of their room in a sthring, an' tuk their saits wan be wan on the bench, with the head judge in the center. An' when they had their saits taken, the head judge got up an', afther a long paramble, announced their decision, which was that six of the judges was for givin' the lan'lord of the Head Inns damages, an' six more was dead again' it, an' he himself could n't rightly see his way which side was in the right, an' which side he should give his vardict for!

So there they wor, afther all their trouble, an' all their bother, an' all their hubbub—there wor the lan'lord an' the Lord Mayor,

an' the liwyers an' judges, an' all Dublin, thrown back where they started, an' left to go for wan another over the case again!

Well, they had nothin' for it, only back from the beginnin' an' thry the whole case over again, an' that they did. But behold ye! when the judges come out on the bench to give their decision this time, there was two of them had their thumbs in a sling, an' wan of them come on a crutch, an' the remainder had either black eyes or broken noses, or there was some of their faytures missin' altogether—an' their vardict was n't a particle more satisfactory than before.

An' afther a third thrial there was n't a sowl of the third to show up on the bench, barrin' the head judge himself, an' three docthors in the coort had to go intil the room to set his ribs afore he was able to be carried out to give the same oul' vardict.

Afther that a bad time begun in Dublin, an' no day passed that there was n't bloodshed on the public sthreetes, an', still worse, in the very bosom of private families that, up till this misfortunate case, was known an' respected as morals [models] of family affection for all the province of Leinster. It was a bad state of affairs, sure enough; it was goin' daily from bad to worse, an' there was no tellin' where it was goin' to stop, if something was n't done soon an' suddint to end it all.

Then there was a counciltation called of all the judges, an' all the gover'ment officials, an' all the greatest men of Irelan', to see if they could n't arrive at some decision on this wondherful case; but the bloodshed that flowed from that counciltation-room far surpassed anything that had gone afore, an' the counciltation bruck up in disorder, an' aich man was carried home on his own doore.

An' when the king seen this, an' seen that the counthry was fast fallin' intil a dhreadful civil war,—for be this time the contention had spread, an' sides wor taken in the dispute all over the len'th an' brea'th of Irelan',—when the king, I say, seen this, he called a counciltation of all of his own ministhers, an' statesmen, an' advisers, to consider what was best to be done; an' the result of this was that a proclamation was give out, makin' it known to all whom it might consarn that if there was any wan man betwixt the four says of Irelan' who could come forrid an' give a proper vardict in this great case, he'd be loaded with wealth an' honors, an' his name writ down in the histh'ry-books of Irelan' for all ginnirations to read.

Well, as ye may feel sartin, this proclama-

tion was n't out four-an'-twenty hours till the roads leadin' till Dublin was swarmin' with iv'ry little tuppence-ha'penny wiseacre that was used to layin' down the law on his own du'ghill-steddin', an' aich of who thought himself the wisest man in Irelan'. The king an' his counselors had a purty busy time of it listenin' to the schaims aich of these philosophers had to offer for the settlement of the case—an' ivry single

his rough wisdoman' cuteness all over his own barony. If there iver come up any mighty hard point, it went as a sayin' among the people, "Why, that would puzzle Dark Pathrick himself!" An' the question would puzzle



"THE THIRTEEN JUDGES CAME OUT OF THEIR ROOM, . . . AN' TUK THEIR SAITS WAN BE WAN ON THE BENCH."

schaim was sillier an' more nonsensical than the other. An' when the king an' his counselors had got through with them all, they foun' they had been only throttin' round a bush all the time, an' were at the same place still; only Irelan' was now in a hundhred times a disturbeder state, for ivry man whose vardict was refused be the king went back home an' riz a followin' an' a faction that swore be him an' his docthrine, an' vowed vingeance on all who believed in any other body's.

Now, throughout all this there was livin' an' workin' away quietly at his little patch of groun' in Donegal a little black-headed, black-whiskered man who the neighbors called Dark Pathrick, an' who was known for

Dark Pathrick was given up by the cleverest heads in the barony as a hopeless case entirely. As I sayed, Dark Pathrick had been quietly workin' his little patch of groun' during all the time Irelan' was in a roolye-boolye over this great case—an' he sayed nothin'. But when all resorts had been thried an' failed to discover a proper vardict in the case, an' Irelan' was left in a worse state than when they begun, Dark Pathrick pitched the spade out of his fist wan day, an' went intil the house, an' washed an' shaved himself, an' threw on his best little duds of clothes. Then he tied up in a red handkerchief a few articles, an' a cake of well-buttered oat-bread, an' puttin' it on the end of his oak staff over his shouldher, tuk the broad

road. The neighbors, when they seen him, come rushin' out, an' sayed, "Prosper the journey, Pathrick; but where are ye goin'?" "To Dublin city, good neighbors," Pathrick made answer, in his usual kindly way. "To Dublin city!" says they, in surprise. "An' for to do what, Pathrick ahaisge?" "For to give a vardict in this tarrible case," says Pathrick. "Och, wisha, wisha, Pathrick," says they, "don't be foolish, poor man!

You 're both wise an' cliver here among the neighbors, an' we know ye an' think a dale of ye—there 's none we think more of; but if ye go up to Dublin among the l'arned an' well-dhressed an' polite gintlemen ye 'll be meetin' there, why, Pathrick asthore, they 'll make ye a laughin'-stock. An' if them l'arned heads, besides, was n't able to come till a vardict, don't ye know in yer heart an' sowl, poor Pathrick, that you 'll niver be able to do it?" They maint the very best be Pathrick, beca'se they had great regards for him;

but Pathrick only smiled, an' sayed: "Well, I often promised meself that I 'd see Dublin afore I 'd die; so if the worst comes to the worst, me journey 'ill not be for nothin', anyhow. Good-by," says he, "an' God's blessin' remain with yez till I get back." "Good-by, Pathrick," says they, "good-by; an' God sen' ye safe—an' sen' ye back to us, too, a wiser man." An' Pathrick, with his stick an' little bundle, was gone.

Dark Pathrick had an adventurous journey, but he reached Dublin at length; an' when he come there he axed the first man he met to diract him to the king's castle. "For why do you want the king's castle?" says the man, says he, lookin' at poor Pathrick, an' his stick an' little bundle, an' his ill-fittin' counthry clothes. "For why," says he, "do you want the king's castle?" "Beca'se," says Dark Pathrick, "I want to give the vardict in this great lawshoot." When the man heerd this he laughed that hearty that a crowd gathered; an' when he toul' the crowd the arrand Pathrick was on, the crowd looked at Pathrick an' laughed. Poor Pathrick was n't used to bein' laughe^d at; he did n't know the ways of Dublin jackeens, an' this thraitment cut him to the heart. But

he was too spunky to let these fools see it. He just dismounted the bundle off the end of the stick, an' as soon as the crowd seen the sort of a grip he got of the stick, they very wisely fell back to the wan side an' the

other an' let Pathrick pass. But they follied him along Dublin sthreet, an' wan of them got up on a pole a big printed card to say:

THIS IS DARK PATHRICK FROM DONEGAL,
COME UP TO GIVE THE VARDICT IN THE
GREAT LAWSHOOT!

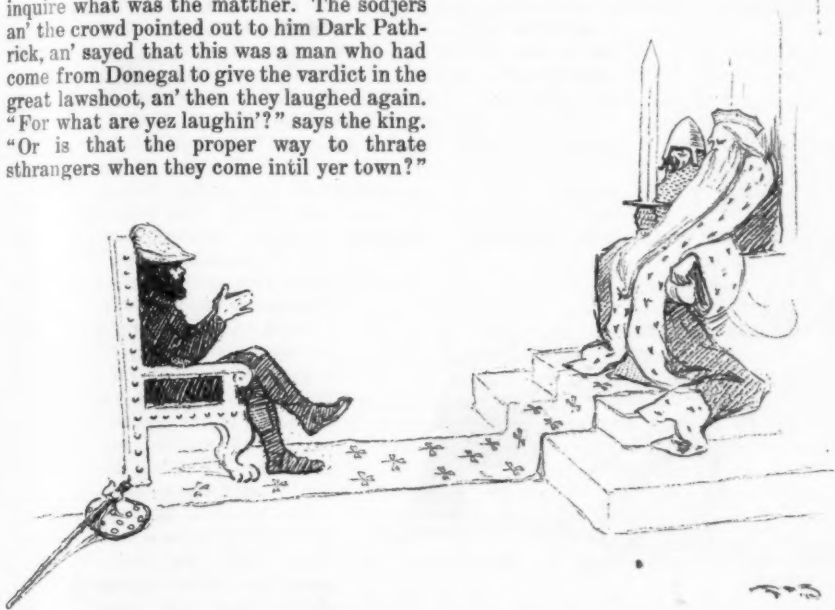
An' as they went along the crowd swelled an' swelled, till when they come to the king's gates there was an immense gatherin' around him entirely. An' when Dark Pathrick tould the sodjers who he was an' the arrand he had come upon, they joined the crowd in laughin' their hearty skinful; an' when Dark Pathrick, flashin' scorn at all of them, thried to push past them to get intil the castle, they put the point of

"BUT THE LAUGHIN' BROUGHT THE KING HIMSELF
TO THE WINDOW."

their sword to his stomach an' made him back an' back, till he near a'most bruck his backbone with the bendin' backwards; an' at that both the sodjers an' the crowd laughed twicet louder than afore.

But the laughin' brought the king himself to the window, an' he put out his head to inquire what was the matther. The sodjers an' the crowd pointed out to him Dark Pathrick, an' sayed that this was a man who had come from Donegal to give the vardict in the great lawshoot, an' then they laughed again. "For what are yez laughin'?" says the king. "Or is that the proper way to thrate sthrangers when they come intil yer town?"

tenth man of ye afore his own doore, for an example an' a warnin' to the other nine. As for yous," says he then to the sodjers, "considher yerselves undher arrest till I have time to attend to yez further. You, Dark Pathrick," says he, "as I undherstand that's



"DARK PATHRICK WAS TAKEN INTO THE PARLOR TO THE KING."

Then he gazed over Dark Pathrick, who was lookin' all the scorn was in him at the miserable wretches that seen fit to jeer him. "Do yez think," says the king then to them again, "that beca'se a man comes from Donegal he knows nothing, or that beca'se he 's poorly dhressed he 's to be jeered at? I see this poor man, an' I see yous—an' I see, too, that there 's some purty consaity men among yez; an' this I 'm goin' to say for yer edification: that I would n't swap this poor ill-dhressed man from Donegal for any twenty of the men that thinks most about themselves in the crowd. Just," says the king, "put that in yer pipes an' shmoke it. Clear off with yez now, or be the piper that played afore Moses I 'll call out me regimint of throopers an' run yez down, ye unmannerly, undher-bred lot of scullions: an' pot-wallopers, ye!" says the king. "Small wonder," says he, "Dublin has got such a bad name! An' if I iver again, as long as I live an' reign, hear tell of the lakes of such happenin', I 'll hang ivery

yer name, step within the castle. I 'll ordher ye a repast, an' afther ye 've aiten an' rested I shall be plaised to enthertrain any proposition ye 've got to make to me regardin' this tarrible lawshoot."

An' afther he had rested an' aiten, Dark Pathrick was taken into the parlor to the king, an' saited upon a chair of baiten goold. An' not wan whit daunted he was, no more nor if he had been sittin' on a sthraw siostog on wan side of his own hearth, addressin' his next-door neighbor sittin' upon the other side. For Dark Pathrick set small store by king or coortier, unless they had brighter wits or bigger hearts than other men, an' then he knew how to respect them accordingly.

Dark Pathrick give the king an insight intil who an' what he was, an' toul' him that he 'd like to have a thry at givin' a vardict in this lawshoot.

"Me good man," says the king, "an' so ye will—an' why should n't ye! If ye fail atself

(for I've come," says he, with a sigh, "to expect nothin' but failure now)—if ye fail atself, ye 'll make a brighter failure than many's the consaiteder man thried his han' an' his head at the same case within the last six months."

"I thank ye," says Dark Pathrick, with his best curtsy. "An' I'd like to have the

case thried afore me as soon as is convaynient for all consarned."

All consarned were notified. An' very soon the rumor of it spread that a man be the name

Donegal could think of, afther all the best an' brightest brains of the counthry havin' thried to give a vardict in vain. Dark Pathrick he come in an' tuk his sait on the bench. All eyes was turned upon him, to read him an' size him up; an' all of them was astonished to see this poor, ignorant (as they thought), an' ill-dhressed man from Donegal sittin' down upon the judges' bench as cool as if it was upon a siostog among neighbors in his own chimley-corner in Donegal; not the laist taste of narvousness did he show as he looked calmly over all that congregation of great an' famous judges an' counselors, an' nobility of all ranks, an' all the high-up gentry an' fashionable ladies of Dublin an' the five provinces. "He's too ignorant," says some of them, "to know the great company he's among." An' these people in their own hearts give Dark Pathrick a fool's pardon.

Well, to make a long story short (as tale-tellers put it), the thrial it begun, an' went on an' on—Dark Pathrick sittin' with his eyes half

closed all the time, listenin' to all, but sayin' nothin', an' axin' no questions. "Faith, a dhroll judge, him!" says the people.

But when all the witnesses an' all the experts upon both sides had been heerd, an' the counselors upon both sides had spoke themselves empy, an' wound up the case, there got up a great silence in the coort: every mother's sowl held his breath to hear what the vardict of Dark Pathrick was goin' to be. Dark Pathrick slowly opened his eyes, an' gathered himself together on the bench, like a man would be comin' out of dhraims.

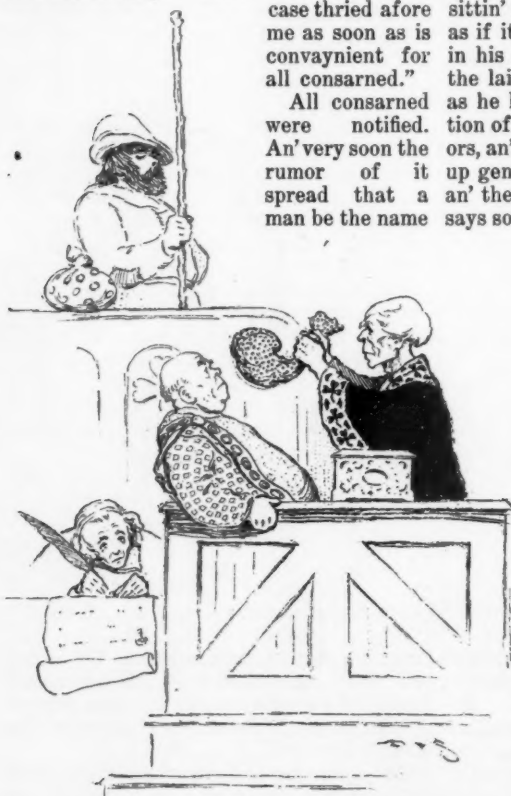
"Call the lan'lord of the Head Inns again," says Dark Pathrick to the coort crier.

An' the coort crier did as he was bid. An' the lan'lord of the Head Inns stepped up intil the witness-box wanst more.

"For the smell of how many dinners, tell me again," says Pathrick, "do you claim compinsation, lan'lord?"

"A dinner a day for ten years," says the lan'lord of the Head Inns. "Yer clerk of coort 'ill make up," says he, "how many that comes till."

"Thirty-six hunderd an' fifty," says Dark Pathrick, at his aise, to the surprise of all, without waitin' for the clerk of coort, who



"'LORD MAYOR,' SAYS DARK PATHRICK AGAIN, 'SHAKE THAT BAG BE THE LAN'LOD'S LUG.'"

of Dark Pathrick from Donegal, who give himself out as mighty knowledgeable entirely, was goin' to thry the great law-shoot, an' thry to come to a vardict on it. So on the day of the thrial the coort-house was this time packed ten times thicker than it iver had been afore—an' this time, too, all the judges an' lawyers an' lawmakers in Irelan' that could either creep, crawl, or walk to it was there, occupyin' their saits hours afore the thrial begun at all; for they wor all on their edge to know what new vardict this strange, ignorant, poor man from

had just begun sharpenin' his pencil for the purpose of figurin' it up.

"Thirty-six hundhred an' fifty," says Pathrick. "An' now tell me, me good man, by vartue of yer oath, how much you calculate each dinner to have been worth?"

"The smell of the dinner, does yer honor mean?" says the lan'lord; for he calculated he 'd lose nothin' by bein' a bit polite to Dark Pathrick.

"The dinners—the dinners themselves," says Pathrick. "I 'll look afther the smell."

"Well, my dinners was always noted as bein' the very best an' highest-classed dinners in all Dublin—nothin' used but the best of materials, an' first-class cooks," says the lan'lord of the Head Inns. "An', believe me, I 'm puttin' it at the modheratest figure I can afford when I say that each dinner was grand valuey for two shillin's. The clerk of the coort is a remarkable good figurer, an' I b'lieve he 'll be able to figure up what a dinner a day at two shillin's should come till in ten years."

"Three hundhred an' sixty-five poun's, naught, an' nopence," says Dark Pathrick, spaikin' lake a riddy-rackoner, to the dumfounded surprise of ivery sowl in the coort. "I thank both you an' the clerk of the coort," says he.

"An' now," says Pathrick, "did you hear the dafindant in this case swear that at laist a quarther of yer dinners smelled positively bad, an' were a delusion an' a snare? Remimber ye 're on yer oath."

"I heerd that," says the lan'lord; "an' for the sake of makin' yer road to a vardict smooth, I 'll consent to give in that sixty-five pounds' worth of the dinners maybe did n't smell genuine, be raison of mistakes in the cooks' parts."

"Why," says all the liwyers an' judges in the coort, "why," says they among themselves, "this Dark Pathrick is gettin' the case more in-thrick-at than iver it was, an' deeper in the mire."

"Now," says Dark Pathrick, "you lan'lord can remove to the wan side, an' I want the dafindant in this case to step up beside ye."

So up the Lord Mayor steps into the witness-box beside the lan'lord, both of them glarin' at other like caged wil'cats.

"Lord Mayor," says Pathrick, "I want you—or yer frien's for ye—to produce three hundhred good goold sovereigns an' sixty-five countherfeit wans."

The Lord Mayor he got purple in the face with rage. "I refuse," says he, stampin' his foot—"I refuse the vardict!"

"Sure, we knew how it would be," says the judges an' counselors in the coort among themselves.

An' instantly a mighty hubbub got up through the whole coort: the people shouted out that was the worst an' unjustest vardict iver yet was given, an' they 'd not have it; an' looked wondherful like that blood was about to flow again, when the king—for of course he had a sait in coort throughout the whole thrial—got up an' sayed, says he:

"If I rightly undherstand, the vardict is n't yet given?"

Says Dark Pathrick, "Yer Highness does rightly undherstand."

"Then," says the king, "do as ye 're bid, Lord Mayor."

The people consented to settle down a bit tell they 'd find what was the upshot of this move goin' to be. An' the Lord Mayor an' his friends went away, an' brought back with them a little box out of which they counted down upon the bench, to the satisfaction of the king an' the people an' lan'lord an' all, three hundhred shinin' good goold sovereigns; an' a bag out of which they counted out sixty-five countherfeit sovereigns made of gilded copper.

"Put them good sovereigns intil the box again, an' close it," says Pathrick; "an' put the bad wans intil the bag again, an' tie it loosely, givin' them plenty of room to rowl about."

The whole coort now stood on its tippy-toes, in the greatest state of puzzle an' threpidation.

"Lan'lord," says Dark Pathrick, "be good enough to state, for all our informations, what is now the contents of that box an' of that bag."

"That box," says the lan'lord, "contains three hundhred good goold sovereigns, an' the bag sixty-five bad wans."

"Lord Mayor," says Dark Pathrick, "take up that box in wan hand, an' that bag in the other."

The Lord Mayor, all wondherment, did as he was bid; an' the king himself an' the whole coort stopped their breaths an' craned their necks to hear what was comin' next.

"Lord Mayor," says Dark Pathrick, "shake that box be the lan'lord's lug."

The Lord Mayor shuck it, an' a mighty great jingle it made.

"Lan'lord, what do ye hear?" says Dark Pathrick.

"The jingle," says the lan'lord, "of three hundhred good goold sovereigns."

"Which pays you," says Dark Pathrick,

"for the smell of three hundhred pounds' worth of good dinners."

"Lord Mayor," says Dark Pathrick again, "shake that bag be the lan'lord's lug."

Which the Lord Mayor did, with all the veins of his heart makin' the divil's own horrible din.

"Lan'lord," says Dark Pathrick, "what 's that ye hear?"

"The rattle," says the lan'lord, "of sixty-five bad sovereigns."

"Which pays you," says Dark Pathrick, "for the smell of sixty-five pounds' worth of bad dinners."

"My vardict," says he, "is given. Go all of yez to yer homes, good people, an' for the future abide in Christian paice!"

For the space of wan minute afther, ye could hear yerself thinkin' in that coort. Then the applaas that went up shuck the oul' walls of the buildin' tell ye 'd think it was merac'lous it did n't tumble in atop of all. Liwyers an' judges an' genthry, an' every livin' sowl present, ruz to their feet lake wan man an' called on the king to make Dark Pathrick, there an' then, high judge over all Irelan'. "Me own sintiments," says the

king. But Dark Pathrick, with the self-same coolness that had stuck to him throughout, got to his feet, an' thanked both the king an' the people, an' sayed he had no desires for the honor, an' he would n't have it. He had, he sayed, done nothin' but what he considered to be his bounden duty, an' had n't showed any cliverness whatsomiver above plain, blunt common sense. He was glad, he sayed, they appreciated his vardict, an' glad to think that he was the humble means of puttin' a stop to the tarrible state of affairs that existed over this case, an' the tarrible spillin' of blood that had been takin' place an' was goin' day an' daily from bad to worse. He was glad too, he sayed, that those present had come to give in that beca'se a man come from Donegal, an' was poor an' ill dhressed, he was n't necessarily ignorant an' a fool. He axed them thrait the poor an' the sthrainger in future with due respect, thanked them again, wished them all a very good day, an' slipped away.

An' early the next mornin' there was a dark little man, with a small red bundle on a stick, pushin' north on the road from Dublin to Donegal.



IN THE SOUTHERN ALLEGHANIES.

BY MARION PELTON GUILD.

SEE, as we climb the woodland way,
Yon rose-tinged blossom shine!
And this, more white than acolyte
That guards a hidden shrine!
What sudden awe withholds the word
One to the other saith?
What great impending loveliness
Catches the startled breath?

Lo, softly fall the reverent lights,
Where pillared oaks o'erscreen
A holy house not made with hands,
A sylvan chapel green;
And here, in tall, calm, stately ranks
Above the teeming sod,
The virgin rhododendrons lift
Their beauty unto God.



VERSES WRITTEN IN A COPY OF SHAKSPERE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. G. S.

Children's birthdays are all gold;
They turn copper when we're old—

so once wrote James Russell Lowell in a child's "Shakspeare Birthday Book." The verses are characteristic, both in the cheerfulness of the first line and the half-jesting melancholy of the second. The child, however, having the happiness of the verse-writer's companionship would feel very surely that Lowell had used the poet's privilege of "make-believe," for "Mr. Lowell *never* could be old."

But there was no make-believe in the poet's kindly way of brightening the birthdays with golden words and golden gifts, and the child's delight in one such gift may be imagined—a set of Shakspeare "all to one's self," Alexander Dyce's edition (Mr. Lowell's favorite), in nine volumes, and in all the glory, too, of a half-calf binding warm with blue and red and gold. The poet did not think it "wasteful and ridiculous excess" to "gild refined gold," for with the book came the promise to "write some verses in it some day."

TO EVELYN SMALLEY,

with the love of J. R. Lowell.

29th April, 1883—

so reads the inscription on the fly-leaf. The poem below was begun about this time, I think, but the poet had much work to do and other positions to fill besides that of laureate to his child friends. He must be "His Excellency the United States Minister to the Court of St. James," and speech-maker on as many occasions as he could be prevailed upon to undertake the office, and the most-sought-after of diners-out in a London season as well; and so the verses lay in his portfolio, half written perhaps, till the following year.

Just before the next birthday came round, the first volume of the Shakspeare was borrowed, and on the birthday eve returned with the verses written in Mr. Lowell's beautiful hand on the pages following the inscription, and modestly headed by the poet, "P. S. 29th April, 1884." The book was accompanied by this letter:

31 LOWNDES SQUARE, S. W.,

29th April, 1884.

DEAR ENIE: I wish you many happy returns, and that you may have some visible reason to remember me when I am no longer here to wish, I send you the verses I promised. If they don't say what I meant they should say (and verses seldom do), they will at least serve as a record of the love I bore you.

Affectionately yours,

J. R. L.

HERE Music fledges thought as leaves the pine
Whose strong stem lightward lifts those minstrels fine,
And in this symphony no voice is mute
Of kindling trump or meditative flute,
For 't is the high prerogative of song
To nerve the weak and mitigate the strong:

Here passion is sublimed until its throes,
 Seen in reflection, feed the mind's repose;
 Here life is shown as only he could see
 Who found in Man the World's epitome
 And knew the pygmy-giant, idiot-sage,
 The same in every clime and every age,
 While, as the motley throng goes by, we scan
 Mask after mask to find beneath the man,
 Matchless in all, the circuit of whose soul
 Girt human nature round from pole to pole.
 Here is Truth's well, and this its constant law,
 That still and still it deepens as we draw;
 Bring larger vessels, larger yet, and more;
 Fill them to running-over; still there 's store;
 Get all experience, and at last it is
 But as a key to part decypher his;
 Observe, think, morals draw, part false from true,
 He did all long ago, and better too;
 Go, seek of Thought some yet unsullied strand,
 His footprint there confronts you as you land;
 What need for help on many words to call?
 When I say Shakspeare, I have said it all.

"My Shakspeare" Milton called him, echoing Ben;
 "My Shakspeare" he to all the sons of men;
 'T is the world's common field and each man's share
 To just what treasure he first buried there,
 And he shall bring mere fairy-gold away
 Who finds here but the matter of a play.
 Those inbred fates that shadow, under wings
 With lightnings seamed, the stormy fates of kings,
 Measure to *us* as to ourselves we mete,
 Drag *us* before the unerring judgment-seat,
 Sow in our passions the same seeds of death
 As in Othello, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth,
 And fairy vanities our fortunes mix,
 Play with our baffled sense the selfsame tricks
 As Ariel did, or, like sly Puck deride,
 With ears all see but *us*, the brains inside.

[In printing the poem Mr. Lowell's spelling is followed.—THE EDITOR.]



OUR LADY OF ANTIBES.

BY ELLA D'ARCY.

Author of "Monochromes."

IT was probably the depreciatory attitude of his friend Georges Roussel which, first making Peschi think seriously of little Jeanne Salvé, kept her image sharply sculptured in his heart during an interval of three years; and there is no doubt that Roussel denied all promise in the child only because Peschi, and not he, had been the first to point out and to praise her immature charm.

The two young men had spent the morning out Vallaurisway, shooting thrushes. Strings of these and of other feathered innocents hung across their shoulders, and as Roussel marched he swung triumphantly a dun-colored rabbit by the legs.

They were filled with the exhilaration which a good appetite and successful sport impart; and as they had been up since day-break, had taken nothing but a meager bowl of soup before leaving Antibes, and had walked ten or fifteen miles since, they were quite ready to do justice to their breakfast at Salvé's inn, on the way home.

The Réserve de la Pinède stands at the edge of the highroad, and is in itself neither picturesque nor imposing, being only a long, two-storied, whitewashed house, fitted with wooden shutters painted gray. On one side you find the poultry-yard, well stocked with its cruel, silly-eyed, gluttonous fowl; on the other stretches the bowling-alley, without which no inn in the Riviera would be complete; for bowls is the national game down there, a game in which all the male population, young and old alike, take a passionate interest.

In front of the inn stand little tables and chairs of iron, grained to imitate wood, and over these, from May to November, stretches an awning of faded stripes. In the public room, behind the lace-curtained windows, you find a stained copy of "Le Petit Marseillais," spittoons, and a sanded floor.

But across the road, beyond the rising knolls where grow the famous pine-trees of Juan, and seen through the serried straightnesses of their trunks, lies the southern-sea, glorious, immense, of variable hue: sapphire-

blue in winter; green with the opaque greenness of the cat's eye during its brief visitations of rough weather; whitely opalescent beneath midsummer heats; liquid emerald, liquid hyacinth, or liquid fire, according to sunset or sunrise caprices.

When you live on the coast of the Mediterranean, when the sky of Provence burns above your head, when you have the Maritime Alps closing in the land horizon to the east, and the fantastic peaks and pinnacles of the Estérel Mountains rising skyward on the west, then sanded floors and whitewashed walls seem sufficiently picturesque.

It was a day early in January, as warm as an English June. The young men ordered their meal to be served outside, where they waited while Salvé cooked it. The excellence of his cooking was the innkeeper's only conspicuous virtue, but certainly he could make a savory omelet better than any one else.

While he prepared it, his guests opened scores of hot, blue-black mussels, washing down the succulent bivalves with draughts of thin red wine; and when the omelet was only a happy memory they made a valiant attack upon fillet of beef, cleared off a dish of macaroni and tomatoes, enjoyed a dozen of their own thrushes grilled upon toast, and did not neglect a *mâche* salad, or a strong-smelling cheese, served up in a round wooden box for all the world like a Nuremberg toy. The feast, which won Roussel's emphatic approval, wound up with cigarettes, coffee, and curaçao.

Mme. Salvé did not appear. She was ill in bed, Salvé explained; at which his auditors exchanged glances. The cause of the poor woman's illnesses was well known; for Salvé knocked her about when drunk and squandered their mutual earnings when sober.

However, it was thanks to madame's indisposition that her little daughter Jeanne waited upon the young men instead, running to and fro between them and the kitchen, and returning Peschi's friendly glances with the frank, unabashed innocence of her eleven years.

The child had long, black-stockinged legs, twinkling below an ample-sleeved pinafore of black merino, and two long plaits of dark hair tied with a cherry ribbon that in color matched her mouth. But her big, dark, hungry eyes were set in an insignificant, thin little face, and her skin was sallow and fatigued-looking because of her too rapid growth. Nevertheless, she was full of vivacity and quick wit, finding a nimble and sweet-tempered retort for all Peschi's teasings and jests.

He had known her by sight for some time; for, working in Félon's winter studio at Juan, and lodging in the curious, somber old town of Antibes, every morning and every evening took him past Salvé's inn at the same hour. There he would see the child busy feeding the clamorous poultry, or playing at a game of bowls by herself, or racing with the house-dog in madcap spirits over among the pines. But this was the first occasion he had had to speak with her, the first to observe her closely, and he was surprised to see what a singularly charming little person she was. He told himself that she would become a very pretty woman in a few years' time, and he told Roussel the same thing.

But Roussel would not agree. It was not in his nature to agree with any proposition whatever, and it was just this characteristic which made him so delightful a companion. He held the conversation perpetually poised upon the crest of some tempestuous wave. His spirit of negation likewise asserted itself most strongly whenever feminine beauty was under discussion. Then he made it a point of honor to admit no claim which he had not himself first discovered; for he was a connoisseur on the subject, a catholic lover of women, although his personal preferences were given to voluptuously built blondes.

For all which reasons, therefore, he greeted Peschi's prediction with scorn. "But she's thin as a hundred of nails!" he cried. "Look at her legs: she has no calf at all."

When Peschi had convinced him that the absence of calf in a child of eleven years merely indicates that she is going to be tall, Roussel transferred his objections to her mouth. Her mouth was enormous; it spread all over her face.

But Peschi, who had the soul of an artist, the trained eye of an accomplished artisan, who spent his days in casting and copying and imitating the masterpieces of Greece—

Peschi was not to be shaken by a mere "push-pebble" in his admiration for the child's mouth.

He called Roussel's attention to its curves, he asked him to note its color, he begged him to remark the generous fullness of the under lip; and as it is a truth that the longer we look at a face which we admire the greater our admiration grows, so Peschi perceived a new beauty in the little girl every time his glance rested on her. In fancy he drew his spatula along the firm penciling of the brows, smoothed down the fine curve of the eyelid, followed the exquisite convolutions of the ear; he saw that the shapely hands needed only to grow plump to serve as sculptors' models, and he waxed enthusiastic and tiresome over the slenderness of ankle and wrist.

In the most nervous vernacular, Roussel assured him that he was a blooming idiot, and twirled his mustaches with a conquering air, aware that Mlle. Jeanne's red-brown eyes were fixed oftener upon him than on his friend.

Roussel presented an attractive appearance in the cap, sash, and wide knickerbockers of the Eighth Alpine Regiment; and he was handsome, too, in a more obvious but less refined style than Peschi.

Jeanne evinced the true woman's susceptibility to externals; besides which, she saw Peschi passing every day in white, clay-smearéd blouse, and she made but vague distinction between his position and that of the masons and stone-layers busy villa-building in the neighborhood.

Mme. Salvé, however, recognized a vast difference between these and the polite and amiable young man who, on their next chance meeting, hastened to congratulate her on her daughter.

"Ah, m'sieu'," she said in answer to his double-edged compliments, "I pray that the good God may give her a happier life than her mother has had."

But, at the same time, a blush of pleasure surmounted the discolored bruises of her face. She had apologized for these bruises already, explaining that she had missed her footing coming down-stairs in the dark; and Peschi, giving no credence to the fable, had marveled at the magnanimity of woman, promising himself that one woman in the world, at least, should have no occasion to be magnanimous toward her husband; for by this time his impulsive, vehement, and yet tenacious Genoese mind was thoroughly set upon marrying Jeanne.

There could, however, be no thought of marriage for a long while between a young man of nineteen and a child of eleven. Peschi knew that he must wait; and he waited for three silent years, working hard and amusing himself whole-heartedly.

He accompanied M. Félon from Juan to Paris and from Paris to Juan again, but Jeanne meantime had been sent to finish her schooling with the nuns at Grasse, so that he did not see her again for three years.

Then he met her unexpectedly one Easter-time during her holidays. She was now fourteen, and, with the precocity of the South, already a woman in appearance—a woman who more than fulfilled his expectations of the child. He was so overwhelmed with her beauty, so suddenly afraid that she might be snatched from him, that he sent up his cousins, the Biondettis, the very next day, to make a formal demand for her hand.

The Biondettis keep the café of that name on the Place d'Antibes. It is the principal café of the town, and the officers of the Eighth Alpines mess there. It is natural that the Biondettis should hold their heads high, and although Mme. Biondetti is always very civil to Mme. Salvé when she meets her at Saturday's market, or coming away from Sunday's mass, it is not to be expected that she should be on intimate terms with the landlady of a mere roadside inn, with one whose husband was notorious for his evil conduct all along the coast.

On the present occasion Salvé had not been home for three nights, and madame waited on the customers with pleasant words on her lips and an aching heart. Jeanne sat up-stairs by the window of her little blue-and-white room, gazing dreamily out to sea, and remembering only at intervals to go on darning the stocking which lay in her lap. She was always day-dreaming now, of romantic and impossible fortunes; her thoughts were always far away from the life about her, and often she did not hear when she was addressed.

Mme. Salvé, glancing up the road, was surprised to see Mme. Biondetti and her husband coming toward the inn, and both dressed in their Sunday clothes, although it was only Thursday. She was still more surprised when, saluting her from a little distance, they called out their intention of paying her a visit. Guessing it to be a visit of ceremony, she ushered them into the tiny sitting-room used only on great occasions, where Jeanne's gilt and scarlet-bound prizes encircle the table, and the entirely unlikely

portrait of her dead little brother Henri hangs in the place of honor on the wall.

The young girl, called down to act as her mother's substitute meanwhile, was filled with curiosity to know the reason for the Biondettis' visit, and for the length of their stay. But when she heard that they had come to ask her hand in marriage for Carlo Peschi, although she opened great eyes and laughed a good deal, her heart seemed wholly unmoved.

"You are too young, of course, to think of marrying yet," said her mother; "but if your father approves, and if you care about the young man, there is no reason you should not be engaged. Do you think, Jeanne, you care about him?"

"I have nothing against him," Jeanne said.

"But should you like to be his wife?"

"Oh, well enough, I dare say."

She accepted this proposed husband with the same composure with which she accepted her portion of soup; but not so would she have welcomed the hero of her dreams.

Yet, when she found that her engagement brought her a ring set with pink coral, and that her mother decided she should not return to the convent, she began to show an appreciation for her new position and its importance, and she was gracious to her lover in an entirely cool and abstracted way.

When Peschi returned to Paris with M. Félon, Jeanne was promoted to help her mother with the housework; she learned to cook, and in her leisure moments renewed acquaintance among the young girls of the neighborhood with whom she had played as a child.

Her cousin Ferdinand Salvé, just free from his military service, noticed her in the streets of Antibes, saw that she was very pretty, and set to work to bridge over the abyss which her father's sins had dug between the two families. Young Salvé was with Masset, the draper of the Rue Nationale. He dressed flamboyantly, wore eyeglasses, and discoursed of the women who had loved him and ruined themselves for his sake. He patronized Jeanne from the heights of a fateful experience, and she submitted to his patronage for the sake of being thrilled by his past. She even fancied that in some respects he fitted in with her dream-hero; could he be the real prince in very truth?

She was still debating this point when Peschi wrote to Mme. Salvé to know if Jeanne was ill, because he received no answers to his letters; and it was then the

mother noticed that she no longer wore her engagement ring. Why should she always wear it? Jeanne answered when questioned; she was afraid of losing it, and it hurt her, besides.

"It is your cousin Ferdinand who is perverting your mind," said her mother, shrewdly. "But take care. He is selfish, extravagant, unprincipled. You have seen in your own home how much misery such a nature can inflict. Ferdinand Salvé could never make you happy."

This speech had its effect, until, with a singular want of shrewdness, Mme. Salvé began to recite Peschi's praises.

Jeanne turned restive at once, and quoted a friend's dictum that she, the friend, would never marry a man who wore a blouse. "She says that to wear a black coat and be in a shop is a far better position."

"Ah, ah!" cried the mother, touching a top note of indignation, "Marie Goujat may think herself lucky if she ever gets married at all—a plain, envious little girl like that!"

Nevertheless, her spirits sank from indignation to depression as she thought the matter over, and they rose again only with the idea of a pilgrimage which she and Jeanne should make to Our Lady's shrine at the top of the hill. In answer to their prayers, Our Lady would surely give Jeanne that wisdom of choice which she now lacked.

THE shrine in question is eighteen centuries old. It stands on the highest inland point of the Cap d'Antibes, and dominates thence the whole of the country-side. To the protection of Our Lady, and to the feeble oil-lamp in the chapel window, the simple sailor-folk once trusted entirely. Nor did they trust in vain, if we judge from the number of votive ships which ride aloft among the cobwebs of the roof.

But to-day a modern pharos lifts high its brilliant head above the crumbling chapel, and serves as a sea-guide from Bordighera to the Île de Lérins.

A broad road doubles to and fro upon itself from the bottom of the hill to the top; but this road, like the lighthouse, is a piece of modern work. The old ascent—old almost as the hill itself, since, ages before the birth of Christ, Phenician, Greek, and Roman women had worshiped here at the shrine of Astarte and Venus—the old ascent climbs perpendicularly up the back of the hill, and is now a cobbled track and now a cobbled staircase, pushing its painful way between the trees. Fourteen wayside pillars of stone

proclaim it to be in these days a *via dolorosa*; and in the scooped-out cavity at the top of each pillar is a rudely painted station of the cross, protected by an iron grating.

The women of Antibes, when they have some special favor to obtain,—when they wish to hasten the advent of a legacy, to overreach their neighbor with success, to steal away another woman's lover,—follow this *via dolorosa* on their knees from bottom to top, and entering the little chapel, light one or many candles at Our Lady's shrine. Just so, no doubt, and with similar favors to beg for, did the dead and forgotten women from whom these are descended make the pilgrimage, two thousand years ago, to the long-forgotten goddesses of the past.

In the early May morning, while the day was still gray-eyed and young, Mme. Salvé and Jeanne fulfilled the prescribed rites. The matron came down from the shrine confirmed in her belief that Peschi was a Heaven-selected son-in-law; but the first thing that the maiden said, blushing ingenuously, was: "Don't tell Ferdinand, mother, please; for you know he does n't believe in such things, and would only laugh at me."

At home they found Salvé in a vile temper from having had to prepare his own soup; and Mme. Salvé went about her work during the next few days with a doubting heart and furtively concealed tears. But I myself like to believe that it was Our Lady who inspired Georges Roussel to write Peschi the following letter:

MA VIEILLE BRANCHE : Reviens au plus vite, on va te chiper ta fiancée. Ce petit Salvé te tripote quelquechose. . . . Quant à moi, je me débarrasse d'Agathe, une vraie pelure. Figures-toi. . . .

Though I must hasten to add that the laughable story of Agatha which follows, as well as those portions of the letter represented by dots, cannot be considered as the outcome of blessed inspiration.

PESCHI and Jeanne walked together along the road that runs out from Juan to the point of the Cap, between the wonderful, fragrant villa gardens.

Scarcely twenty-four hours after receiving Roussel's warning, the young lover was holding the girl's hands in his, and she was submitting with resignation to his kisses. Then with adamant gentleness she had informed him, in the presence of her parents, that their engagement was over; she could never be his wife.

Her mother had wept, and her father had stared at her in perturbed silence,—for Jeanne was the one creature in the world to whom he never said an unkind word,—but Peschi had only laughed.

"You don't suppose I have come all the way from Paris to take my dismissal like that?" he had answered gaily. "No; I can't do without you, Jeanne, and I've come to prove to you that you can't do without me, either."

"I'll show you that I can do very well without you," Jeanne had given him back, "anyhow until supper-time"; and she had run up again to her own room.

When they did meet at supper, she was surprised and somewhat vexed to observe with what unruffled serenity Peschi had supported her absence. He was smoking his cigarette and chatting with her mother just as though no promise had ever been made or broken between them.

But when, after supper, he had invited her, in his usual elder-brotherly fashion, to come for a walk, she had understood that he had not believed her, that he had thought it a mere bit of girlish caprice, that he imagined that in a talk with her alone he would talk her round. As though, Jeanne told herself indignantly, one were a child still! As though at fifteen one did not thoroughly know one's own mind! Ah well, he should see. And for the pleasure of showing him, she had granted him a request that she would otherwise have refused, and they had set off together.

From the hedges of rose and syringa and fuchsia, Jeanne plucked a flower here and there, until her hands were quite full. She wearied of holding them, and gave them to Peschi to carry instead. Then she turned off into the wide zigzag road that leads to the lighthouse and the shrine.

The quicker to reach the top, she cut off the point of each V by springing across the intervening boulders and pushing her way among the bushes. Every now and then some long-armed bramble plucked at her skirt and held it fast, so that she had to come to an impatient standstill until Peschi could free her from its tenacious fingers. Each time he laid tenderly aside the bouquet which he carried, and repossessed himself of it as carefully. To him it was sacred, because Jeanne had gathered it.

On reaching the platform on the top of the hill, they sat down on the low wall that encircles the inclosure. Hanging just above the snow-capped Alps on the left, a full cop-

per-colored moon looked them in the face. From the point in the west where the sun had sunk behind the Estérel, long ribbons of faded fire still wavered up to the zenith. The sea, below them, was of an unimaginable green, and the eye followed, on each side of the headland, the curved strip of silver beach which separated it from the thickly wooded, white-villa-dotted shore.

Imperceptible veils of odors wrapped them round: the delicate odor of orange and myrtle; the pungent odor of eucalyptus and pine; the subtle odor which the night draws up from the land and from the sea.

So much sensuous beauty quickened Peschi's Southern blood; it amazed him to see that Jeanne appeared impervious to it. Though she sat quiescently beside him, her thoughts, her soul, were far away—so obviously far from him that at last his happy assurance threatened to fail.

To gain her attention, to awaken her interest, he began to tell her of Paris, of its fine shops, of its gaieties, of its amusements.

"But it's not beautiful like this," she answered indifferently; "it's misty and cold, or else why in the winter should all your Parisians come down here?"

He spoke to her of his prospects. He was going to open an atelier of his own; he had his eye on one in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs; he enlarged on the conveniences of the dwelling-house attached.

Jeanne, busy rooting out with her fingers the mosses growing in the crannies between the stones, made the casual reply that, for her part, she should not care to live in Paris, so far from all her friends.

Peschi, moving nearer to her, laid caressing fingers on her wrist. "You would have me," he ventured. "Don't you think that a husband could take the place of friends?"

"But I have told you already that I cannot marry you," said Jeanne; "and even if I were to," she added pensively, "you would not take the place of Marie Goujat."

"It's not of Marie Goujat you are thinking, but of your cousin Ferdinand," he retorted, and took his hand from hers.

He sat silent a moment, then broke out resentfully: "A common little creature like Salvé, without sense, without ideas, without manners or conduct! He would make you miserable."

"I don't think it's good manners, nor kind either, to abuse my cousin," said Jeanne, with dignity; and Peschi saw that she was right, begged her forgiveness, and then began to plead anew.

The moon, as she climbed, had shrunk and changed. From copper-color she had paled to the intensest, the purest silver. She no longer looked like a flat disk hung upon the lower sky, but swam globular and free through the radiant upper heaven; she seemed to have thrust up with her shoulders the whole dark-blue vault of night high above her.

The world was as light as at noonday, but it was a different world, an etherealized world; a world the beauty of which caught at the heart and brought tears to the eyes; a world from which everything gross, everything material, had been washed away.

Even Jeanne's beauty was heightened, and though the strong white light drenched the color from her lips and from her cheeks, it mirrored itself in her wonderful eyes, it made her forehead, her throat, her hands, resemble in luster the finest Parian marble newly cut.

In her impassibility it seemed to Peschi that she resembled marble, too. Here, he told himself, was the reversal of the Galatæan myth; here was a woman who, instead of being a warm-blooded, living, loving creature, seemed turning into stone beneath his eyes, and all his passion, all his fire, were powerless to prevent it.

"Can't you care for me a little, Jeanne? Can't you trust me when I tell you that love will come later on?"

But the marble cheek remained turned from him, the marble mouth remained closed. Jeanne continued to gaze in dreamy abstraction at the moonlight effects on the dripstone and gargoyles over the chapel door.

"Have you no pleasure in giving? Have you no generosity? I can't live without you. There's no other woman in the world—for years I've thought of nothing else—you have grown into my heart—"

The beautiful outline of the cheek he looked at was broken by a beautiful smile. His pulses leaped; but a man had come round the corner of the chapel; the quickly arrested smile had been for him. Then Jeanne saw that it was only M. Bournique, superintendent of the lighthouse, who, crossing the inclosure, disappeared again into the shade.

"I thought for an instant it was my cousin," she explained. She rose, rearranging the little orange shawl which had slipped

from her neck. "Had we not better go down?" she suggested. "Mama will be wondering where we are."

She took a few careless steps forward, but hearing no following footsteps, glanced back, turned round, and remained transfixed.

Peschi stood there where he had risen, staring at her, but he was no longer recognizable. His eyes blazed, his face was convulsed with fury, his lips, drawn back along his gleaming teeth, reminded her of some beast of prey about to spring. Her blood ran cold in her veins, and when he strode toward her, she closed her eyes, certain he was going to kill her. But his loud and violent voice made her open them again.

"Go!" he shouted at her, pointing out the way. "Go, poor, miserable creature, with the form of a woman, but with nothing else! Go, marry your Ferdinand Salvé, and live out your mean little life, ill used by him as your mother has been ill used by his uncle! Bring children into the world as abnormal, as sexless, as yourself! You are not worth my love. You are not worth the love of any real man. I despise you, I throw you away."—he threw the bunch of flowers he still held rudely in her face,—“let him who will pick you up.”

The instant after, he realized the enormity of his conduct; he knew that he had lost her forever; never would Jeanne, proud as she was, forgive such an insult. And yet, for all that, he could only rejoice in the relief which follows an explosion of fury. Had he repressed it, he must have suffocated, he must have broken a blood-vessel.

The damp, sweet-smelling flowers struck Jeanne full in the face and fell in a heap at her feet. But she did not notice them, for the strangest sensations were fluttering at her heart; her mother, her cousin, everything was forgotten; the child was a woman, the statue was come to life; from the immense terror which Peschi inspired in her love was born. A blush, which the moonlight could not conceal, covered her face. An irresistible force drove her toward him.

"Don't be angry with me! Don't be angry!" she faltered, and extended supplicating hands.

The next moment she was wondering how she could have lived so long without any knowledge of the splendor of the kisses he was pressing on her eyelids and her mouth.



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"HE TOLD HIMSELF SHE WOULD BECOME A VERY PRETTY WOMAN IN A FEW YEARS' TIME."

(SEE PAGE 52.)

THE MAKING OF A MURAL DECORATION.

MR. ROBERT BLUM'S PAINTINGS FOR THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

MR. WHISTLER has laid it down as an axiom that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared"; and, ringing the changes on this excellent proposition, he goes on to assure us that "the work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning."

This is sound doctrine, and it is confirmed absolutely by the two decorations which Mr. Robert Blum has executed for the side-walls of the concert-hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, in New York. A third painting by the same artist is to fill the concave ceiling over the stage, and, if the work already in place is any criterion, the scheme in its entirety will have the spontaneity of an easel-picture done at one sitting.

But if public appreciation is to rise to that high plane upon which it is characterized by the sympathy and intelligence that alone make it acceptable, is it not legitimate that some of the processes of art should be publicly discussed? It can surely do the layman no harm. We therefore approach Mr. Blum's decorations with half an eye to "the means used to bring about the end."

The panel on the west wall of the Glee Club's hall was put up about four years ago. It represents a long, undulating train of

dancers, treading a processional measure in a summer meadow, their supple forms and swirling draperies weaving a rhythmic design against a background of trees and sky.

Considered as the illustration of a musical idea it might be described as a kind of chastened rhapsody, in which the bright-eyed, smiling maidens hover between the ebullient expression of the maddest enjoyment and a languorous delight in sweet sound. A light chord of color, running through minor notes of violet and gray, rose and green, with here and there a sharper tone accenting and enlivening it, wraps the dreamy movement in a fitting atmosphere. It is like exquisite dance-music wafted from distant violins, only, instead of the moonlight that is associated with such sounds, here there glances everywhere the sunshine of a Southern sky. The artist must have seen his work as a



STUDY BY ROBERT BLUM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.
CRAYON STUDY FOR THE GIRL HOLDING THE CHILD.
(SEE THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

whole, we say, in order to have made it so flowing and yet so compact, so artless a fragment of rejoicing humanity and yet so lucid an arabesque of form and light and shade; and



PRINTED BY ROBERT BLIN.

A SECTION OF THE PANEL SHOWN ON PAGE 60.



THE ENTIRE PANEL OF THE WEST WALL OF THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.
PAINTED BY ROBERT BLUM.

the reflection is just. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that when a third of the fifty-foot canvas—made in one piece expressly for the occasion—was painted, that portion was rolled up, in order that within the narrow limits of his studio the artist might attack the next passage, this in its turn to disappear in like fashion while the remaining figures were introduced.

There is something piquant in this difficult situation of the mural painter, a situation sometimes saved by the execution of work direct upon the wall or in specially built studios. Working in a room only a tenth the size of that in which his decoration is finally to appear, he sees his figures constantly magnified to proportions vastly beyond those which eventually they will assume. He backs away from the canvas, to judge of the effect which a figure in the center will have when contrasted with another that is now snugly wound around the roller. As he speculates despairingly about the ultimate agreement—or disagreement—of the two with those architectural surroundings to which they are destined, thinking of the moldings, the lights and shadows, and the colors of the future background, he brings up against the other side of his studio—still a good many feet too near. It is a wonder, when these things are remembered, how some huge decorations are ever brought to a finish. But there is memory to come to the artist's aid, a potent counselor, reminding him that the dark drapery which makes such a "hole" in the canvas on his studio wall falls into an unobtrusive relation in that spacious panel—lifted to a height and framed by wide walls and heavy pilasters—which awaits his finished work, and looms, meanwhile, on his inner vision, like a remote object seen through a telescope. Then there is the key of the color, to which he clings like a musician following one dominant note through an intricate web of harmony, and, above all, there is the sense of a linear sequence, which never leaves him, keeping all those apparently lawless curves flowing in appointed directions, so that they culminate in the effortless masterpiece of Mr. Whistler's ideal. When all is said and done, however, when the painter has striven his utmost to realize the perfect vision of his brain, there remains the crucial test, the unrolling of the long canvas, to be fastened to the wall with a paste of rye-flour and rolled smooth with wooden rollers covered with flannel. Most artists will admit that the moment is one of



MR. BLUM'S PRELIMINARY CLAY
MODEL OF A GROUP IN
THE PANEL.

the constructive, architectural faculty which has played around the problem from the beginning. It is not the mere anxiety, the mere "sweat of the brow," which we observe: it is the enormously interesting struggle of the painter to evolve something which will not be an independent organism, but a part of that ensemble to which, in another place, he is to make his contribution.

The complications ensuing when, as in the present instance, a second decoration is to face the first, are almost more trying. Though in filling one space the artist has "felt his way" toward filling another, he is, on the other hand, confronted by the embarrassing necessity of making his "companion-piece" appropriate and yet new. Mr. Blum seems to me to have been exceptionally handicapped, for to do one procession well is hard enough; to make two is to accomplish an extraordinary thing in art. Wisely he sought guidance at the root of the matter, in the sphere of musical feeling. He had symbolized the evanescent poetry of an art in his band of care-free dancers, moving in debonair abandonment to the sounds of fluting pipe and ringing timbrel; the balancing composition he would make a more stately, more self-conscious pageant, denoting a more tangible emotion with a more explicit touch. This second decoration, in short, opposes to the spirituelle characteristics of the work already described the more material splendors of such a mood as we identify in a piece of modern "descriptive" music, just after we have listened to a vaguely enchanting symphony by Schubert or Mozart. It was affixed to the wall about a year ago. The present writer must confess that

almost intolerable suspense. I cannot believe that it detracts from one's pleasure in the work to accompany, by an imaginative effort, the fertile mind and resourceful hand through their long task to that moving climax, grasping thereby

in studying its relation to the earlier panel across the hall he did not know which to admire the more, the harmony of the two designs—considered strictly as designs—or the apt juxtaposition of the two ideas expressed. One is complementary to the other. Until both had been set forth, it had not been realized that with one deprived of the assistance of the other the effect would have been, if not incomplete, at least limited. Great stress is laid upon this because the object of decorating the hall was not to make a picture-gallery, but to provide a suitable environment for the performance of music. Mr. Blum, I believe, would be the first to urge that his decorations are intended



SKETCH BY ROBERT BLUM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.
CRAYON STUDY OF THE CHILD HOLDING THE KID.
(SEE PAGE 59.)



SKETCH BY ROBERT BLUM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.
STUDY OF A WOMAN'S HEAD FOR THE PANEL ON PAGE 60.

to fall into harmony with the states of mind produced by the choristers and instrumentalists. Certainly the two processions do nothing to distract the attention of the listener before the concert stage, but emphasize and amplify his sensations.

If the first does this obscurely, almost insensibly, the second does it with vividness and force, as though through the clear note of trumpets. The Italian sky remains, but it rises above temples and marble arches, instead of above flowering boughs and spangled grass. A noble screen of classical architecture is reared just beyond the actors in this scene of ancient sacrifice and worship, a shining marble floor coming down to the very limit of the canvas; and instead of an improvised revel in some far vale, we watch the priests and followers of Dionysus marching past the people at the very entrance to his shrine. Everything is brilliant, spectacular, significant of ritual, mythologic convention, and worldly pomp. It is the other mood of music, the passionate, eager mood, which fastens on earthly sights and sounds and ends in frank intoxication of the senses. There is no dreaminess here; there are in its

place the pride and actuality of gorgeous life. The more solid background is broken by figures of bolder outlines, and to the white blaze of marble shafts and walls there is added the glow of rich, tawny reds, sumptuous yellows, and royal blues and purples. The note is no longer lyrical and tender, but sonorous and plastic. How was it attained?

Partly by the employment of one of the most fascinating expedients of the artist. In order to reinforce those lines of construction described above, followed by the mural painter in his labor in the dark, when he paints a long panel piece by piece and guesses at the impression which in the end he is going to convey, Mr. Blum spent about three months in modeling his composition, on a small scale, in sculptors' clay. Setting up his figurines on a ledge, grouping them and regrouping them little by little, he held the scheme in the hollow of his hand. By this means he could study each figure in the round instead of in the flat, could block out the perspective, could tell which knot of figures to make prominent and which subordinate, and, in brief, handle a plastic theme in a plastic manner. It was only an expedi-

ent. Following it would come the sketching of the design in color, the posing of each figure, and the drawings made in pencil or charcoal to settle the fall of a robe, the turn of a head, or the curve of an arm. Again the model would be in requisition for the final placing of the figure on canvas, and by this time the board of clay figurines would appear to have been left far behind. Yet they had always been lingering in the background of the painter's mind, and in the presence of the completed painting, with its figures standing out in sculpturesque relief, with every outline of floating fabric or inert marble drawn with striking clearness, one cannot help thinking that the modeling-tools have played their part to good purpose, counting heavily in the progress of the work. All is so strong, so crisp, so transparently articulated. The composition is, as it should be, a radiant pageant, appealing with force to the ear and to the eye like a living thing.

Is the contrast with the decoration on the opposite wall too sharp? I think not, and that the two look across at each other so amicably seems to me to be due to the tact with which the artist has caused color to

answer unto color, line unto line, and procession to procession. Taking them separately or together, one feels that these scenes have been organized, so to say, with the same end in view. Both processions march toward the stage; in both the hidden order of the dance carries priests or mænads, revelers or worshippers, forward in formal steps. It is the variety of simplicity, the harmony of two differing bodies controlled by one fundamental instinct. And inwrapping them both is beauty.

I have dwelt upon the constructive art which Mr. Blum has exercised in these decorations because it is the art with which the student of mural painting cannot too often concern himself. Such painting is part of the art of building, and its architectural elements are therefore of transcendent importance. But the first and last thought provoked by the panels at the Mendelssohn Glee Club is one with which even Mr. Whistler could not quarrel; it is that they are purely and simply beautiful. And beauty does not come from construction alone; it comes by inspiration, to which precious gift Mr. Blum, upon this occasion, may justly lay claim.

WAGNER FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE,

Author of "Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung."

WITH PICTURES BY ARCHIE GUNN.

SCENERY that acts! If Wagner had wrought no other revolution on the operatic stage, he would deserve our gratitude.

To have banished from that stage those ancestral halls, dating back so many generations that the paint was peeling off the marble columns, and those forests so ancient that most of the trees were barked—surely that was a great achievement. The Shaksperian method of stage-setting, which left everything to the imagination, was far more effective than the feeble attempt of producing an illusion made on the old operatic stage. Shakspeare hung up a board on which was painted: "This is a forest." The old operatic scenery seemed to say to you: "This is not a forest, but two rows of badly painted trees (and rather the worse for age), with three blue borders for a sky."

Under such classic, though slightly threadbare, shades *Lucia* warbled her confi-

dences to her maid, who, hearing them for perhaps the two hundredth time, still feigned as much surprise as is becoming in the second soprano in the presence of the *prima donna assoluta*. Here was the Vale of Chamounix or any other part of the earth's surface which the libretto called for. Nothing short of the Birnam Wood ever equaled in mobility this ancient and much-traveled forest. And always, whether at dawn or dusk, in sunshine or storm, the sky borders continued a mild cerulean.

Compare with this the first scene in "The Rhinegold"; the gorge through which *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde* appear in their flight from *Hunding*; the Valkyr rock; the forge scene in "Siegfried"; the street in "The Mastersingers"; and the panoramic changes from the forest of "The Holy Grail" to the interior of the castle in "Parsifal." Still better, take for purpose of comparison the

vessel in "L'Africaine," and the ship in the first act of "Tristan and Isolde." The former shows the section of a vessel as neatly divided into various compartments as a box of seed samples. If the scene is well done, if, when the double basses begin to rumble and the ship begins to roll, the women shriek in their compartment, the priests pray in theirs, and the savages whose canoes would surely have been swamped in the storm, supposing they could have been launched at all, climb over the ship's side and massacre everything in sight—well, we see the cleverness of it and are entertained, but hardly horror-stricken or overcome by terror. On the other hand, the ship's deck in "Tristan," with its group of silent men near the helm and its passion-torn woman in the foreground, the distant horizon-line suggesting the sea far more effectively than a whole platoon of mechanically "worked" waves possibly can, creates illusion and atmosphere, and forms as much a component part of the music-drama as the singers and orchestra. The ship in "L'Africaine" is a clever bit of stage mechanics; the ship in "Tristan" is scenery that acts.

Wagner's theory was that, pictorially, dramatically, and musically, art had already attained such a development that neither painting, drama, nor music could advance by

itself alone, and that progress could be obtained only by a union of the three arts. Whatever there may have been in this the-

ory,—and I cannot say I think much of it, especially as Wagner's own music has disproved it by being so great,—it resulted in his giving unprecedented attention to the stage-settings of his works. No plays, let alone operas, contain such elaborate descriptions of scenic details as the librettos of Wagner's music-dramas. The stage-settings are described in a distinctly literary manner, and read more like portions of novels than of stage works. They are so graphic that on perusing them a person of sensitive imagination at once experiences the illusion of realism which Wagner sought to create. With Wagner, everything on the stage, scenery included, must tend to the expression of the poet's thought. The scene itself, in all its pictorial and mechanical aspects, must have poetic significance. It ceases to be mere stage-setting, and becomes the environment of a dramatic story. In fact, it takes part in the drama—it acts.

It may well be believed that Wagner never saw his ideals in these respects realized until the very last year of his life, when "Parsifal" was produced at Bayreuth. This production, which I saw, left nothing to be desired as regards stage illusion. Pictorially, as in



BRÜNNHILDE EMERGING FROM HER DRESSING-ROOM.



A STAGE HAND ASLEEP DURING A WAGNERIAN CHORUS.

other details, it was perfection. But it presented no such difficulties as "The Ring of the Nibelung." No stage-manager before or since has had such problems to solve as the first scene in "The Rhinegold" and the "Ride of the Valkyrs," to say nothing of the "Magic Fire Scene" and the forge scene in "Siegfried." In addition, he was obliged to put on the stage a snake and a dragon which would not be ridiculous, as such monsters almost invariably are, but be impressive and in keeping with the lofty, epic character of book and score.

At the first Bayreuth performance of "The Ring of the Nibelung" the mechanical effects fell as far short of Wagner's ideals as they also were disappointing to his most ardent

followers. The "Siegfried" dragon probably was the greatest failure of all, and turned what was intended to be a stirring climax into a rather ludicrous episode. This beast was not only slain by *Siegfried*: it was flayed by critics and laymen. About the best any one had to say of it was to call it "a respectable monster with a remarkably lively tail"; nor was the clever writer who stigmatized it as "a compromise between a lizard and a hedgehog" far out of the way. The marvelous element in the "Ring" was declared to be "poetically and strategically a blot," and even friendly critics were so disheartened by the apparent impossibility of ever putting "The Ring of the Nibelung" effectively on the stage that one of them

considered it unlikely that the work would ever be repeated, while another spoke of it as "a curiosity to be revived once in a generation."

Remember that the performances thus

But, fortunately, time has wrought the wonders which even Wagner's electric personality could not; and now there are several opera-houses in which the very scenes that at the beginning seemed doomed to eternal



ON THE STAGE WITH THE RHINE-DAUGHTERS.

spoken of took place in a theater especially built for the production of "The Ring of the Nibelung," and were rehearsed and given under Wagner's personal supervision. In these circumstances, the failure of certain scenes from which most had been expected made further experiments seem hopeless.

failure are made the most effective in the Cycle. The Metropolitan Opera-House of New York has probably contributed as much to this advance as any operatic institution. For many years remarkably fine performances of Wagner's music-dramas have been given there, and last winter, when the

"Nibelung" Cycle was given without cuts for the first time in America, the stage illusions were most dexterously managed. In fact, improvements on the Bayreuth standard had already been made during the seasons of German opera which began as far back as 1884. To revert to our old friend the "Siegfried" dragon—what an altogether admirable beast was that which threatened to masticate *Siegfried* in the very first performance of "Siegfried" given in this country, with Herr Alvary as the buoyant young hero! The scene was never ridiculous here. Every one who had witnessed the Bayreuth performances of "Siegfried" acknowledged that the Yankee dragon was a triumph of ingenuity. Now we have a monster even superior to that of previous seasons, a lightly constructed saurian made in sections, and thus capable of being taken apart and put together again—a marvel even among its own species. This



ALBERICH SEIZES THE RHINEGOLD.

dragon is a much-traveled beast, and has even visited Chicago and come back again to New York safe and sound—a record which no medieval dragon could have equaled.

Bayreuth is still much talked of and still much patronized by Englishmen and Americans, but surely more for the mirage of cult which still hovers like a halo over the performances than because of any extraordinary merit in them. London and New York have heard more remarkable casts than Bayreuth, and in scenic and mechanical details the Wagner Theater still falls short of what is accomplished elsewhere. Here is a list of mishaps in one scene in one of the latest "Siegfried" performances at Bayreuth. During the forging of the sword, "the fire would not burn, the crucible did not blow, the toy hammer in *Siegfried's* hands would not ring on the anvil, sparks would not fly, and finally the anvil split in two when the

sword was still high in the air." This last contretemps is the only one I have ever seen in the many "Siegfried" performances which I have witnessed at the Metropolitan Opera-House. The first time Jean de Reszke appeared as the young hero, he pulled the bolt out of the anvil too soon, and it fell apart before the stroke.

It is interesting to watch Wagner performances from behind the scenes, and especially "The Ring of the Nibelung." One obtains an idea of the infinite amount of preparation required to put Wagner's music-dramas on the stage. Nor is there lack of amusing incidents. *Fricka*, in street-dress, threading her way across the stage between the painted canvas rocks at the bottom of the Rhine; the electrician ad-

justing in his stereopticon the small disk with transparent rippling lines, which, thrown on the gauze borders, produce the effect of moving water; *Loge*, in his fiery costume, wandering about disconsolate because, as one of the attachés of the house whispers to me, he objects to the pattern of the wall-paper in his dressing-room, and the management has paid no attention to his request to have the room repapered; one of the Rhine-daughters, in flowing garments, with bunches of green gauze tied to her wrists for seaweed, being lifted up to the peep-hole, in order that she may have a look at the audience, by the flunky whose duty it is to open the proscenium door when the artists are called out—such incidents combine to show how narrow is the margin which separates the sublime from the ridiculous.

But the electrician is already giving orders to the man at the large switchboard



VALKYRES WAITING TO GO ON.

which controls all the lights in the house, and there descends upon the stage the greenish twilight which, combined with the gauze drop in front of the scene, gives a blurred effect from the auditorium, as if the objects on the stage were moving about under water. Meanwhile, platforms have been shoved under three hanging saddles, or "cradles." The Rhine-daughters are lifted up to the platforms and assisted into the cradles, into which they are strapped. The cradles are shaped so that the heads and

shoulders of the women are slightly raised as they would be in swimming, and the straps are so adjusted that the artists have free use of their arms. In fact, the cradles are only just large enough to give the singers a sense of security. The outlines of the apparatus are hidden under flowing strips of green gauze, and when the platforms are withdrawn the Rhine-daughters are poised in mid-air, or, viewed through the gauze drop, under water.

The ripple-lines from the stereopticon



THE BOY-VALKYRS WHO RIDE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

undulate over the gauze borders, and the surface of the river far above the rocks seems "streaming restlessly from right to left," as the libretto directs. Your attention is distracted for a moment to the horde of Nibelungs—boys with long beards and tangled wigs, crowded on the short flight of steps which leads to the first tier of dressing-rooms. They have just giggled at *Alberich's* hideous make-up, and the villain of the "Nibelung" Cycle is delivering a little lecture on the necessity of their keeping quiet behind the scenes. Turning to the stage again, you notice a change. Two of the Rhine-daughters are poised high up behind the wings, and the third is near the peak of the large rock which is the center of the scene.

Everything is in readiness for the performance to begin. The stage-manager touches a "buzzer," and a few seconds later the orchestra intones the deep E flat upon which, as an organ-point, the wonderful instrumental introduction is built up. The curtain rises. "Round a rock in the center of the stage one of the Rhine-daughters is seen merrily swimming." So run the stage-directions, and such is the illusion produced to the audience.

As *Woglinde* circles around the rock she sings the characteristic call of the Rhine-daughters. A few moments later *Wellgunde* dives through the water to meet her, and is followed shortly by *Flosshilde*. The three Rhine-daughters swim about in graceful play, now rising, now descending, now near the surface, now deep down near the bed of the river, sometimes in full view, sometimes circling around the rocks and disappearing behind them. With their arms they go through the motions of swimming, and the simulation of water-nymphs





THE RAINBOW BRIDGE IN "THE RHINEGOLD."

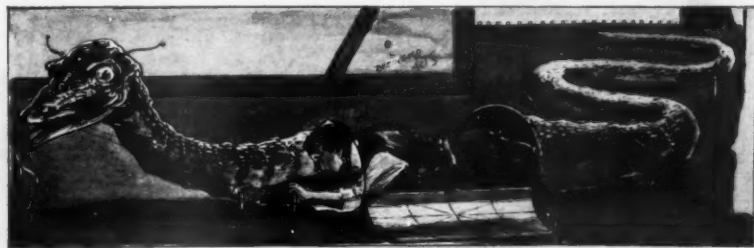
at play is perfect. Wagner's stage-directions could not be carried out more admirably. The effect is fascinating.

It is made possible by a clever contrivance. Briefly described, the cradles are moved from one side of the stage to the other on overhead trolleys. Three wires, one for each cradle, are stretched far above the stage between the fly-galleries. By means of these trolleys the cradles can be drawn from one side of the stage to the other as occasion requires. The wires which run from the cradles to the trolley-lines pass over the trolley-wheels to one of the fly-galleries, and by drawing in or slacking these wires the cradles can be raised or lowered. The upward and downward motions of the Rhine-daughters, and their method of swimming across the stage and back again, are

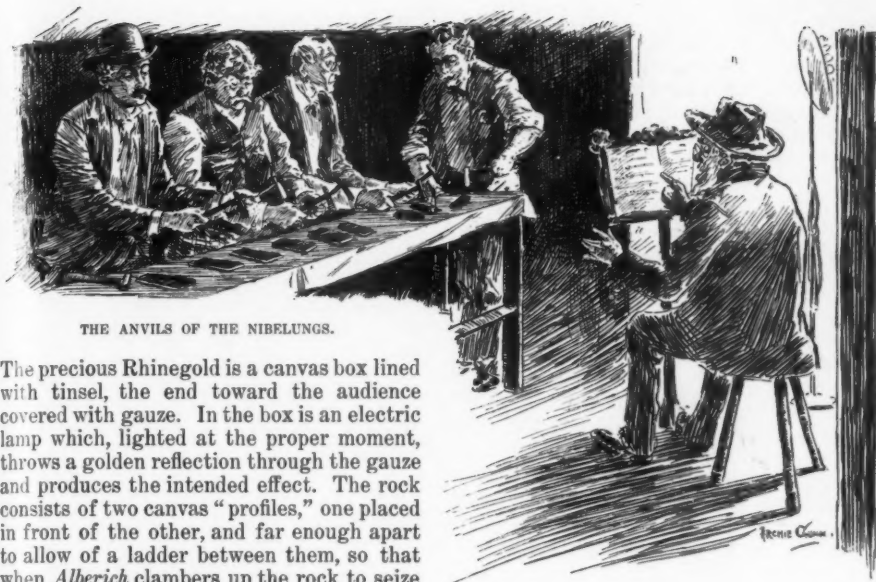
now accounted for. But how they swim toward the front or rear of the stage and circle around the rocks still remains to be explained.

The wires which run from the cradles to the trolley-wheels work on swivels. Suspended from each cradle are wires by which three men on the stage guide it, the swivel enabling them to swing it in any direction. The cradles can thus be raised or lowered, drawn across the stage, swung backward or forward, or guided behind the rocks and out again. It is only necessary for the Rhine-daughters to keep up the motion of swimming with their arms, and the illusion is perfect. The nine men who guide the cradles from the stage could easily be seen by the audience were they not draped in black from head to foot. They move about the stage in felt slippers, quickly yet silently, like black spirits. Their drapery, combined with the dim light, prevents their being seen from the "front." In addition to the stage-hands, a *répétiteur* (a musician who plays piano accompaniments for the artists while they are studying their rôles) is also on the stage in order to prompt the Rhine-daughters. He, too, is draped in black, and it is amusing to watch him dodging about behind the rocks, score in hand, and calling the cues to the Rhine-daughters. There always are several *répétiteurs* in every large opera company, and in difficult works, like the Wagner music-dramas, they are distributed behind the scenes to give the artists their entrance cues and to prompt them when they are too far back for the regular prompter's voice to reach them.

When *Alberich* appears and tries to catch the Rhine-daughters, their rapid motions as they dart away are made most natural by means of the contrivance which I have described. The climax of the scene is reached when *Alberich* clammers to the peak of the central rock, seizes the glowing Rhinegold, and dives with it into the depths.



HOW THE DRAGON IN "THE RHINEGOLD" IS MADE TO CRAWL.



THE ANVILS OF THE NIBELUNGS.

The precious Rhinegold is a canvas box lined with tinsel, the end toward the audience covered with gauze. In the box is an electric lamp which, lighted at the proper moment, throws a golden reflection through the gauze and produces the intended effect. The rock consists of two canvas "profiles," one placed in front of the other, and far enough apart to allow of a ladder between them, so that when *Alberich* clambers up the rock to seize the gold, he simply mounts the ladder.

Admirable though the illusions produced throughout this entire scene are, another, and it is believed a better, method for producing the wavy effects on the surface of the river is to be tried. Almost every one has noticed the gaseous, quivering vapors produced by heat. It is proposed to use a small Bunsen burner, and with a stereopticon to reflect the quivering heat-vapor from the burner upon the gauze borders. This has been tried, though not at a performance, and has given a silvery ripple with all the appearance of moving water.

The artist who last winter took the rôle of *Alberich* makes the Nibelung a very active being. He jumps about the platforms and runways behind the canvas rocks with great energy. If you heard him stamping, you would appreciate the necessity for having a *répétiteur* behind the scenes in addition to the prompter. I overheard a stage-hand, who was watching *Alberich's* antics, say to another: "That fellow 'll break something yet!" This remark shows that different points of view prevail behind the scenes as well as in front. As regards the latter, I happen to know a society reporter who classifies the productions at the Metropolitan Opera-House as "light" and "dark" operas. "Tannhäuser," for instance, is a "dark" opera, from his standpoint, because while the performance is in progress the lights in the auditorium are turned so low that he has

only the intermissions during which to take note of the society exhibit in the audience.

But we must get behind the scenes again. As the performance progresses, the next mechanical property of interest is the snake into which, in the Nibelheim scene, *Alberich* changes himself by means of the Tarnhelm, to prove to *Wotan* and *Loge* the truth of his boast that he can assume any guise. *Alberich* steps behind a rock. Immediately a huge snake issues from behind it and crosses the stage with the undulating movements of a serpent. This is a famous bit of theatrical property, the mechanism of which is as simple as it is ingenious. The snake is mounted on small wheels which are entirely hidden from view, and it would be child's play to draw it across the stage with a wire. This would not, however, give the realistic motions desired.

A section in the serpent's back opens on hinges. A man gets inside the monster, stretches himself out face downward, and the lid is closed. The man thrusts a couple of sharp pegs through holes in the snake's belly, and by digging them into the stage floor works the beast along, while, with a string which he holds between his teeth, he plays the lower jaw of the monster so that it shows its fangs as it crosses the stage.

The serpent's tail is made in joints connected by two wires to which stirrups are at-

tached. The man puts his feet in the stirrups, and by moving his legs as if he were swimming makes the long tail curve and straighten out again. This, combined with the forward motion, gives the realistic effect which saves serpent and scene from being ridiculous.

and important a work of art." It was also pronounced a "ludicrous burlesque," the critic adding that it was more astonishing to find it in the libretto than that it failed.

When in temporary retirement, not from lack of public appreciation, but because a



SIEGFRIED SPLITTING THE ANVIL.

That such a huge beast—it is certainly thirty feet long—should be so light in weight and mechanically so simple that it can be controlled by one man shows great skill in its construction. Of the scene as given in the early Bayreuth performances, it was said that "such ridiculous nonsense has no place within the frame of so serious

manager cannot always be giving operas with snakes and dragons, the pet monster of the Metropolitan Opera-House is hauled up high in the air beneath one of the fly-galleries, and, suspended there, is left to his own interesting meditations on the gods and demigods, so plentiful in his day, when human beings appear to have been rather scarce.

The serpent is an example of what seems a very elaborate effect produced by comparatively simple means. Sometimes, on the other hand, a simple effect requires elaborate preparations. Take the episode in the last scene of "The Rhinegold," when *Donner* strikes the rock with his hammer and dispels the clouds. *Donner's* hammer has a hollow head of canvas on a wire frame. In the head is an electric lamp, and a wire passes through the handle. As *Donner* brings the canvas head down on the canvas rock he presses a button in the handle, and the head of the hammer glows. To produce the sound of *Donner's* stroke, a stage-hand, behind the rock, strikes an anvil with a real hammer. A man at a stereopticon flashes a streak of lightning on the back drop, and in order to make this lightning still more lurid, another man produces a real flash with an electric apparatus known as the "lightning-box." Then a property-man strikes the "thunder-drum,"—a large, square box covered with rawhide,—and another opens the "rabbit-hutch," a more elaborate thunder apparatus up-stairs, and allows a number of cannon-balls to roll through a series of zinc-lined troughs. No respectable clouds could be expected to remain in the heavens after such a racket, and the sky is now clear for the rainbow-bridge. Here again is a remarkable effect produced by a simple apparatus—a stereopticon, a little disk with a narrow semi-circular slit, and two small glass prisms. It is a real rainbow.

I have spoken of the répétiteur in the Rhine scene. There is also an assistant conductor behind the scenes. His duties are miscellaneous, such as giving the cues for the curtain, to brass bands or other musicians on the stage, and, in the Nibelheim scene, beating time for a little anvil orchestra behind the scenes—men who hammer pieces of iron, and are supposed to be the Nibelungs forging *Alberich's* treasure. This hammering must be in rhythm with the orchestra, and, as the répétiteur is most likely holding himself in readiness to tell the snake when to go on, the assistant conductor leads the hammers.

No one who has seen "The Valkyr" need be told that the first scene, if set according to Wagner's directions, is scenery that acts. From the moment the curtain rises, the view of the interior of *Hunding's* somber hut oppresses one with a sense of gloom and a foreboding of danger. Even when the night wind has loosened the hangings, and these have fallen from their fastenings, al-

lowing the moonlight to stream in, while *Sigmund*, drawing *Sieglinde* close to him, whispers the ravishing phrases of the love-song, we still feel that the two lovers belong to a doomed race. But these are effects of pictorial detail and the skilful management of light, and the equally impressive scenery of the second act is a matter for the painter and the stage-carpenter. There is little or nothing in the way of mechanical effects.

But in the third act the "Ride of the Valkyrs" offers a problem which, unless it is solved artistically, is sure to mar one of the most daring and heroic scenes ever conceived. We see the summit of a rocky mountain. The view at the back is filled with clouds. Storm is brooding in the air. Four of the Valkyrs, in full armor, are watching from the peak. Suddenly *Gerhilde*, who stands highest on the rock, gives the wild shout of the Valkyrs, a flash of lightning breaks through a passing cloud, and a Valkyr on horseback is seen dashing through the air. A few moments later the Valkyr cry is heard from the thick forest to the right, and *Helmwige* enters, and is greeted with shouts by her sister Valkyrs. Three other Valkyrs arrive in the same dramatic manner, and at the end of the scene the eight wild sisters of the air dash away through the clouds.

The "Ride of the Valkyrs" requires an elaborate structure and elaborate properties. Yet in this heroic scene boys and hobby-horses play conspicuous rôles. In the background a high "platform" spans the stage like a narrow bridge. Back of it hangs a transparent cloud drop. The floor of the platform is uneven; it is broken up into a series of short, irregular waves.

Eight wooden horses about the size of Shetland ponies, with tangled manes, and carved to represent galloping steeds, are hoisted up to the platform. They are on wheels, and are placed on tracks which run the length of the platform and follow its inequalities. Then eight boys, dressed in the full costume of the Valkyrs, climb up a ladder and mount the horses. Astride the steeds, with their helmets, breastplates, and spears flashing in the fierce glare of lens lights which are turned full upon them from the fly-galleries, they look like a distant army of the middle ages ready to charge upon the enemy. But—whisper it softly to your neighbor, and make him promise to keep it to himself—I have seen *Schwertleite*, *Gringerde*, and *Roseneise* chewing gum!

The platform has a considerable slope upward, and the end at the other side of the

stage is higher than that on which the cohort is gathered. As there are four Valkyrs on the stage when the curtain rises, only four of the hobby-horses and boys are drawn across to the higher end and placed in position to be run down the platform at the given signal. The other four are held in reserve at the lower end for the final rush at the close of the scene. When *Gerhilde* shouts her greeting to *Helmwige*, the men in charge of the hobby-horses give one of them a slight shove which suffices to start it down the incline with its boy Valkyr; and it rises and falls like a galloping horse as it passes over the irregular surface of the platform. At the same time a light is flashed from above on the moving figure, while another flares through the transparent cloud drop. It is exactly as if the Valkyr were riding through the clouds. The effect is weird and beautiful, and, combined with the music, the scenery, and the restless figures of the Valkyrs who are waiting on the rock, makes this one of the most stupendous scenes ever put on the stage.

A few minutes after the hobby-horse with its boy burden disappears behind the scenes, the real *Helmwige* enters from the forest, as if she had ridden down from the clouds and, having left her horse in the pines, had come to join her sisters on the rock. The maneuver having been repeated for the entrance of the other three Valkyrs, the eight hobby-horses and boys are at the lower end of the platform, ready for their dash through the clouds at the end of the scene.

But ere they take their departure, *Brünnhilde* arrives in full flight with *Sieglinde*, and is followed by the angry *Wotan*. Before *Wotan* enters, his voice is heard from the pine wood out of which he strides, halting before the Valkyrs, who are seeking to conceal *Brünnhilde*. *Wotan's* entrance seems simple enough from the front; but watched from behind the scenes, it shows how much circumstance is sometimes required by a brief incident like this.

Wotan, although the chief of the gods, begins, about five minutes before he goes on, looking around for the répétiteur, without whom he would be quite helpless, as he cannot see the prompter, and must have the cue for "Steh', Brünnhilde!" which he shouts through a speaking-tube from the wings. At last the nervousness of the chief of the gods is allayed, for the répétiteur appears. Speaking-tube in hand, *Wotan* now takes position in the wings. To one side, a little in advance, is the répétiteur with the

score. On the other side stands *Wotan's* valet with his helmet and spear. Slightly behind the group is the chief electrician, ready to signal to one of his subordinates, who is to flash the red light which precedes *Wotan's* entrance. The chief electrician is watching the stage-manager, and the stage-manager is watching *Wotan*.

The répétiteur begins to beat time. *Wotan* shouts through the speaking-tube. The valet jams the helmet on his head. *Wotan* seizes the spear and advances. The stage-manager signals to the chief electrician, the latter signals to his subordinate up in the fly-gallery, and the red light dances ahead of the chief of the gods. All this occupies about five seconds, but enlists the active coöperation of six men.

It is entertaining to watch the departure of the eight Valkyrs. The boys, who have been taking things easy, are sharply called to order, and the stage-manager, who knows the exact bar at which their dash through the clouds must begin, raises his handkerchief as the starter on a race-track does his flag. The Valkyrs on the stage end their discordant shrieks and hurry behind the scenes. The moment arrives when they are supposed to have remounted their wild horses. The stage-manager drops his handkerchief and shouts "Go!" and the hobby-horses are off on their mad race, being drawn up the incline by a windlass.

The "Magic Fire Scene" must be carefully worked up to a climax. During the "Ride of the Valkyrs" blue border lights are used, and they are still burning when *Brünnhilde* entreats *Wotan* to surround with fire the rock on which she is to be put to sleep.

Auf dein Gebot
Entbrenne ein Feuer.

The instant she says "Feuer," the stage-manager calls to the electrician at the switchboard: "Get in your reds!" The electrician turns on the red border lights. These give the suggestion of glare, which increases when, a few moments later, the stage-manager commands: "Work down your blues!"

As *Brünnhilde* lies on the Valkyr rock, and *Wotan*, having covered her with her helmet and shield, invokes *Loge* to encircle the rock with flames, the chief of the gods and the Valkyr seem from the front of the house to be the only people on the stage. But there are at least a dozen stage-hands concealed behind the rocks. "At the last

invocation," read the stage-directions, "*Wotan* strikes his spear-point thrice against the rock, which thereupon emits a stream of fire." Behind the *Valkyr* rock is a steam-box. At the proper moment a stage-hand turns the cock, and as the steam rises another stage-hand turns a red lens light on it, and the effect of fire streaming from the rock is produced.

Behind the runway which forms a rocky path to the left, just back of the *Valkyr* rock, are several men with gas torches and lycopodium torches. A gas torch has a head like the sprinkler of a watering-pot, and when lighted flares up in bright jets. The lycopodium torch is shaped like a pipe. The powder is blown through it over a gas-jet, and produces a clear, leaping flame. There are men with torches behind the other rocks, and there are additional steam-boxes and several pans of red powder. When all these contrivances are in operation, a barrier of fire seems to guard against human approach the rock on which *Brünnhilde* slumbers. As she lies there, and *Wotan* disappears through the flames, the orchestra meanwhile playing the superb interweaving of motives with which the work closes, the scene is one of overpowering grandeur. What other genius has conceived within the limits of one act two such scenes as the "Ride of the *Valkyrs*" and this finale? By not realizing that they were impossible to place upon the stage, Wagner made them possible.

In "*Siegfried*" the most elaborate property is the forge in the first act. The glow of the fire and the upleaping flames during the forging of the sword are carefully timed with the music. In the forge are two sinks with red electric lamps. As *Siegfried* works the bellows, an electrician turns these red lamps on and off, so that the glow accords with *Siegfried's* acting. Under the forge lies a man with a lycopodium pipe. Whenever there is to be a flash of flame he blows the powder over a gas-jet, and the powder flares up through a hole in the top of the forge.

Siegfried forges only one sword, but he uses five swords in the process. After he has poured the molten filings into the mold, thrown the mold into the trough to cool off (the hiss is produced by a jet of steam controlled by a cock in the wings), taken the mold out and broken it open, he draws out a dingy blade. This he thrusts into the fire, and, when he draws it out, he holds in his hand a sword painted red to resemble red-

hot steel. This he throws into the trough, from which, a moment later, he takes a sword that has been painted black. After hammering and polishing, he makes a quick exchange for a bright blade, and, when he has adjusted the handle, for a sword with a hilt. The changes must be made so dexterously that, as far as the audience can see, he works on the same blade from beginning to end of the scene.

The dragon is made on a light frame covered with cloth painted a dirty green. To economize space in storage and transportation, it is made in two parts, the huge head being separate from the body. Inside the head is a long rod, and back of the neck two holes through which a man in green trousers thrusts his legs. These become the dragon's legs. Head and body are then fastened together, the man being inside. The rod enables him to work the head to and fro, and by pulling certain strings he distends the dragon's nostrils and makes its flippers bristle up. He also turns on the green electric lights in the beast's eyes, and the steam which issues from its mouth through a pipe. To make the creature move, the man inside only need walk. The upper jaw, with its fierce nippers, is worked by a pulley-rope from behind the scenes. Besides being easily managed, the dragon is otherwise an accommodating monster, having in its body a slit into which *Siegfried* thrusts his sword when he is supposed to plunge *Nothing* into the dragon's vitals.

An effect which must be carefully carried out occurs in the finale of "The Dusk of the Gods." This is the sudden collapse of the hall of the *Gibichungs*. There is a crash of thunder, and the structure is a heap of smoking ruins. The effect is produced by trick-scenery. The wings are folding screens. The hall scene is painted on the front panels. With the crash the screens are opened, and the ruins, which are painted on the inside panels, are disclosed. The upper halves of some of the columns are mere front flaps working on hinges. At the proper moment these flaps are allowed to fall, disclosing the broken columns painted on the canvas behind them. The rising of the Rhine is effected by three strips of "set water," which are first laid flat on the stage and gradually raised to an upright position. At the same time, a water cloth is drawn forward over a portion of the stage, and the Rhine-daughters seize *Hagen* and drag him down with them.

Then the curtain falls on "The Dusk of

the Gods" and "The Ring of the Nibelung." Excepting the three Rhine-daughters, all the leading characters are dead, and are glad of it, since, for the time being, their arduous task is at an end. *Siegfried*, whose body is supposed to have been consumed on the funeral-pyre, is helping *Gunther* and *Gutrune*, who have come to life again, to their feet, while *Hagen*, "grämlicher Mann," is exchanging pleasantries with the three Rhine-daughters who drew him down with them into the flood. *Brünnhilde's* husband, his face wreathed in smiles, has hurried from the auditorium to inform madame that she has surpassed all her previous efforts.

But there are sounds of tumult in the audience—sounds sweeter to the singers' ears than any score. The flunky slides open the proscenium door; the artists join hands and step out upon the broad "apron" in front of the curtain. Again and again the public demands to see them. At last the lights are lowered as a gentle hint to the enthusiasts, the audience slowly disperses, and an event in

the history of music in America has come to an end, with every one agreed that musically, dramatically, and scenically the "Nibelung" Cycle has made a profound impression.

Bear in mind, however, that the mechanical contrivances which I have described have contributed to this impression solely because Wagner called them in as aids in producing truly artistic effects. Wagner did not plan scenes which require elaborate sets, "props," and mechanical contrivances merely because he wanted their elaborateness to be a nine days' wonder; he planned them according to the highest canons of stage art. His scenes are impressive not merely because water-nymphs are seen swimming under the Rhine, Valkyrs coursing through clouds, flames encircling the Valkyr rock, embers glowing on *Siegfried's* forge, ruins crumbling where stood the hall of the Gibichungs, but because such details illumined the poet's thought and meaning. Wagner's scenery actually takes part in the drama. It is almost a living, breathing thing. It is scenery that acts.

MY DÉBUT AS A LITERARY PERSON.

BY MARK TWAIN (FORMERLY "MIKE SWAIN").



N those early days I had already published one little thing ("The Jumping Frog") in an Eastern paper, but I did not consider that that counted. In my view, a person who published things in a mere newspaper could not properly claim recognition as a Literary Person: he must rise away above

that; he must appear in a magazine. He would then be a Literary Person; also, he would be famous—right away. These two ambitions were strong upon me. This was in 1866. I prepared my contribution, and then looked around for the best magazine to go up to glory in. I selected the most important one in New York. The contribution was accepted. I signed it "MARK TWAIN"; for that name had some currency on the Pacific coast, and it was my idea to spread it all over the world, now, at this one jump. The article appeared in the December number, and I sat up a month waiting for the January number; for that one would contain the year's list of contributors, my name

would be in it, and I should be famous and could give the banquet I was meditating.

I did not give the banquet. I had not written the "MARK TWAIN" distinctly; it was a fresh name to Eastern printers, and they put it "Mike Swain" or "MacSwain," I do not remember which. At any rate, I was not celebrated, and I did not give the banquet. I was a Literary Person, but that was all—a buried one; buried alive.

My article was about the burning of the clipper-ship *Hornet* on the line, May 3, 1866. There were thirty-one men on board at the time, and I was in Honolulu when the fifteen lean and ghostly survivors arrived there after a voyage of forty-three days in an open boat, through the blazing tropics, on *ten days' rations* of food. A very remarkable trip; but it was conducted by a captain who was a remarkable man, otherwise there would have been no survivors. He was a New-Englander of the best sea-going stock of the old capable times—Captain Josiah Mitchell.

I was in the islands to write letters for the weekly edition of the *Sacramento "Union,"* a rich and influential daily journal

which had n't any use for them, but could afford to spend twenty dollars a week for nothing. The proprietors were lovable and well-beloved men: long ago dead, no doubt, but in me there is at least one person who still holds them in grateful remembrance; for I dearly wanted to see the islands, and they listened to me and gave me the opportunity when there was but slender likelihood that it could profit them in any way.

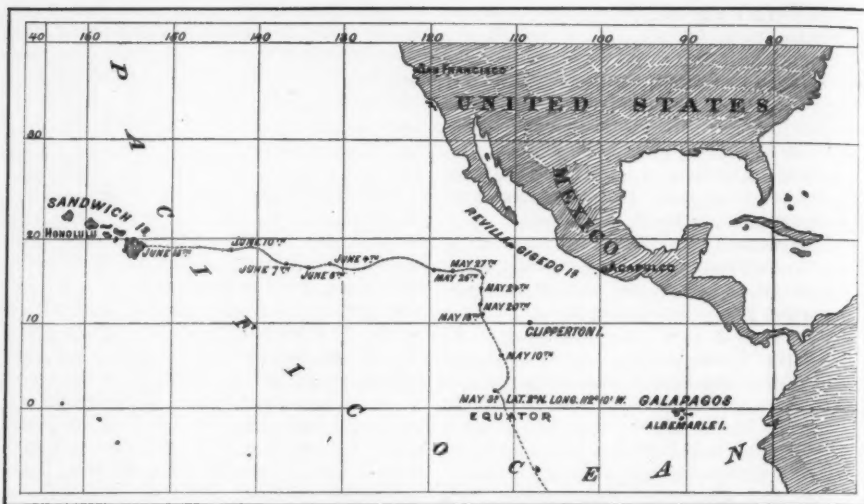
I had been in the islands several months when the survivors arrived. I was laid up in my room at the time, and unable to walk. Here was a great occasion to serve my journal, and I not able to take advantage of it. Necessarily I was in deep trouble. But by good luck his Excellency Anson Burlingame was there at the time, on his way to take up his post in China, where he did such good work for the United States. He came and put me on a stretcher and had me carried to the hospital where the shipwrecked men were, and I never needed to ask a question. He attended to all of that himself, and I had nothing to do but make the notes. It was like him to take that trouble. He was a great man and a great American, and it was in his fine nature to come down from his high office and do a friendly turn whenever he could.

We got through with this work at six in the evening. I took no dinner, for there was no time to spare if I would beat the other correspondents. I spent four hours arranging the notes in their proper order, then wrote all night and beyond it; with this result: that I had a very long and detailed account of the *Hornet* episode ready at nine in the morning, while the correspondents of the San Francisco journals had nothing but a brief outline report—for they did n't sit up. The now-and-then schooner was to sail for San Francisco about nine; when I reached the dock she was free forward and was just casting off her stern-line. My fat envelop was thrown by a strong hand, and fell on board all right, and my victory was a safe thing. All in due time the ship reached San Francisco, but it was my complete report which made the stir and was telegraphed to the New York papers, by Mr. Cash; he was in charge of the Pacific bureau of the New York "Herald" at the time.

When I returned to California by and by, I went up to Sacramento and presented a bill for general correspondence at twenty dollars a week. It was paid. Then I presented a bill for "special" service on the *Hornet* matter of three columns of solid nonpareil at a hundred dollars a column. The

cashier did n't faint, but he came rather near it. He sent for the proprietors, and they came and never uttered a protest. They only laughed in their jolly fashion, and said it was robbery, but no matter; it was a grand "scoop" (the bill or my *Hornet* report, I did n't know which); "pay it. It's all right." The best men that ever owned a newspaper.

The *Hornet* survivors reached the Sandwich Islands the 15th of June. They were mere skinny skeletons; their clothes hung limp about them and fitted them no better than a flag fits the flagstaff in a calm. But they were well nursed in the hospital; the people of Honolulu kept them supplied with all the dainties they could need; they gathered strength fast, and were presently nearly as good as new. Within a fortnight the most of them took ship for San Francisco; that is, if my dates have not gone astray in my memory. I went in the same ship, a sailing-vessel. Captain Mitchell of the *Hornet* was along; also the only passengers the *Hornet* had carried. These were two young gentlemen from Stamford, Connecticut—brothers: Samuel Ferguson, aged twenty-eight, a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and Henry Ferguson, aged eighteen, a student of the same college, and now at this present writing a professor there, a post which he has held for many years. He is fifty years old this year (1898). Samuel had been wasting away with consumption for some years, and the long voyage around the Horn had been advised as offering a last hope for him. The *Hornet* was a clipper of the first class and a fast sailer; the young men's quarters were roomy and comfortable, and were well stocked with books, and also with canned meats and fruits to help out the ship-fare with; and when the ship cleared from New York harbor in the first week of January there was promise that she would make quick and pleasant work of the fourteen or fifteen thousand miles in front of her. As soon as the cold latitudes were left behind and the vessel entered summer weather, the voyage became a holiday picnic. The ship flew southward under a cloud of sail which needed no attention, no modifying or change of any kind, for days together. The young men read, strolled the ample deck, rested and drowsed in the shade of the canvas, took their meals with the captain; and when the day was done they played dummy whist with him till bedtime. After the snow and ice and tempests of the Horn, the ship bowled northward into summer weather again, and the trip was a picnic once more.



Until the early morning of the 3d of May. Computed position of the ship $112^{\circ} 10'$ west longitude; latitude 2° above the equator; no wind, no sea—dead calm; temperature of the atmosphere, tropical, blistering, unimaginable by one who has not been roasted in it. There was a cry of fire. An unfaithful sailor had disobeyed the rules and gone into the booby-hatch with an open light to draw some varnish from a cask. The proper result followed, and the vessel's hours were numbered.

There was not much time to spare, but the captain made the most of it. The three boats were launched—long-boat and two quarter-boats. That the time was very short and the hurry and excitement considerable is indicated by the fact that in launching the boats a hole was stove in the side of one of them by some sort of collision, and an oar driven through the side of another. The captain's first care was to have four sick sailors brought up and placed on deck out of harm's way—among them a "Portygee." This man had not done a day's work on the voyage, but had lain in his hammock four months nursing an abscess. When we were taking notes in the Honolulu hospital and a sailor told this to Mr. Burlingame, the third mate, who was lying near, raised his head with an effort, and in a weak voice made this correction—with solemnity and feeling:

"*Raising abscesses! He had a family of them. He done it to keep from standing his watch.*"

Any provisions that lay handy were gathered up by the men and the two passengers and brought and dumped on the deck where the "Portyghee" lay; then they ran for more. The sailor who was telling this to Mr. Burlingame added:

"We pulled together thirty-two days' rations for the thirty-one men that way."

The third mate lifted his head again and made another correction—with bitterness:

"The Portygee et twenty-two of them while he was soldiering there and nobody noticing. A damned hound."

The fire spread with great rapidity. The smoke and flame drove the men back, and they had to stop their incomplete work of fetching provisions, and take to the boats with only ten days' rations secured.

Each boat had a compass, a quadrant, a copy of Bowditch's "Navigator," and a nautical almanac, and the captain's and chief mate's boats had chronometers. There were thirty-one men all told. The captain took an account of stock, with the following result: four hams, nearly thirty pounds of salt pork, half-box of raisins, one hundred pounds of bread, twelve two-pound cans of oysters, clams, and assorted meats, a keg containing four pounds of butter, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon "scuttle-butt," four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy (the property of passengers), some pipes, matches, and a hundred pounds of tobacco. No medicines. Of course

the whole party had to go on short rations at once.

The captain and the two passengers kept diaries. On our voyage to San Francisco we ran into a calm in the middle of the Pacific, and did not move a rod during fourteen days; this gave me a chance to copy the diaries. Samuel Ferguson's is the fullest; I will draw upon it now. When the following paragraph was written the ship was about one hundred and twenty days out from port, and all hands were putting in the lazy time about as usual, as no one was forecasting disaster.

May 2. Latitude $1^{\circ} 28' N.$, longitude $111^{\circ} 38' W.$ Another hot and sluggish day; at one time, however, the clouds promised wind, and there came a slight breeze—just enough to keep us going. The only thing to chronicle to-day is the quantities of fish about; nine bonitos were caught this forenoon, and some large albacores seen. After dinner the first mate hooked a fellow which he could not hold, so he let the line go to the captain, who was on the bow. He, holding on, brought the fish to with a jerk, and snap went the line, hook and all. We also saw astern, swimming lazily after us, an enormous shark, which must have been nine or ten feet long. We tried him with all sorts of lines and a piece of pork, but he declined to take hold. I suppose he had appeased his appetite on the heads and other remains of the bonitos we had thrown overboard.

Next day's entry records the disaster. The three boats got away, retired to a short distance, and stopped. The two injured ones were leaking badly; some of the men were kept busy bailing, others patched the holes as well as they could. The captain, the two passengers, and eleven men were in the long-boat, with a share of the provisions and water, and with no room to spare, for the boat was only twenty-one feet long, six wide, and three deep. The chief mate and eight men were in one of the small boats, the second mate and seven men in the other. The passengers had saved no clothing but what they had on, excepting their overcoats. The ship, clothed in flame and sending up a vast column of black smoke into the sky, made a grand picture in the solitudes of the sea, and hour after hour the outcasts sat and watched it. Meantime the captain ciphered on the immensity of the distance that stretched between him and the nearest available land, and then scaled the rations down to meet the emergency: half a biscuit for breakfast; one biscuit and some canned meat for dinner; half a biscuit for tea; a few swallows of water for each meal. And so hunger began to gnaw while the ship was still burning.

May 4. The ship burned all night very brightly, and hopes are that some ship has seen the light and is bearing down upon us. None seen, however, this forenoon, so we have determined to go together north and a little west to some islands in 18° or 19° north latitude and 114° to 115° west longitude, hoping in the meantime to be picked up by some ship. The ship sank suddenly at about 5 A. M. We find the sun very hot and scorching, but all try to keep out of it as much as we can.

They did a quite natural thing now: waited several hours for that possible ship that might have seen the light to work her slow way to them through the nearly dead calm. Then they gave it up and set about their plans. If you will look at the map you will say that their course could be easily decided. Albemarle Island (Galapagos group) lies straight eastward nearly a thousand miles; the islands referred to in the diary indefinitely as "some islands" (Revillagigedo Islands) lie, as they think, in some widely uncertain region northward about one thousand miles and westward one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles. Acapulco, on the Mexican coast, lies about northeast something short of one thousand miles. You will say random rocks in the ocean are not what is wanted; let them strike for Acapulco and the solid continent. That does look like the rational course, but one presently guesses from the diaries that the thing would have been wholly irrational—indeed, suicidal. If the boats struck for Albemarle they would be in the doldrums all the way; and that means a watery perdition, with winds which are wholly crazy, and blow from all points of the compass at once and also perpendicularly. If the boats tried for Acapulco they would get out of the doldrums when half-way there,—in case they ever got half-way,—and then they would be in lamentable case, for there they would meet the northeast trades coming down in their teeth, and these boats were so rigged that they could not sail within eight points of the wind. So they wisely started northward, with a slight slant to the west. They had but ten days' short allowance of food; the long-boat was towing the others; they could not depend on making any sort of definite progress in the doldrums, and they had four or five hundred miles of doldrums in front of them yet. *They* are the real equator, a tossing, roaring, rainy belt, ten or twelve hundred miles broad, which girdles the globe.

It rained hard the first night, and all got drenched, but they filled up their water-butt. The brothers were in the stern with the

captain, who steered. The quarters were cramped; no one got much sleep. "Kept on our course till squalls headed us off."

Stormy and squally the next morning, with drenching rains. A heavy and dangerous "cobbling" sea. One marvels how such boats could live in it. It is called a feat of desperate daring when one man and a dog cross the Atlantic in a boat the size of a long-boat, and indeed it is; but this long-boat was overloaded with men and other plunder, and was only three feet deep. "We naturally thought often of all at home, and were glad to remember that it was Sacrament Sunday, and that prayers would go up from our friends for us, although they know not our peril."

The captain got not even a cat-nap during the first three days and nights, but he got a few winks of sleep the fourth night. "The worst sea yet." About ten at night the captain changed his course and headed east-northeast, hoping to make Clipperton Rock. If he failed, no matter; he would be in a better position to make those other islands. I will mention here that he did not find that rock.

On the 8th of May no wind all day; sun blistering hot; they take to the oars. Plenty of dolphins, but they could not catch any. "I think we are all beginning to realize more and more the awful situation we are in." "It often takes a ship a week to get through the doldrums; how much longer, then, such a craft as ours." "We are so crowded that we cannot stretch ourselves out for a good sleep, but have to take it any way we can get it."

Of course this feature will grow more and more trying, but it will be human nature to cease to set it down; there will be five weeks of it yet—we must try to remember that for the diarist; it will make our beds the softer.

The 9th of May the sun gives him a warning: "Looking with both eyes, the horizon crossed thus +." "Henry keeps well, but broods over our troubles more than I wish he did." They caught two dolphins; they tasted well. "The captain believed the compass out of the way, but the long-invisible north star came out—a welcome sight—and indorsed the compass."

May 10, "latitude 7° 0' 3" N., longitude 111° 32' W." So they have made about three hundred miles of northing in the six days since they left the region of the lost ship. "Drifting in calms all day." And baking hot, of course; I have been down there, and I remember that detail. "Even as the captain says, all romance has long since

vanished, and I think the most of us are beginning to look the fact of our awful situation full in the face." "We are making but little headway on our course." Bad news from the rearmost boat: the men are improvident; "they have eaten up all of the canned meats brought from the ship, and are now growing discontented." Not so with the chief mate's people—they are evidently under the eye of a man.

Under date of May 11: "Standing still! or worse; we lost more last night than we made yesterday." In fact, they have lost three miles of the three hundred of northing they had so laboriously made. "The cock that was rescued and pitched into the boat while the ship was on fire still lives, and crows with the breaking of dawn, cheering us a good deal." What has he been living on for a week? Did the starving men feed him from their dire poverty? "The second mate's boat out of water again, showing that they overdrink their allowance. The captain spoke pretty sharply to them." It is true: I have the remark in my old note-book; I got it of the third mate in the hospital at Honolulu. But there is not room for it here, and it is too combustible, anyway. Besides, the third mate admired it, and what he admired he was likely to enhance.

They were still watching hopefully for ships. The captain was a thoughtful man, and probably did not disclose to them that that was substantially a waste of time. "In this latitude the horizon is filled with little upright clouds that look very much like ships." Mr. Ferguson saved three bottles of brandy from his private stores when he left the ship, and the liquor came good in these days. "The captain serves out two tablespoonfuls of brandy and water—half and half—to our crew." He means the watch that is on duty; they stood regular watches—four hours on and four off. The chief mate was an excellent officer—a self-possessed, resolute, fine, all-round man. The diarist makes the following note—there is character in it: "I offered one bottle of brandy to the chief mate, but he declined, saying he could keep the after-boat quiet, and we had not enough for all."

HENRY FERGUSON'S DIARY TO DATE, GIVEN IN FULL.

May 4, 5, 6, doldrums. May 7, 8, 9, doldrums. May 10, 11, 12, doldrums. Tells it all. Never saw, never felt, never heard, never experienced such heat, such darkness, such lightning and thunder, and wind and rain, in my life before.

That boy's diary is of the economical sort that a person might properly be expected to

keep in such circumstances—and be forgiven for the economy, too. His brother, perishing of consumption, hunger, thirst, blazing heat, drowning rains, loss of sleep, lack of exercise, was persistently faithful and circumstantial with his diary from the first day to the last—an instance of noteworthy fidelity and resolution. In spite of the tossing and plunging boat he wrote it close and fine, in a hand as easy to read as print. They can't seem to get north of 7° N.; they are still there the next day:

May 12. A good rain last night, and we caught a good deal, though not enough to fill up our tank, pails, etc. Our object is to get out of these doldrums, but it seems as if we cannot do it. To-day we have had it very variable, and hope we are on the northern edge, though we are not much above 7°. This morning we all thought we had made out a sail; but it was one of those deceiving clouds. Rained a good deal to-day, making all hands wet and uncomfortable; we filled up pretty nearly all our water-pots, however. I hope we may have a fine night, for the captain certainly wants rest, and while there is any danger of squalls, or danger of any kind, he is always on hand. I never would have believed that open boats such as ours, with their loads, could live in some of the seas we have had.

During the night, 12th–13th, “the cry of *A ship!* brought us to our feet.” It seemed to be the glimmer of a vessel’s signal-lantern rising out of the curve of the sea. There was a season of breathless hope while they stood watching, with their hands shading their eyes, and their hearts in their throats; then the promise failed: the light was a rising star. It is a long time ago,—thirty-two years,—and it does not matter now, yet one is sorry for their disappointment. “Thought often of those at home to-day, and of the disappointment they will feel next Sunday at not hearing from us by telegraph from San Francisco.” It will be many weeks yet before the telegram is received, and it will come as a thunder-clap of joy then, and with the seeming of a miracle, for it will raise from the grave men mourned as dead. “To-day our rations were reduced to a quarter of a biscuit a meal, with about half a pint of water.” This is on the 13th of May, with more than a month of voyaging in front of them yet! However, as they do not know that, “we are all feeling pretty cheerful.”

In the afternoon of the 14th there was a thunder-storm, “which toward night seemed to close in around us on every side, making it very dark and squally.” “Our situation is becoming more and more desperate,” for

they were making very little northing, “and every day diminishes our small stock of provisions.” They realize that the boats must soon separate, and each fight for its own life. Towing the quarter-boats is a hindering business.

That night and next day, light and baffling winds and but little progress. Hard to bear, that persistent standing still, and the food wasting away. “Everything in a perfect sop; and all so cramped, and no change of clothes.” Soon the sun comes out and roasts them. “Joe caught another dolphin to-day; in his maw we found a flying-fish and two skipjacks.” There is an event, now, which rouses an enthusiasm of hope: a land-bird arrives! It rests on the yard for awhile, and they can look at it all they like, and envy it, and thank it for its message. As a subject of talk it is beyond price—a fresh, new topic for tongues tired to death of talking upon a single theme: Shall we ever see the land again; and when? Is the bird from Clipperton Rock? They hope so; and they take heart of grace to believe so. As it turned out, the bird had no message; it merely came to mock.

May 16, “the cock still lives, and daily carols forth His praise.” It will be a rainy night, “but I do not care if we can fill up our water-butts.”

On the 17th one of those majestic specters of the deep, a water-spout, stalked by them, and they trembled for their lives. Young Henry set it down in his scanty journal with the judicious comment that “it might have been a fine sight from a ship.”

From Captain Mitchell’s log for this day: “Only half a bushel of bread-crumbs left.” (And a month to wander the seas yet.)

It rained all night and all day; everybody uncomfortable. Now came a swordfish chasing a bonito; and the poor thing, seeking help and friends, took refuge under the rudder. The big swordfish kept hovering around, scaring everybody badly. The men’s mouths watered for him, for he would have made a whole banquet; but no one dared to touch him, of course, for he would sink a boat promptly if molested. Providence protected the poor bonito from the cruel swordfish. This was just and right. Providence next befriended the shipwrecked sailors: they got the bonito. This was also just right. But in the distribution of mercies the swordfish himself got overlooked. He now went away; to muse over these subtleties, probably. “The men in all the boats seem pretty well; the feeblest of the sick ones

(not able for a long time to stand his watch on board the ship) is wonderfully recovered." This is the third mate's detested "Portygree" that raised the family of abscesses.

Passed a most awful night. Rained hard nearly all the time, and blew in squalls, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, from all points of the compass.—*Henry's Log.*

Most awful night I ever witnessed.—*Captain's Log.*

Latitude, May 18, 11° 11'. So they have averaged but forty miles of northing a day during the fortnight. Further talk of separating. "Too bad, but it must be done for the safety of the whole." "At first I never dreamed, but now hardly shut my eyes for a cat-nap without conjuring up something or other—to be accounted for by weakness, I suppose." But for their disaster they think they would be arriving in San Francisco about this time. "I should have liked to send B—the telegram for her birthday." This was a young sister.

On the 19th the captain called up the quarter-boats and said one would have to go off on its own hook. The long-boat could no longer tow both of them. The second mate refused to go, but the chief mate was ready; in fact, he was always ready when there was a man's work to the fore. He took the second mate's boat; six of its crew elected to remain, and two of his own crew came with him (nine in the boat, now, including himself). He sailed away, and toward sunset passed out of sight. The diarist was sorry to see him go. It was natural; one could have better spared the "Portygree." After thirty-two years I find my prejudice against this "Portygree" reviving. His very looks have long passed out of my memory; but no matter, I am coming to hate him as religiously as ever. "Water will now be a scarce article, for as we get out of the doldrums we shall get showers only now and then in the trades. This life is telling severely on my strength. Henry holds out first-rate." Henry did not start well, but under hardships he improved straight along.

Latitude, Sunday, May 20, 12° 0' 9". They ought to be well out of the doldrums now, but they are not. No breeze—the longed-for trades still missing. They are still anxiously watching for a sail, but they have only "visions of ships that come to naught—the shadow without the substance." The second mate catches a booby this afternoon, a bird which consists mainly of feathers; "but as they have no other meat, it will go well."

May 21, they strike the trades at last! The second mate catches three more boob-

ies, and gives the long-boat one. Dinner "half a can of mince-meat divided up and served around, which strengthened us somewhat." They have to keep a man bailing all the time; the hole knocked in the boat when she was launched from the burning ship was never efficiently mended. "Heading about northwest now." They hope they have easting enough to make some of those indefinite isles. Failing that, they think they will be in a better position to be picked up. It was an infinitely slender chance, but the captain probably refrained from mentioning that.

The next day is to be an eventful one.

May 22. Last night wind headed us off, so that part of the time we had to steer east-southeast and then west-northwest, and so on. This morning we were all startled by a cry of "Sail ho!" Sure enough, we could see it! And for a time we cut adrift from the second mate's boat, and steered so as to attract its attention. This was about half-past five A. M. After sailing in a state of high excitement for almost twenty minutes we made it out to be the chief mate's boat. Of course we were glad to see them and have them report all well; but still it was a bitter disappointment to us all. Now that we are in the trades it seems impossible to make northing enough to strike the isles. We have determined to do the best we can, and get in the route of vessels. Such being the determination, it became necessary to cast off the other boat, which, after a good deal of unpleasantness, was done, we again dividing water and stores, and taking Cox into our boat. This makes our number fifteen. The second mate's crew wanted to all get in with us and cast the other boat adrift. It was a very painful separation.

So those isles that they have struggled for so long and so hopefully have to be given up. What with lying birds that come to mock, and isles that are but a dream, and "visions of ships that come to naught," it is a pathetic time they are having, with much heartbreak in it. It was odd that the vanished boat, three days lost to sight in that vast solitude, should appear again. But it brought Cox—we can't be certain why. But if it had n't, the diarist would never have seen the land again.

Our chances as we go west increase in regard to being picked up, but each day our scanty fare is so much reduced. Without the fish, turtle, and birds sent us, I do not know how we should have got along. The other day I offered to read prayers morning and evening for the captain, and last night commenced. The men, although of various nationalities and religions, are very attentive, and always uncovered. May God grant my weak endeavor its issue.

Latitude, May 24, 14° 18' N. Five oysters apiece for dinner and three spoonfuls of

juice, a gill of water, and a piece of biscuit the size of a silver dollar. "We are plainly getting weaker—God have mercy upon us all!" That night heavy seas break over the weather side and make everybody wet and uncomfortable, besides requiring constant bailing.

Next day "nothing particular happened." Perhaps some of us would have regarded it differently. "Passed a spar, but not near enough to see what it was." They saw some whales blow; there were flying-fish skimming the seas, but none came aboard. Misty weather, with fine rain, very penetrating.

Latitude, May 26, 15° 50'. They caught a flying-fish and a booby, but had to eat them raw. "The men grow weaker, and, I think, despondent; they say very little, though." And so, to all the other imaginable and unimaginable horrors, silence is added—the muteness and brooding of coming despair. "It seems our best chance to get in the track of ships, with the hope that some one will run near enough to our speck to see it." He hopes the other boats stood west and have been picked up. (They will never be heard of again in this world.)

Sunday, May 27. Latitude 16° 0' 5"; longitude, by chronometer, 117° 22'. Our fourth Sunday! When we left the ship we reckoned on having about ten days' supplies, and now we hope to be able, by rigid economy, to make them last another week if possible.¹ Last night the sea was comparatively quiet, but the wind headed us off to about west-northwest, which has been about our course all day to-day. Another flying-fish came aboard last night, and one more to-day—both small ones. No birds. A booby is a great catch, and a good large one makes a small dinner for the fifteen of us—that is, of course, as dinners go in the *Hornet's* long-boat. Tried this morning to read the full service to myself, with the communion, but found it too much; am too weak, and get sleepy, and cannot give strict attention; so I put off half till this afternoon. I trust God will hear the prayers gone up for us at home to-day, and graciously answer them by sending us succor and help in this our season of deep distress.

The next day was "a good day for seeing a ship." But none was seen. The diarist "still feels pretty well," though very weak; his brother Henry "bears up and keeps his strength the best of any on board." "I do not feel despondent at all, for I fully trust that the Almighty will hear our and the home prayers, and He who suffers not a sparrow to fall sees and cares for us, His creatures."

Considering the situation and circumstances, the record for next day, May 29, is

¹ There are nineteen days of voyaging ahead yet.—M. T.

one which has a surprise in it for those dull people who think that nothing but medicines and doctors can cure the sick. A little starvation can really do more for the average sick man than can the best medicines and the best doctors. I do not mean a restricted diet; I mean *total abstention from food for one or two days*. I speak from experience; starvation has been my cold and fever doctor for fifteen years, and has accomplished a cure in all instances. The third mate told me in Honolulu that the "Portygee" had lain in his hammock for months, raising his family of abscesses and feeding like a cannibal. We have seen that in spite of dreadful weather, deprivation of sleep, scorching, drenching, and all manner of miseries, thirteen days of starvation "wonderfully recovered" him. There were four sailors down sick when the ship was burned. Twenty-five days of pitiless starvation have followed, and now we have this curious record: "*All the men are hearty and strong; even the ones that were down sick are well, except poor Peter.*" When I wrote an article some months ago urging temporary abstention from food as a remedy for an inactive appetite and for disease, I was accused of jesting, but I was in earnest. "*We are all wonderfully well and strong, comparatively speaking.*" On this day the starvation regimen drew its belt a couple of buckles tighter: the bread ration was reduced from the usual piece of cracker the size of a silver dollar *to the half of that, and one meal was abolished from the daily three*. This will weaken the men physically, but if there are any diseases of an ordinary sort left in them they will disappear.

Two quarts bread-crumbs left, one third of a ham, three small cans of oysters, and twenty gallons of water.—*Captain's Log*.

The hopeful tone of the diaries is persistent. It is remarkable. Look at the map and see where the boat is: latitude 16° 44', longitude 119° 20'. It is more than two hundred miles west of the Revillagigedo Islands, so they are quite out of the question against the trades, rigged as this boat is. The nearest land available for such a boat is the American group, *six hundred and fifty miles away*, westward; still, there is no note of surrender, none even of discouragement! Yet, May 30, "we have now left: *one can of oysters; three pounds of raisins; one can of soup; one third of a ham; three pints of biscuit-crumbs.*" And fifteen starved men to live on it while they creep and crawl six hundred and fifty miles. "Somehow I feel much en-

couraged by this change of course (west by north) which we have made to-day." Six hundred and fifty miles on a hatful of provisions. Let us be thankful, even after thirty-two years, that they are mercifully ignorant of the fact that it is n't six hundred and fifty that they must creep on the hatful, but *twenty-two hundred!*

Is n't the situation romantic enough just as it stands? No. Providence added a startling detail: pulling an oar in that boat, for common seaman's wages, was a *banished duke*—Danish. We hear no more of him; just that mention, that is all, with the simple remark added that "he is one of our best men"—a high enough compliment for a duke or any other man in those manhood-testing circumstances. With that little glimpse of him at his oar, and that fine word of praise, he vanishes out of our knowledge for all time. For all time, unless he should chance upon this note and reveal himself.

The last day of May is come. And now there is a disaster to report: think of it, reflect upon it, and try to understand how much it means, when you sit down with your family and pass your eye over your breakfast-table. Yesterday there were three pints of bread-crumbs; this morning the little bag is found open and *some of the crumbs missing*. "We dislike to suspect any one of such a rascally act, but there is no question that this grave crime has been committed. Two days will certainly finish the remaining morsels. God grant us strength to reach the American group!" The third mate told me in Honolulu that in these days the men remembered with bitterness that the "Porty-ghee" had devoured twenty-two days' rations while he lay waiting to be transferred from the burning ship, and that now they cursed him and swore an oath that if it came to cannibalism he should be the first to suffer for the rest.

The captain has lost his glasses, and therefore he cannot read our pocket prayer-books as much as I think he would like, though he is not familiar with them.

Further of the captain: "He is a good man, and has been most kind to us—almost fatherly. He says that if he had been offered the command of the ship sooner he should have brought his two daughters with him." It makes one shudder yet to think how narrow an escape it was.

The two meals (rations) a day are as follows: fourteen raisins and a piece of cracker the size of a cent, for tea; a gill of water, and a piece of ham and a piece

of bread, each the size of a cent, for breakfast.—*Captain's Log.*

He means a cent in *thickness* as well as in circumference. Samuel Ferguson's diary says the ham was shaved "about as thin as it could be cut."

June 1. Last night and to-day sea very high and cobbling, breaking over and making us all wet and cold. Weather squally, and there is no doubt that only careful management—with God's protecting care—preserved us through both the night and the day; and really it is most marvelous how every morsel that passes our lips is blessed to us. It makes me think daily of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Henry keeps up wonderfully, which is a great consolation to me. I somehow have great confidence, and hope that our afflictions will soon be ended, though we are running rapidly across the track of both outward- and inward-bound vessels, and away from them; our chief hope is a whaler, man-of-war, or some Australian ship. The isles we are steering for are put down in Bowditch, but on my map are said to be doubtful. God grant they may be there!

Hardest day yet.—*Captain's Log.*

Doubtful! It was worse than that. A week later they sailed straight over them.

June 2. Latitude 18° 9'. Squally, cloudy, a heavy sea. . . . I cannot help thinking of the cheerful and comfortable time we had aboard the *Hornet*.

Two days' scanty supplies left—ten rations of water apiece and a little morsel of bread. *But the sun shines, and God is merciful.*—*Captain's Log.*

Sunday, June 3. Latitude 17° 54'. Heavy sea all night, and from 4 A. M. very wet, the sea breaking over us in frequent sluices, and soaking everything aft, particularly. All day the sea has been very high, and it is a wonder that we are not swamped. Heaven grant that it may go down this evening! Our suspense and condition are getting terrible. I managed this morning to crawl, more than step, to the forward end of the boat, and was surprised to find that I was so weak, especially in the legs and knees. The sun has been out again, and I have dried some things, and hope for a better night.

June 4. Latitude 17° 6', longitude 131° 30'. Shipped hardly any seas last night, and to-day the sea has gone down somewhat, although it is still too high for comfort, as we have an occasional reminder that water is wet. The sun has been out all day, and so we have had a good drying. I have been trying for the last ten or twelve days to get a pair of drawers dry enough to put on, and to-day at last succeeded. I mention this to show the state in which we have lived. If our chronometer is anywhere near right, we ought to see the American Isles to-morrow or next day. If they are not there, we have only the chance, for a few days, of a stray ship, for we cannot eke

out the provisions more than five or six days longer, and our strength is failing very fast. I was much surprised to-day to note how my legs have wasted away above my knees: they are hardly thicker than my upper arm used to be. Still, I trust in God's infinite mercy, and feel sure he will do what is best for us. To survive, as we have done, thirty-two days in an open boat, with only about ten days' fair provisions for thirty-one men in the first place, and these divided twice subsequently, is more than mere unassisted human art and strength could have accomplished and endured.

Bread and raisins all gone.—*Captain's Log.*

Men growing dreadfully discontented, and awful grumbling and unpleasant talk is arising. God save us from all strife of men; and if we must die now, take us himself, and not embitter our bitter death still more.—*Henry's Log.*

June 5. Quiet night and pretty comfortable day, though our sail and block show signs of failing, and need taking down—which latter is something of a job, as it requires the climbing of the mast. We also had news from forward, there being discontent and some threatening complaints of unfair allowances, etc., all as unreasonable as foolish; still, these things bid us be on our guard. I am getting miserably weak, but try to keep up the best I can. If we cannot find those isles we can only try to make northwest and get in the track of Sandwich Island bound vessels, living as best we can in the meantime. To-day we changed to one meal, and that at about noon, with a small ration of water at 8 or 9 A. M., another at 12 M., and a third at 5 or 6 P. M.

Nothing left but a little piece of ham and a gill of water, all around.—*Captain's Log.*

They are down to one meal a day now,—such as it is,—and fifteen hundred miles to crawl yet! And now the horrors deepen. There is talk of murder. And not only that, but worse than that—cannibalism. Now we seem to see why that curious accident happened, so long ago: I mean Cox's return, after he had been far away and out of sight several days in the chief mate's boat. If he had not come back the captain and the two young passengers would have been slain, now, by these sailors, who have become maniacs through their sufferings.

NOTE SECRETLY PASSED BY HENRY TO HIS BROTHER.

Cox told me last night that there is getting to be a good deal of ugly talk among the men against the captain and us aft. Harry, Jack, and Fred especially. They say that the captain is the cause of all; that he did not try to save the ship at all, nor to get provisions, and even would not let the men put in some they had; and that partiality is shown us in apportioning our rations aft. Jack asked Cox the other day if he would starve first or eat human flesh. Cox answered he would starve. Jack then told him it would be only killing himself. If we do not find these islands we would do well to prepare for anything. Harry is the loudest of all.

REPLY.

We can depend on Charley, I think, and Thomas, and Cox, can we not?

SECOND NOTE.

I guess so, and very likely on Peter; but there is no telling. Charley and Cox are certain. There is nothing definite said or hinted as yet, as I understand Cox; but starving men are the same as maniacs. It would be well to keep a watch on your pistol, so as to have it and the cartridges safe from theft.

Henry's Log, June 5. Dreadful forebodings. God spare us from all such horrors! Some of the men getting to talk a good deal. Nothing to write down. Heart very sad.

Henry's Log, June 6. Passed some seaweed, and something that looked like the trunk of an old tree, but no birds; beginning to be afraid islands not there. To-day it was said to the captain, in the hearing of all, that some of the men would not shrink, when a man was dead, from using the flesh, though they would not kill. Horrible! God give us all full use of our reason, and spare us from such things! "From plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!"

June 6. Latitude 16° 30', longitude (chron.) 134°. Dry night and wind steady enough to require no change in sail; but this A. M. an attempt to lower it proved abortive. First the third mate tried and got up to the block, and fastened a temporary arrangement to reeve the halyards through, but had to come down, weak and almost fainting, before finishing; then Joe tried, and after twice ascending, fixed it and brought down the block; but it was very exhausting work, and afterward he was good for nothing all day. The clue-iron which we are trying to make serve for the broken block works, however, very indifferently, and will, I am afraid, soon cut the rope. It is very necessary to get everything connected with the sail in good, easy running order before we get too weak to do anything with it.

Only three meals left.—*Captain's Log.*

June 7. Latitude 16° 35' N., longitude 136° 30' W. Night wet and uncomfortable. To-day shows us pretty conclusively that the American Isles are not there, though we have had some signs that looked like them. At noon we decided to abandon looking any farther for them, and to-night haul a little more northerly, so as to get in the way of Sandwich Island vessels, which fortunately come down pretty well this way—say to latitude 19° to 20° to get the benefit of the trade-winds. Of course all the westing we have made is gain, and I hope the chronometer is wrong in our favor, for I do not see how any such delicate instrument can keep good time with the constant jarring and thumping we get from the sea. With the strong trade we have, I hope that a week from Sunday will put us in sight of the Sandwich Islands, if we are not safe by that time by being picked up.

It is twelve hundred miles to the Sandwich Islands; the provisions are virtually

exhausted, but not the perishing diarist's pluck.

June 8. My cough troubled me a good deal last night, and therefore I got hardly any sleep at all. Still, I make out pretty well, and should not complain. Yesterday the third mate mended the block, and this P. M. the sail, after some difficulty, was got down, and Harry got to the top of the mast and rove the halyards through after some hardship, so that it now works easy and well. This getting up the mast is no easy matter at any time with the sea we have, and is very exhausting in our present state. We could only reward Harry by an extra ration of water. We have made good time and course to-day. Heading her up, however, makes the boat ship seas and keeps us all wet; however, it cannot be helped. Writing is a rather precarious thing these times. Our meal to-day for the fifteen consists of half a can of "soup and boullie"; the other half is reserved for to-morrow. Henry still keeps up grandly, and is a great favorite. God grant he may be spared!

A better feeling prevails among the men.—*Captain's Log.*

June 9. Latitude 17° 53'. Finished to-day, I may say, our whole stock of provisions.¹ We have only left a lower end of a ham-bone, with some of the outer rind and skin on. In regard to the water, however, I think we have got ten days' supply at our present rate of allowance. This, with what nourishment we can get from boot-legs and such chewable matter, we hope will enable us to weather it out till we get to the Sandwich Islands, or, sailing in the meantime in the track of vessels thither bound, be picked up. My hope is in the latter, for in all human probability I cannot stand the other. Still, we have been marvelously protected, and God, I hope, will preserve us all in his own good time and way. The men are getting weaker, but are still quiet and orderly.

Sunday, June 10. Latitude 18° 40', longitude 142° 34'. A pretty good night last night, with some wettings, and again another beautiful Sunday. I cannot but think how we should all enjoy it at home, and what a contrast is here! How terrible their suspense must begin to be! God grant that it may be relieved before very long, and he certainly seems to be with us in everything we do, and has preserved this boat miraculously; for since we left the ship we have sailed considerably over three thousand miles, which, taking into consideration our meager stock of provisions, is almost unprecedented. As yet I do not feel the stint of food so much as I do that of water. Even Henry, who is naturally a good water-drinker, can save half of his allowance from time to time, when I cannot. My diseased throat may have something to do with that, however.

Nothing is now left which by any flattery can be called food. But they must manage

¹ Six days to sail yet, nevertheless.—M. T.

² It was at this time discovered that the crazed sailors had gotten the delusion that the captain had a

somehow for five days more, for at noon they have still eight hundred miles to go. It is a race for life now.

This is no time for comments or other interruptions from me—every moment is valuable. I will take up the boy brother's diary at this point, and clear the seas before it and let it fly.

HENRY FERGUSON'S LOG.

Sunday, June 10. Our ham-bone has given us a taste of food to-day, and we have got left a little meat and the remainder of the bone for to-morrow. Certainly, never was there such a sweet knuckle-bone, or one that was so thoroughly appreciated. . . . I do not know that I feel any worse than I did last Sunday, notwithstanding the reduction of diet; and I trust that we may all have strength given us to sustain the sufferings and hardships of the coming week. We estimate that we are within seven hundred miles of the Sandwich Islands, and that our average, daily, is somewhat over a hundred miles, so that our hopes have some foundation in reason. Heaven send we may all live to see land!

June 11. Ate the meat and rind of our ham-bone, and have the bone and the greasy cloth from around the ham left to eat to-morrow. God send us birds or fish, and let us not perish of hunger, or be brought to the dreadful alternative of feeding on human flesh! As I feel now, I do not think anything could persuade me; but you cannot tell what you will do when you are reduced by hunger and your mind wandering. I hope and pray we can make out to reach the islands before we get to this strait; but we have one or two desperate men aboard, though they are quiet enough now. *It is my firm trust and belief that we are going to be saved.*

All food gone.—*Captain's Log.*²

June 12. Stiff breeze, and we are fairly flying—dead ahead of it—and toward the islands. Good hope, but the prospects of hunger are awful. Ate ham-bone to-day. It is the captain's birthday; he is fifty-four years old.

June 13. The ham-rags are not quite all gone yet, and the boot-legs, we find, are very palatable after we get the salt out of them. A little smoke, I think, does some little good; but I don't know.

June 14. Hunger does not pain us much, but we are dreadfully weak. Our water is getting frightfully low. God grant we may see land soon! *Nothing to eat*, but feel better than I did yesterday. Toward evening saw a magnificent rainbow—the first we had seen. Captain said, "Cheer up, boys; it's a prophecy—it's the bow of promise!"

June 15. God be forever praised for his infinite mercy! LAND IN SIGHT! Rapidly neared it and soon were sure of it. . . . Two noble million dollars in gold concealed aft, and they were conspiring to kill him and the two passengers and seize it.—M. T.

Kanakas swam out and took the boat ashore. We were joyfully received by two white men—Mr. Jones and his steward Charley—and a crowd of native men, women, and children. They treated us splendidly—aided us, and carried us up the bank, and brought us water, poi, bananas, and green coconuts; but the white men took care of us and prevented those who would have eaten too much from doing so. Everybody overjoyed to see us, and all sympathy expressed in faces, deeds, and words. We were then helped up to the house; and help we needed. Mr. Jones and Charley are the only white men here. Treated us splendidly. Gave us first about a teaspoonful of spirits in water, and then to each a cup of warm tea, with a little bread. Takes *every* care of us. Gave us later another cup of tea, and bread the same, and then let us go to rest. *It is the happiest day of my life.* . . . God in his mercy has heard our prayer. . . . Everybody is so kind. Words cannot tell.

June 16. Mr. Jones gave us a delightful bed, and we surely had a good night's rest; but not sleep—we were too happy to sleep; would keep the reality and not let it turn to a delusion—dreaded that we might wake up and find ourselves in the boat again.

It is an amazing adventure. There is nothing of its sort in history that surpasses it in impossibilities made possible. In one extraordinary detail—the survival of *every person* in the boat—it probably stands alone in the history of adventures of its kind. Usually merely a part of a boat's company survive—officers, mainly, and other educated and tenderly reared men, unused to hardship and heavy labor; the untrained, roughly reared hard workers succumb. But in this case even the rudest and roughest stood the privations and miseries of the voyage almost as well as did the college-bred young brothers and the captain. I mean, physically. The minds of most of the sailors broke down in the fourth week and went to temporary ruin, but physically the endurance exhibited was astonishing. Those men did not survive by any merit of their own, of course, but by merit of the character and intelligence of the captain; they lived by the mastery of his spirit. Without him they would have been children without a nurse; they would have exhausted their provisions in a week, and their pluck would not have lasted even as long as the provisions.

The boat came near to being wrecked at the last. As it approached the shore the sail was let go, and came down with a run; then the captain saw that he was drifting swiftly toward an ugly reef, and an effort was made to hoist the sail again: but it could not be done; the men's strength was wholly exhausted; they could not even pull an oar.

They were helpless, and death imminent. It was then that they were discovered by the two Kanakas who achieved the rescue. They swam out and manned the boat and piloted her through a narrow and hardly noticeable break in the reef—the only break in it in a stretch of thirty-five miles! The spot where the landing was made was the only one in that stretch where footing could have been found on the shore; everywhere else precipices came sheer down into forty fathoms of water. Also, in all that stretch this was the only spot where anybody lived.

Within ten days after the landing all the men but one were up and creeping about. Properly, they ought to have killed themselves with the "food" of the last few days—some of them, at any rate—men who had freighted their stomachs with strips of leather from old boots and with chips from the butter-cask; a freightage which they did not get rid of by digestion, but by other means. The captain and the two passengers did not eat strips and chips, as the sailors did, but *scraped* the boot-leather and the wood, and made a pulp of the scrapings by moistening them with water. The third mate told me that the boots were old and full of holes; then added thoughtfully, "but the holes digested the best." Speaking of digestion, here is a remarkable thing, and worth noting: during this strange voyage, and for a while afterward on shore, the bowels of some of the men virtually ceased from their functions; in some cases there was no action for twenty and thirty days, and in one case for forty-four! Sleeping also came to be rare. Yet the men did very well without it. During many days the captain did not sleep at all—twenty-one, I think, on one stretch.

When the landing was made, all the men were successfully protected from overeating except the "Portygree"; he escaped the watch and ate an incredible number of bananas: a hundred and fifty-two, the third mate said, but this was undoubtedly an exaggeration; I think it was a hundred and fifty-one. He was already nearly full of leather; it was hanging out of his ears. (I do not state this on the third mate's authority, for we have seen what sort of person he was; I state it on my own.) The "Portygree" ought to have died, of course, and even now it seems a pity that he did n't; but he got well, and as early as any of them; and all full of leather, too, the way he was, and butter-timber and handkerchiefs and bananas. Some of the men did eat handker-

chiefs in those last days, also socks; and he was one of them.

It is to the credit of the men that they did not kill the rooster that crowed so gallantly mornings. He lived eighteen days, and then stood up and stretched his neck and made a brave, weak effort to do his duty once more, and died in the act. It is a picturesque detail; and so is that rainbow, too,—the only one seen in the forty-three days,—raising its triumphal arch in the skies for the sturdy fighters to sail under to victory and rescue.

With ten days' provisions Captain Josiah Mitchell performed this memorable voyage of forty-three days and eight hours in an open boat, sailing four thousand miles in reality and thirty-three hundred and sixty by direct courses, and brought every man safe to land. A bright, simple-hearted, unassuming, plucky, and most companionable man. I walked the deck with him twenty-eight days,—when I was not copying diaries,—and I remember him with reverent honor. If he is alive he is eighty-six years old now.

If I remember rightly, Samuel Ferguson died soon after we reached San Francisco. I do not think he lived to see his home again; his disease had doubtless doomed him when he left it.

For a time it was hoped that the two quarter-boats would presently be heard of, but this hope suffered disappointment. They went down with all on board, no doubt, not even sparing that knightly chief mate.

The authors of the diaries wanted to smooth them up a little before allowing me

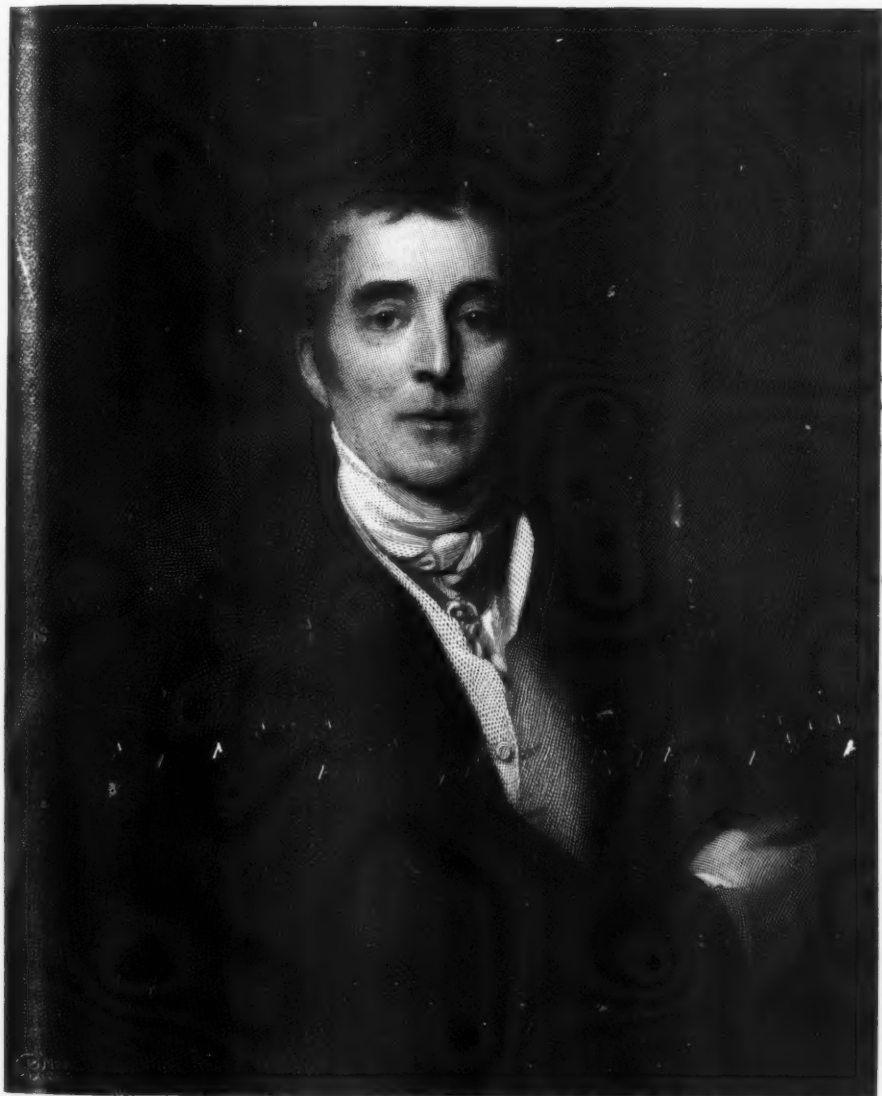
to copy them, but there was no occasion for that, and I persuaded them out of it. These diaries are finely modest and unaffected, and with unconscious and unintentional art they rise toward the climax with graduated and gathering force and swing and dramatic intensity; they sweep you along with a cumulative rush, and when the cry rings out at last, "Land in sight!" your heart is in your mouth, and for a moment you think it is you that have been saved. The last two paragraphs are not improvable by anybody's art; they are literary gold; and their very pauses and uncompleted sentences have in them an eloquence not reachable by any words.

The interest of this story is unquenchable; it is of the sort that time cannot decay. I have not looked at the diaries for thirty-two years, but I find that they have lost nothing in that time. Lost? They have gained; for by some subtle law all tragic human experiences gain in pathos by the perspective of time. We realize this when in Naples we stand musing over the poor Pompeian mother, lost in the historic storm of volcanic ashes eighteen centuries ago, who lies with her child gripped close to her breast, trying to save it, and whose despair and grief have been preserved for us by the fiery envelop which took her life but eternalized her form and features. She moves us, she haunts us, she stays in our thoughts for many days, we do not know why, for she is nothing to us, she has been nothing to any one for eighteen centuries; whereas of the like case to-day we should say, "Poor thing! it is pitiful," and forget it in an hour.

A DESERTED BUDDHA.

BY LILLA CABOT PERRY.

CARVED in the living rock, from days remote,
 Buddha, thou sit'st, one with the mountain-side,
 And gazest with calm eyes o'er valleys wide
 And heaped-up hills where opal cloud-mists float.
 Dust are the busy brain and hands devout
 That fashioned thee; dust, too, the multitude
 That sought thee in thy mountain solitude
 And erst with worship compassed thee about.
 Gone is the jewel wisdom from thy front,
 Plucked off in sacrilege! From o'er thine head
 The temple roof is gone, by time decayed.
 Yet still thou wear'st a smile as was thy wont
 Through ages past: unworshiped and alone,
 Save when the alien brings a casual stone.



TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL, OWNED BY LORD ROSEBURY.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

JOHN CROME, CALLED "OLD CROME" (1768-1821).

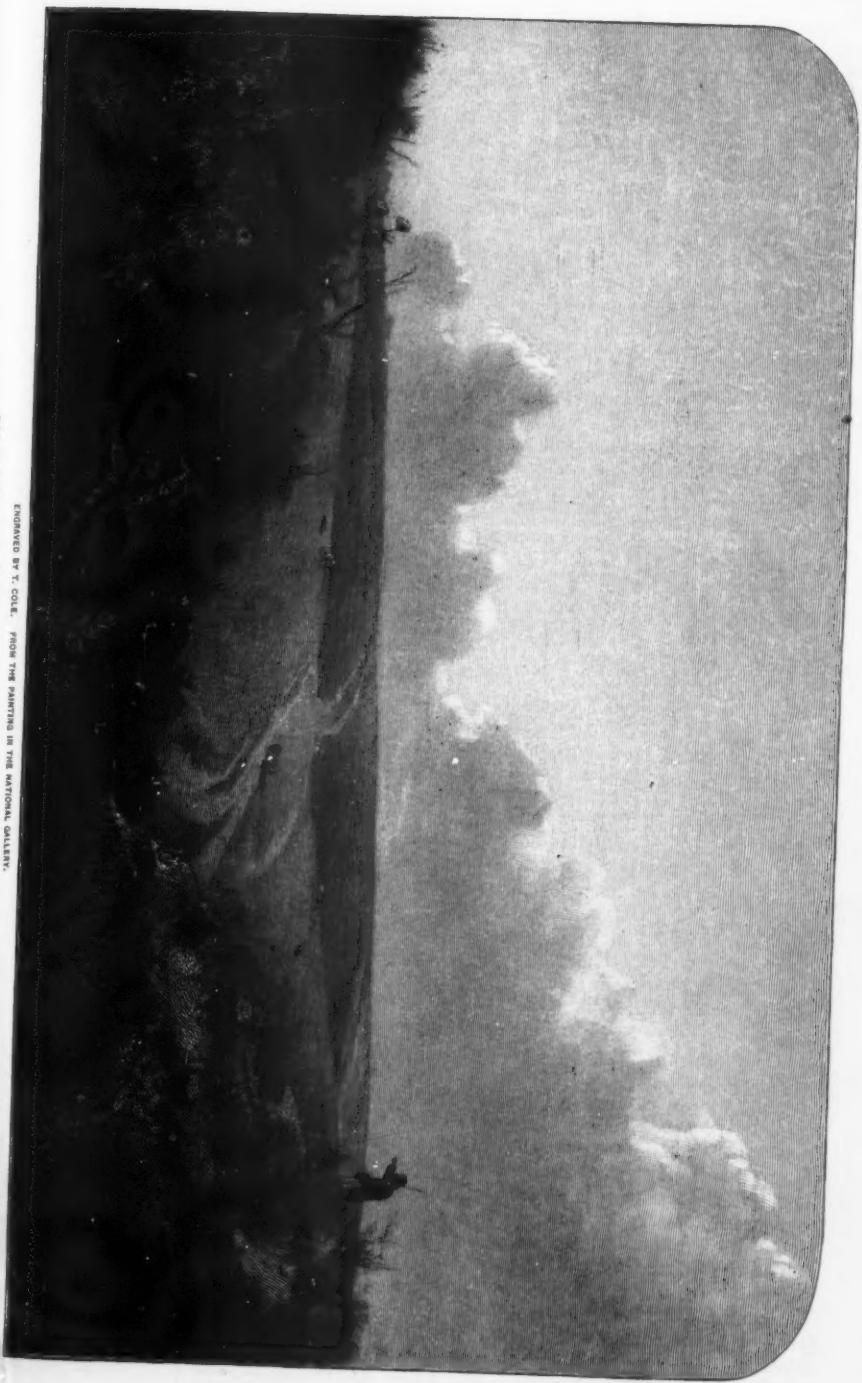
BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE history of the early English landscape is not difficult to trace. There are three names that stand for three stages of its progress. Wilson had founded it, following the classic precedent of Claude; Gainsborough had added to it the Dutch and Flemish traditions; but it remained for Crome to English it and make it live. Crome, the Norwich provincial, who knew little of tradition and less of school training, produced the most vital landscape of his time, possibly because of his provincialism. Without precept or preceptor, painting "Mousehold Heath" because it was before him, in his own manner because no teacher was behind him, Crome builded much better than he knew. In rendering certain features of landscape, such as space, sky, and light, he has not been surpassed. Modern painters have sought to reproduce these features by academic rule, but the "Windmill" in the National Gallery will to-day stand up against them all. Its sky and light are perfect—and that is using the last word in the vocabulary.

Crome was born at Norwich, in the east of England, in December, 1768. He was the son of a poor weaver, and is said to have received little or no schooling. At twelve he was an errand-boy for a country doctor, at fifteen an apprentice to a coach-, sign-, and house-painter. Later on he developed a taste for landscape-painting and a friendship for a printer's prentice, also artistically inclined, named Ladbroke. They took a garret together, Ladbroke painting portraits at five shillings a head, and Crome landscapes at thirty shillings. This was about the time Crome finished his seven years of apprenticeship, but he did not immediately abandon his trade. Mr. Reeve, at Norwich (to whom I am indebted for much valuable information about Crome and Cotman), has a bill of Crome's for painting the sign of the Maid's Head Tavern, two pounds fourteen; and the bill is dated May 27, 1803. Crome was then thirty-four, and though he had little money he had made some friends. Among others, a Mr. Harvey had introduced him as a draw-

ing-master to people in Norfolk, and had allowed him to study pictures in his gallery; Sir William Beechey, in London, had taken an interest in him and given him instruction; and Opie had also helped him. Crome had early tied himself hand and foot with a wife and large family, and he could do no other than eke out a subsistence by teaching drawing in his native town and selling pictures when opportunity offered. This he did. Gradually he drew about him what art talent there was in the Norfolk country, and formed the first provincial school of painters in England. It crystallized in the formation of the "Norwich Society," an art club for study that met every fortnight, each member in rotation providing a bread-and-cheese refreshment. Cotman, Vincent, Stark, Stannard, Thirtle, belonged to it. Exhibitions were held, the first one being in a room in Sir Benjamin Wrench's court. There were two hundred and twenty-three works in oil and water-color, and over twenty of them were by Crome. The exhibitions were annual, and continued with some interruptions until 1833.

Aside from these home interests, Crome occasionally ran up to London, but he did not send anything to the Royal Academy until 1806, and, all told, never exhibited more than twenty pictures there. He wandered in England a little. In 1802 he was with the Gurneys as drawing-master while making a tour of the Lakes; in 1805 he was on the Wye, in 1806 at Weymouth. Eight years later he made a short trip to Belgium and France. Doubtless his glimpse of foreign art had some influence upon him. He may have seen and studied Dutch, French, and Italian landscape art on the Continent, but he showed none of the study in his painting. His style was formed before he crossed the Channel, and he did not change materially during the rest of his life. At fifty-three he died suddenly in his native town of Norwich, and the tale is told that his last words were, "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!"



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
MOUSEHOLD HEATH. PAINTING BY JOHN CROME.

The story of Crome's last words, like many another pretty story in art, may be labeled, "Interesting if true." But there are two good reasons for doubting its truth. In the first place, they are not the sort of words nor do they express the kind of sentiment the dying usually give utterance to; and, in the second place, there is no trace of Crome's love for Hobbema in his landscapes. Yet we have been told by writer after writer that Crome based his art on that of Hobbema. There is only a skin-deep likeness in the work of the two men. Their schemes of light and color are totally different, and in tree-drawing the only resemblance is that they are both wearisome in detail. Crome was self-taught in the sense that he had no master; but naturally he took a bias from pictures seen at Norwich and thereabout, and his first artistic love was an Englishman, Richard Wilson. He never outgrew this first love. Almost all of his works—even the very late ones—show the golden sky and mellow light of Wilson, newly studied, enhanced, and more sensitively portrayed. Again, many of them are composed after Wilson's manner, and have his feeling for space beyond rocks or hills. In fact, no one would suspect Hobbema in the case if it were not for that last-words story. There may be some hint of the Dutchman in Crome's etchings; but again, the Dutch likeness may have been derived from another source—the art of Gainsborough.

Crome was twenty years of age when Gainsborough died, and surely he must have heard of the famous painter who had come from the Suffolk country, so near at hand. The tale is told that the celebrated "Cottage Door" belonged to Crome's earliest patron, Mr. Harvey, who gave Crome the privileges of his gallery for purposes of study. It would thus seem that Gainsborough was an earlier influence in the painter's life than Wilson, but, early or late, he certainly was an influence. The "brown-fiddle" tree, the dark shadow, the flickering light on foliage, the reflecting pool of water, came from Gainsborough; and even that sharpness of drawing, that brittleness of bough and niggling of leafage in Crome which have been attributed to Hobbema, came from such Gainsborough imitations of the Dutchman as the "Cornard Woodland."

Crome was, to be sure, something of a follower, as every painter must be; but he followed his own countrymen, and, what is more, he improved upon them. To their knowledge he added an individual intelli-

gence of no mean order. His sense of light in the sky and movement in the clouds was most keen, his grasp of the height and depth of space was profound, and his poetry of aerial distance was little short of sublime. The "Mousehold Heath" he painted for "air and space," and he achieved them as Gainsborough and Wilson never did. The roll of the hills and the distance beyond them are superb; the sky as originally painted must have been superb, too, but it is now so rubbed that it has lost its depth and aerial luminosity. An art device borrowed from Wilson, rather than his own knowledge, led him to mar the picture by a wholly conventional foreground. It is not so complete as the "Windmill," in which the best features of Crome—namely, light, air, and space—are revealed. For, after all has been said in their favor, his trees and foliage excite small enthusiasm. They are "drawn," to be sure, but with a brittle brush and a tedious insistence upon the infinitely little. The breadth and depth of a tree such as Rousseau painted Crome seems never to have comprehended. The "Poringland Oak," fine masterpiece as it is, is a case to the point. It is not the better for its many-tined buckthorn-tree. The sky, the light, the air, the water, are living; but the tree, for all its characterization as an oak, is dead and petrified. His foregrounds are usually petrified, too, the flowers, the thistles, the weeds, and the grasses being cut patterns rather than natural growths. Crome has always been praised for these icicle-like drawings of tree and shrub, but they would seem to be his least praiseworthy features. His originality, his invention, his skill, seem best shown in the light of morning and evening, in the sweep of hills, in the air of the sea-coast, in the sluggish waters of rivers and harbors, with sails and buildings against golden skies and white clouds. Here he is quite alone, an English painter of marked genius.

Crome's method of painting was simple but skilful. He based his pictures in warm neutral tints, and then overlaid his lights and shadows with a meager brush. He thus gained much warmth and color from the background. If it was a dark, shadowed effect that he wished, he underbased in dark. This was sometimes attended by unhappy results, the "Carrow Abbey" and the "Dawn" at Norwich, for instances, being much blackened by the disintegration of the surface pigments. Some of his pictures are so thinly painted that the weave of the canvas is disagreeably prominent.



TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

WINDMILL. PAINTED BY JOHN CROME.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE OPEN HEART.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WOULD you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds made moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither alms nor art,
No toil, can help you hear;
The secret of the ear
Is in the open heart.



THE APOSTATE OF CHEGO-CHEGG.

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

I.

"SO this is America, and I am a Jewess no longer!" brooded Michalina, as she looked at the stretch of vegetable gardens across the road from the threshold where she sat. "They say farm-hands work shorter hours on Saturdays, yet God knows when Wincas will get home." Her slow, black eyes returned to the stocking and the big darning-needle in her hands.

She was yearning for her Gentile husband and their common birthplace, and she was yearning for her father's house and her Jewish past. Wincas kept buzzing in her ear that she was a Catholic, but he did not understand her. She was a *meshumede*—a convert Jewess, an apostate, a renegade, a traitress, something beyond the vituperative resources of Gentile speech. The bonfires of the Inquisition had burned into her people a point of view to which Wincas was a stranger. Years of religious persecution and enforced clannishness had taught them to look upon the Jew who deserts his faith for that of his oppressors with a horror and a loathing which the Gentile brain could not conceive. Michalina's father had sat seven days shoeless on the ground, as for the

dead, but death was what he naturally invoked upon the "defiled head," as the lesser of the two evils. Atheism would have been a malady; *shmad* (conversion to a Gentile creed) was far worse than death. Michalina felt herself buried alive. She was a *meshumede*. She shuddered to think what the word meant.

At first she seemed anxious to realize the change she had undergone. "You are a Jewess no longer—you are a Gentile woman," she would say to herself. But the words were as painful as they were futile, and she turned herself adrift on the feeling that she was the same girl as of old, except that something terrible had befallen her. "God knows where it will all end," she would whisper. She had a foreboding that something far more terrible, a great crushing blow that was to smite her, was gathering force somewhere.

Hatred would rise in her heart at such moments—hatred for her "sorceress of a stepmother," whose cruel treatment of Michalina had driven her into the arms of the Gentile lad and to America. It was owing to her that Rivka (Rebecca) had become a Michalina, a *meshumede*.

The Long Island village (one of a dozen within half an hour's walk from one another)



MICHALINA.

was surrounded by farms which yielded the Polish peasants their livelihood. Their pay was about a dollar a day, but potatoes were the principal part of their food, and this they

spoke Polish as well as Lithuanian, they were shy of the other peasants and felt lonely. Michalina had not seen any of her former coreligionists since she and her husband



"BUT I AM MARRIED TO A GENTILE." (SEE PAGE 109.)

got from their American employers free. Nearly every peasant owned a fiddle or a banjo. A local politician had humorously dubbed the settlement Chego-Chegg (this was his phonetic summary of the Polish language), and the name clung.

Wincas and Michalina had been only a few days in the place, and although they

had left the immigrant station, and she longed for them as one for the first time in mid-ocean longs for a sight of land. She had heard that there were two Jewish settlements near by. Often she would stand gazing at the horizon, wondering where they might be; whereupon her vague image of them at once allured and terrified her.

The sun shone dreamily, like an old man smiling at his own drowsiness. It was a little world of blue, green, gray, and gold, heavy with sleep. A spot of white and a spot of red came gleaming down the road. Rabbi Nehemiah was on his way home from Greyton, where he had dined with the "finest householder" and "said some law" to the little congregation at the afternoon service. For it was Sabbath, and that was why his unstarched shirt-collar was so fresh and his red bandana was tied around the waist of his long-skirted coat. Carrying things on the seventh day being prohibited, Rabbi Nehemiah wore his handkerchief.

The door of the general store (it was also the inn), overlooking the cross-roads from a raised platform, was wide open. A Polish peasant in American trousers and undershirt, but with a Warsaw pipe dangling from his mouth, sat on a porch, smoking quietly. A barefooted boy was fast asleep in the grass across the road, a soldier's cap by his side, like a corpse on the battle-field.

As Michalina glanced up the gray road to see if Wincas was not coming, her eye fell upon Rabbi Nehemiah. A thrill ran through her. She could tell by his figure, his huge white collar, and the handkerchief around his waist that he was a pious, learned Jew. As he drew near she saw that his face was overgrown with wisps of silken beard of a yellowish shade, and that he was a man of about twenty-seven.

As he walked along he gesticulated and murmured to himself. It was one of his bickerings with Satan.

"It's labor lost, Mr. Satan!" he said, with a withering smile. "You won't catch me again, if you burst. Go try your tricks on somebody else. If you hope to get me among your regular customers you are a very poor business man, I tell you that. Nehemiah is as clever as you, depend upon it. Go, mister, go!"

All this he said quite audibly, in his velvety, purring bass, which set one wondering where his voice came from.

As he came abreast of Michalina he stopped short in consternation.

"Woe is me, on the holy Sabbath!" he exclaimed in Yiddish, dropping his hands to his sides.

The color rushed to Michalina's face. She stole a glance at the Pole down the road. He seemed to be half asleep. She lowered her eyes and went on with her work.

"Will you not stop this, my daughter? Come, go indoors and dress in honor of the

Sabbath," he purred on, with a troubled, appealing look.

"I don't understand what you say, sir," she answered, in Lithuanian, without raising her eyes.

The devout man started. "I thought she was a child of Israel!" he exclaimed, in his native tongue, as he hastily resumed his way. "Fie upon her! But what a pretty Gentile maiden!—just like a Jewess—" Suddenly he interrupted himself. "You are at it again, are n't you?" he burst out upon Satan. "Leave me alone, will you?"

Michalina's face was on fire. She was following the pious man with her glance. He was apparently going to one of those two Jewish villages. Every step he took gave her a pang, as if he were tied to her heart. As he disappeared on a side road behind some trees she hastily took her darning indoors and set out after him.

II.

ABOUT three quarters of an hour had passed when, following the pious little man, she came in sight of a new town that looked as if it had sprung up overnight. It was Burkdale, the newest offshoot of an old hamlet, and it owed its existence to the "Land Improvement Company," to the president of which, Madison Burke, it owed its name. Some tailoring contractors had moved their "sweatshops" here, after a prolonged strike in New York, and there were, besides, some fifty or sixty peddlers who spent the week scouring the island for custom and who came here for the two Sabbath days—their own and that of their Christian patrons. The improvised little town was lively with the whir of sewing-machines and the many-colored display of shop windows.

As the man with the red girdle made his appearance, a large, stout woman in a black wig greeted him from across the street.

"Good Sabbath, Rabbi Nehemiah!" she called out to him, with a faint smile.

"A good Sabbath and a good year!" he returned.

Michalina was thrilled once more. She was now following close behind the pious man. She ran the risk of attracting his attention, but she no longer cared. Seeing a boy break some twigs, Rabbi Nehemiah made a dash at him, as though to rescue him from death, and seizing him by the arms, he shook the sticks out of his hands. Then, stroking the urchin's swarthy cheeks, he said fondly:

"It is prohibited, my son. God will give

one a lashing for desecrating the Sabbath. Oh, what a lashing!"

A sob rose to Michalina's throat.

A short distance farther on Rabbi Nehemiah paused to remonstrate with a group of young men who stood smoking cigarettes and chatting by a merchandise wagon.

"Woe! Woe! Woe!" he exclaimed. "Do throw it away, pray! Are you not children of Israel? Do drop your cigarettes."

"Rabbi Nehemiah is right," said a big fellow, with a wink, concealing his cigarette behind him. The others followed his example, and Rabbi Nehemiah, flushed with his easy victory, went on pleading for a life of piety and divine study. He spoke from the bottom of his heart, and his face shone, but this did not prevent his plea from being flavored with a certain humor, for the most part at his own expense.

"The world to come is the tree, while this world is only the shadow it casts," he said in his soft, thick voice. "Smoking on the Sabbath, staying away from the synagogue, backbiting, cheating in business, dancing with maidens, or ogling somebody else's wife—all this is a great pleasure, is it not? Well, the sages of this world, the dudes, the educated, and even a high-priced adornment like myself, think it is. We hunt for these delights. Behold, we have caught them. Close your fist tight! Hold the precious find with might and main, Rabbi Nehemiah! Presently, hark! the Angel of Death is coming. 'Please, open your hand, Rabbi Nehemiah. Let us see what you have got.' Alas! it's empty, empty, empty—*Ai-ai!*" he suddenly shrieked in a frightened, piteous voice. While he was speaking the big fellow had stolen up behind him and clapped his enormous high hat over his eyes. The next moment another young man slipped up to Rabbi Nehemiah's side, snatched off his bandana, and set it on fire.

"Woe is me! Woe is me! On the holy Sabbath!" cried the devout man, in despair.

Michalina, who had been looking on at a distance, every minute making ready to go home, rushed up to Rabbi Nehemiah's side.

"Don't—pray don't!" she begged his tormentors, in Yiddish. "You know he did not touch you; why should you hurt him?"

A crowd gathered. The learned man was looking about him with a perplexed air, when along came Sorah-Elka, the bewigged tall woman who had saluted him a short while ago. The young men made way for her.

"What's the matter? Gotalicking again?" she inquired, between a frown and a smile, and speaking in phlegmatic, articulate ac-

cents. Her smile was like her voice—pleasantly cold. She was the cleverest, the most pious, and the most ill-natured woman in the place. "Serves you right, Rabbi Nehemiah. You look for trouble and you get it. What more do you want? What did they do to him, the scamps?"

"Nothing. They only knocked his hat over his eyes. They were fooling," answered a little boy.

Sorah-Elka's humor and her calm, authoritative manner won Michalina's heart. Oh, if she were one of this Jewish crowd! She wished she could speak to them. Well, who knew her here? As to Rabbi Nehemiah, he did not seem to recognize her, so she ventured to say, ingratiatingly:

"He did n't do them anything. He only talked to them and they hit him on the head."

Many eyes were leveled at the stranger. The young fellow who had burned Rabbi Nehemiah's handkerchief was scanning her face.

Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I sha'n't live till next week if she is not the meshumedeste of Chego-Chegg! I peddle over there."

The terrible untranslatable word, the most loathsome to the Yiddish ear, struck Michalina cold. She wondered whether this was the great calamity which her heart had been predicting. Was it the beginning of her end? Rabbi Nehemiah recognized her. With a shriek of horror, and drawing his skirts about him, as if for fear of contamination, he proceeded to describe his meeting with Michalina at the Polish village.

"What! this plague the meshumedeste who has a peasant for a husband!" said Sorah-Elka, as she swept the young woman with contemptuous curiosity. "May all the woes that are to befall me, you, or any good Jew—may they all strike the head of this horrid thing—fie upon her!" And the big woman spat with the same imperturbable smile with which she had drawled out her malediction.

Michalina went off toward Chego-Chegg. When the crowd was a few yards behind her somebody shouted:

"Meshumedeste! Meshumedeste!"

The children and some full-grown rowdies took up the cry:

"Meshumedeste! Meshumedeste! Meshumedeste!" they sang in chorus, running after her and pelting her with stones.

Michalina was frightened to death. And yet her pursuers and the whole Jewish town became dearer to her heart than ever.

"WHERE have you been?" Wincas asked, shaking her furiously.

"Don't! Don't! People are looking!" she protested, in her quietly strenuous way.

The village was astir. Children were running about; women sat on the porches, gossiping; two fiddles were squeaking themselves hoarse in the tavern. A young negro, lank, tattered, and grinning, was twanging a banjo to a crowd of simpering Poles. He it was who got the peasants to forsake their accordions, or even fiddles, for banjos. He was the civilizing and Americanizing genius of the place, although he had learned to jabber Polish long before any of his pupils picked up a dozen English words.

"Tell me where you have been," raged Wincas.

"Suppose I don't? Am I afraid of you? I felt lonesome—so lonesome! I thought I would die of loneliness, so I went for a walk and lost my way. Are you satisfied?"

They went indoors, where their landlady had prepared for them a meal of herring, potatoes, and beef-stew.

Half an hour later they were seated on the lawn, conversing in whispers amid the compact blackness of the night. The two tavern windows gleamed like suspended sheets of gold. Diving out of these into the sea of darkness was a frisky host of banjo notes.

"How dark it is!" whispered Michalina.

"Are you afraid of devils?"

"No—why?"

"I thought you might be," he said.

After a pause he suddenly pointed at his heart.

"Does it hurt you?" he asked.

"What do you mean, darling?" she demanded, interlacing her fingers over his shoulder and peering into his beardless face.

"Something has got into me. It's right here. It's pulling me to pieces, Michalinka!"

"That's nothing," she said. "It's only homesickness. It will wear off."

Wincas complained of his employer, the queer ways of American farming, the tastelessness of American food.

"God has cursed this place and taken the life out of everything," he said. "I suppose it's all because the people here are so wicked. Everything looks as it should, but you just try to put it into your mouth, and you find out the swindle. Look here, Michalinka, maybe it is the Jewish god getting even on me?"

She was bent upon her own thoughts and made no reply. Presently she began to caress him as she would a sick baby.

"Don't worry, my love," she comforted him. "America is a good country. Everybody says so. Wait till we get used to it. Then you won't go, even if you are driven with sticks from here."

They sat mutely clinging to each other, their eyes on the bright tavern windows, when a fresh, fragrant breeze came blowing upon them. Wincas fell to inhaling it thirstily. The breeze brought his native village to his nostrils.

"Mi-Michalinka darling!" he suddenly sobbed out, clasping her to his heart.

III.

WHEN Michalina, pale, weak, and beautiful, lay in bed, and the midwife bade her look at her daughter, the young mother opened her flashing black eyes and forthwith shut them again. The handful of flesh and her own splitting headache seemed one and the same thing. After a little, as her agonizing sleep was broken and her torpid gaze found the baby by the wall, she was overcome with terror and disgust. It was a *shikse* (Gentile girl), a heap of defilement. What was it doing by her side?

She had not nursed the baby a week before she grew attached to it. By the time little Marysia was a month old, she was dearer than her own life to her.

The little railroad-station about midway between the two settlements became Michalina's favorite resort. Her neighbors she shunned. She had been brought up to look down upon their people as "a race like unto an ass." At home she could afford to like them. Now that she was one of them, they were repugnant to her. They, in their turn, often mocked her and called her "Jew woman." And so she would often go to spend an hour or two in the waiting-room of the station or on the platform outside. Some of the passengers were Jews, and these would eye her curiously, as if they had heard of her. She blushed under their glances, yet she awaited them impatiently each time a train was due.

One morning a peddler, bending under his pack, stopped to look at her. When he had dropped his burden his face seemed familiar to Michalina. He was an insignificant little man, clean-shaven, with close-clipped yellowish hair, and he wore a derby hat and a sack-coat.

All at once his face broke into a broad, affectionate smile.

"How do you do?" he burst out in a deep,

mellow voice which she recognized instantly. "I once spoke to you in Chego-Chegg, do you remember? I see you are amazed to see me in a short coat and without beard and side-locks."

"You look ten years younger," she said in a daze of embarrassment.

"I am Rabbi Nehemiah no longer," he explained bashfully. "They call me Nehemiah the Atheist now."

"Another sinner!" Michalina thought, with a little thrill of pleasure.

Nehemiah continued, with a shamefaced smile:

"When my coat and my side-locks were long my sight was short, while now—why, now I am so saturated with wisdom that pious Jews keep away from me for fear of getting wet, don't you know? Well, joking aside, I had ears, but could not hear because of my ear-locks; I had eyes, and could not see because they were closed in prayer. Now I am cured of my idiocy. And how are you? How are you getting along in America?"

His face beamed. Michalina's wore a pained look. She was bemoaning the fall of an idol.

"I am all right, thank you. Don't the Burkdale people trouble you?" she asked, reddening violently.

"Men will be men and rogues will be rogues. Do you remember that Saturday? It was not the only beating I got, either. They regaled me quite often—the oxen! However, I bear them no ill will. Who knows but it was their cuffs and buffets that woke me up? The one thing that gives me pain is this: the same fellows who used to break my bones for preaching religion now beat me because I expose its idiocies. I am like the great rabbi who had once been a chief of highwaymen. 'What of it?' he used to say. 'I was a leader then, and a leader I am now.' I was whipped when I was Rabbi Nehemiah, and now that I am Nehemiah the Atheist I am whipped again. By the way, do you remember how they hooted you? There's nothing to blush about, missus. Religion is all humbug. There are no Jews and no Gentiles, missus. This is America. All are noble-men here, and all are brothers—children of one mother—Nature, dear little missus." The word was apparently a titbit to his tongue. He uttered it with relish, peering admiringly into Michalina's face. "Go forth, dear little missus! Go forth, O thou daughter of Zion, and proclaim to all those who are groveling in the mire of Judaism—"

"S-s-s-sh!" she interrupted imploringly.

"Why should you speak like that? Don't—oh, don't!"

He began a long and heated argument. She could not follow him.

Marysia was asleep in her arms, munching her little lips and smiling. As Michalina stole a glance at her, she could not help smiling, too. She gazed at the child again and again, pretending to listen. For the twentieth time she noticed that in the upper part of her face Marysia bore a striking resemblance to Wincas.

Michalina and Nehemiah often met. All she understood of his talk was that it was in Yiddish, and this was enough. Though he preached atheism, to her ear his words were echoes from the world of synagogues, rabbis, purified meat, blessed Sabbath lights. Another thing she gathered from his monologues was that he was a fellow-outcast. Of herself she never spoke. Being a mystery to him made her a still deeper mystery to herself, and their secret interviews had an irresistible charm for her.

One day Michalina found him clean-shaven and in a new necktie.

"Good morning!" he said, with unusual solemnity. And drawing a big red apple from his pocket, he shamefacedly placed it in her hand.

"What was it you wanted to tell me?" she inquired, blushing.

"Oh, nothing. I meant it for fun. It's only a story I read. It's about a great man who was in love with a beautiful woman all his life. She was married to another man and true to him, yet the stranger loved her. His soul was bewitched. He sang of her, he dreamed of her. The man's name was Petrarca and the woman's was Laura."

"I don't know what you mean by your story," she said, with an embarrassed shrug of her shoulders.

"How do you know it is only a story?" he rejoined, his eye on the glistening rail.

"Maybe it is only a parable? Maybe you are Laura? Laura mine!" he whispered.

"Stop that!" she cried, with a pained gesture.

At that moment he was repulsive.

"Hush, don't eat your heart, little kitten. I was only joking."

IV.

MICHALINA ventured to visit Burkdale once again. This time she was not bothered. Only here and there some one would whisper, "Here comes the apostate of Chego-Chegg." Little by little she got to making most of

her purchases in the Jewish town. Wincas at first stormed, and asked whether it was true that the Jew had bedeviled his wife's heart; but before long she persuaded him to go with her on some of her shopping expeditions. Michalina even decided that her husband should learn to press coats, which was far more profitable than working on a farm; but after trying it for a few days, he stubbornly gave it up. The soil called him back, he said, and if he did not obey it, it might get square on him when he was dead and buried in it.

By this time they had moved into a shanty on the outskirts of the village, within a short distance from Burkdale.

At first Michalina forbade Wincas to write to his father, but he mailed a letter secretly. The answer inclosed a note from Michalina's father, in Yiddish, which Wincas, having in his ecstasy let out his secret, handed her.

Your dear father-in-law [the old man wrote] goes about mocking me about you and his precious son. "Will you send her your love?" he asked. "Very well, I will," said I. And here it is, Rivka. May eighty toothaches disturb your peace even as you have disturbed the peace of your mother in her grave. God grant that your impure limbs be hurled from one end of the world to the other, as your damned soul will be when you are dead like a vile cur. Your dear father-in-law (woe to you, Rivka!) asks me what I am writing. "A blessing," say I. May similar blessings strew your path, accursed meshumedeste. That's all.

"What does he write?" asked Wincas.

"Nothing. He is angry," she muttered. In her heart she asked herself: "Who is this Gentile? What is he doing here?" At this moment she felt sure that her end was near.

NEHEMIAH and Michalina had taken root in the little town as the representatives of two inevitable institutions. Burkdale without an atheist and a convert seemed as impossible as it would have been without a marriage-broker, a synagogue, or a bath-house "for all daughters of Israel."

Nehemiah continued his frenzied agitation. Neglecting his business, half-starved, and the fair game of every jester, but plumed with some success, the zealot went on scouting religious ceremonies, denouncing rabbis, and preaching assimilation with the enlightened Gentiles. Nehemiah was an incurably religious man, and when he had lost his belief disbelief became his religion.

And so the two were known as the *appikoros* (atheist) and the *meshumedeste*. Between the two there was, however, a wide difference.

Disclaim Judaism as Nehemiah would, he could not get the Jews to disclaim him; while Michalina was more alien to the Mosaic community than any of its Christian neighbors. With her child in her arms she moved about among the people of the place like a lone shadow. Nehemiah was a Jew who "sinned and led others to sin"; she was not a Jewess who had transgressed, but a living stigma, all the more accursed because she had once been a Jewess.

Some of the Jewish women were friendly to her. Zelda the Busybody exchanged little favors with her, but even she stopped at cooking-utensils, for Michalina's food was *treife*¹ and all her dishes were contaminated. One day, when the dumpy little woman called at the lonely hovel, the convert offered her a wedge of her first lemon-pie. It was Zelda who had taught her to make it, and in her exultation and shamefacedness Michalina forgot the chasm that separated her from her caller.

"Taste it and tell me what is wrong about it," she said, blushing.

Zelda became confused.

"No, thank you. I've just had dinner, as true as I'm living," she stammered.

The light in Michalina's eyes went out. For a moment she stood with the saucer containing the piece of pie in her hand. When the Burkdale woman was gone she threw the pie away.

She bought a special set of dishes which she kept *kosher*, according to the faith of the people of Burkdale. Sometimes she would buy her meat of a Jewish butcher, and, on coming home, she would salt and purify it. Not that she expected this to be set to her credit in the world to come, for there was no hope for her soul, but she could not help, at least, playing the Jewess. It both soothed and harrowed her to prepare food or to bless Sabbath light as they did over in Burkdale. But her Sabbath candles burned so stern, so cold, so unhalloved. As she embraced the space about them and with a scooping movement brought her hands together over her shut eyes and fell to whispering the benediction, her heart beat fast. She felt like a thief.

"Praised be Thou, O Lord, King of the world, who hast sanctified us by Thy commandments and commanded us to kindle the light of Sabbath."

When she attempted to recite this she could not speak after the third word.

Michalina received another letter from

¹ Not prepared according to Mosaic law, proscribed; the opposite of *kosher*.

her father. The old man's heart was wrung with compunction and yearning. He was panting to write to her, but, alas! who ever wrote a meshumedeste except to curse her?

It is to gladden your treacherous heart that I am writing again [ran the letter]. Rejoice, accursed apostate, rejoice! We cannot raise our heads for shame, and our eyes are darkened with disgrace. God give that your eyes become so dark that they behold neither your cur of a husband nor your vile pup. May you be stained in the blood of your own heart even as you have stained the name of our family.

Written by me, who curse the moment when I became your father.

Michalina was in a rage. "We cannot raise our heads"? Who are "we"? He and his sorceress of a wife? First she makes him drive his own daughter to "the impurity" of the Gentile faith, and then she gets him to curse this unhappy child of his for the disgrace she brought on her head! What are they worrying about? Is it that they are afraid it will be hard for Michalina's stepsister to get a husband because there is a meshumedeste in the family? Ah, she is writhing and twitching with pain, the sorceress, is n't she? Writhe away, murderess! Let her taste some of the misery she has heaped on her stepdaughter. "Rejoice, apostate, rejoice!" Michalina did rejoice. She was almost glad to be a meshumedeste:

"But why should it have come out like this?" Michalina thought. "Suppose I had never become a meshumedeste, and Nehemiah, or some handsomer Jew, had married me at home. . . . Would not the sorceress and her daughter burst with envy! Or suppose I became a Jewess again, and married a pious, learned, and wealthy Jew who fainted with love for me, and my stepmother neard of it, and I sent my little brother lots of money—would n't she burst, the sorceress! . . . And I should live in Burkdale, and Sorah-Elka and the other Jews and Jewesses would call at my house, and eat, and drink. On Saturdays I should go to the synagogue with a big prayer-book, and on meeting me on the road people would say, 'Good Sabbath!' and I should answer, 'A good Sabbath and a good year!'"

Michalina began to cry.

V.

SPRING was coming. The air was mild, pensive, yearning. Michalina was full of tears.

"Don't rail at the rabbis—don't!" she said, with unusual irritation, to Nehemiah

at her house. "Do you think I can bear to hear it?"

She cried. Nehemiah's eyes also filled with tears.

"Don't, little kitten," he said; "I did n't mean to hurt you. Are you sorry you became a Christian?" he added, in an embarrassed whisper.

For the first time she recounted her story to him. When she had finished the atheist was walking up and down.

"*Ai-ai-ai! Ai-ai!*" All at once he stopped. "So it was out of revenge for your stepmother that you married Wincas!" he exclaimed. Then he dropped his voice to a shamefaced undertone. "I thought you had fallen in love with him."

"What's that got to do with him?" she flamed out.

His face changed. She went on:

"Anyhow, he is my husband, and I am his wife and a Gentile woman, an accursed soul, doomed to have no rest either in this world or in the other. May the sorceress have as much darkness on her heart as I have on mine!"

"Why should you speak like that, little kitten? Of course I am an atheist, and religion is humbug, but you are grieving for nothing. According to the Jewish law, you are neither his wife nor a Gentile woman. You are a Jewess. Mind, I don't believe in the Talmud; but, according to the Talmud, your marriage does not count. Yes, you are unmarried!" he repeated, noting her interest. "You are a maiden, free as the birds in the sky, my kitten. You can marry a Jew 'according to the laws of Moses and Israel,' and be happy."

His voice died away.

"*Lau-au-ra!*" he wailed, as he seized her hand and began to kiss its fingers.

"Stop—oh, stop! What has come to you!" she shrieked. Her face was crimson. After an awkward silence, she sobbed out: "Nobody will give me anything but misery—nobody, nobody, nobody! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

UNDER the pretense of consulting a celebrated physician, Michalina had obtained Wincas's permission to go to New York. In a secluded room, full of dust and old books, on the third floor of an Orchard street tenement-house, she found a gray-bearded man with a withered face. Before him were an open folio and a glass half filled with tea. His rusty skullcap was pushed back on his head.

The blood rushed to her face as she stepped to the table. She could not speak.

"A question of law?" asked the rabbi. "Come, my daughter, what is the trouble?"

Being addressed by the venerable man as a Jewess melted her embarrassment and her fear into tears.

"I have married a Gentile," she murmured, with bowed head.

"A Gentile! Woe is me!" exclaimed the rabbi, with a look of dismay and pity.

"And I have been baptized, too."

Here an old bonnetless woman came in with a chicken. The rabbi was annoyed. After hastily inspecting the fowl, he cried:

"Kosher! Kosher! You may eat it in good health."

When the old woman was gone he leaped up from his seat and bolted the door.

"Well, do you want to do penance?" he demanded, adjusting his skullcap.

She nodded ruefully.

"Well, where is the hindrance? Go ahead, my daughter; and if you do it from a pure heart, the Most High will help you."

"But how am I to become a Jewess again? Rabbi, a man told me I never ceased to be one. Is it true?"

"Foolish young woman! What, then, are you? A Frenchwoman? The God of Israel is not in the habit of refunding one's money. Oh, no! 'Once a Jew, forever a Jew'—that's the way he does business."

"But I am married to a Gentile," she urged, with new light in her black eyes.

"Married? Not in the eye of our faith, my child. You were born a Jewess, and a Jewess cannot marry a Gentile. Now, if your marriage is no marriage—what, then, is it? A sin! Leave the Gentile, if you want to return to God. Cease sinning, and live like a daughter of Israel. Of course—of course the laws of the land—of America—do you understand?—they look upon you as a married woman, and they must be obeyed. But the laws of our faith say you are not married, and were a Jew to put the ring of dedication on your finger, you would be his wife. Do you understand, my child?"

"And how about the baby, rabbi? Suppose I wanted to make a proselyte of her?"

"A proselyte! Your learning does not seem to go very far," laughed the old man. "Why, your little girl is even a better Jewess than you have been, for she has not sinned, while you have."

"But her father—"

"Her father! What of him? Did he go through the throes of childbirth when the girl was born to you? Don't be uneasy, my daughter. According to our faith, children

follow their mother. You are a Jewess, and so is she. She is a pure child of Israel. What is her name? Marysia? Well, call her some Jewish name—say Mindele or Shaynde. What does it amount to?"

As Michalina was making her way down the dingy staircase, she hugged the child and kissed her convulsively.

"Sheindele! Sheindele! Pure child of Israel," she said between sobs, for the first time addressing her in Yiddish. "A Jewish girlie! A Jewish girlie!"

VI.

THE charitable souls who had joined to buy the steamship tickets were up with the larks. At seven o'clock Sorah-Elka's apartments on the second floor of a spick-and-span frame-house were full of pious women come to behold their "good deed" in the flesh. It was the greatest event in the eventful history of Burkdale. Michalina, restored to her Hebrew name, was, of course, the center of attention. Sorah-Elka and Zelda addressed her in the affectionate diminutive; the other women, in the most dignified form of the name; and so "Rievele dear" and "Rieva, if you please" flew thick and fast.

Nehemiah kept assuring everybody that he was an atheist, and that it was only to humor Rebecca that he was going to marry her according to the laws of Moses and Israel. But then nobody paid any heed to him. The pious souls were all taken up with the young woman they were "rescuing from the impurity."

Rebecca was polite, grateful, smiling, and nervous. Sorah-Elka was hovering about, flushed and morose.

"You have kissed her enough," she snarled at Zelda. "Kisses won't take her to the ship. You had better see about the lemons. As long as the ship is in harbor I won't be sure of the job. For one thing, too many people are in the secret. I wish we were in New York, at least."

The preparations were delayed by hitch after hitch. Besides, a prosperous rescuer bethought herself at the eleventh hour that she had a muff, as good as new, which might be of service to Rebecca; and then another rescuer, as prosperous and as pious, remembered that her jar of preserved cherries would be a godsend to Rebecca on ship-board. Still, the train was due fully an hour later; the English steamer would not sail before two o'clock, so there was plenty of time.

As to Wincas, he had gone to work at five in the morning and would not be back before seven in the evening.

Zelda was frisking about with the little girl, whom she exultantly addressed as Shayndelet; and so curious was it to call a former Gentile child by a Yiddish name that the next minute everybody in the room was shouting: "Shayndelet, come to me!" "Shayndelet, look!" "Shayndelet going to London to be a pious Jewess!" or "Shayndelet, a health to your head, arms, and feet!"

"Never fear, Nehemiah will be a good father to her, won't you, Nehemiah?" said one matron.

Suddenly a woman who stood by the window gave a start.

"Her husband!" she gasped.

There was a panic. Sorah-Elka was excitedly signing to the others to be cool. Rebecca, pale and wild-eyed, burst into the bedroom, whence she presently emerged on tiptoe, flushed and biting her lip.

"What can he be doing here at this hour? I told him I was going to the New York professor," she said under her breath: Concealing herself behind the window-frame, she peeped down into the street.

"Get away from there!" whizzed Sorah-Elka, gnashing her teeth and waving her arms violently.

Rebecca lingered. She saw the stalwart figure of her husband, his long blond hair curling at the end, and his pale, oval face. He was trudging along aimlessly, gaping about him in a perplexed, forlorn way.

"He is wandering about like a cow in search of her calf," Michalina remarked, awkwardly.

"Let him go whistle!" snapped Sorah-Elka. "We shall have to tuck you away somewhere. When the coast is clear again, I'll take you to the other railroad station. Depend upon it, we'll get you over to New York and on board the ship before his pumpkin-head knows what world he is in. But I said that too many people were in the secret."

Sorah-Elka was a fighter. She was mistaken, however, as to the cause of Wincas's sudden appearance. Even the few Poles who worked in the Burkdale sweat-shops knew nothing of the great conspiracy. Water and oil won't swap secrets even when in the same bottle. It was Michalina's manner during the last few days, especially on parting with him this morning, which had kindled suspicion in the peasant's breast.

What had made her weep so bitterly, clinging to him and kissing him as he was leaving? As the details of it came back to him, anxiety and an overpowering sense of loneliness had gripped his heart. He could not go on with his work.

There was a cowardly stillness in Sorah-Elka's parlor. Nehemiah was rubbing his hands and gazing at Rebecca like a prisoner mutely praying for his life. Her eye was on the window.

"What can he be doing here at such an early hour?" she muttered, sheepishly. "Maybe he has lost his job."

"And what if he did? Is it any business of yours? Let him hang and drown himself!" declared Sorah-Elka.

"Why should you curse him like that? Where is his fault?" Rebecca protested feebly.

"Look at her—look at her! She is dead stuck on the lump of uncleanness, is n't she? Well, hurry up, Rievela darling. Zelda will see to the express. Come, Rievela, come!"

Rebecca tarried.

"What has got into you? Why don't you get a move on you? You know one minute may cost us the whole game."

There was a minute of suspense. All at once Rebecca burst out sobbing:

"I cannot! I cannot!" she said, with her fists at her temples. "Curse me; I deserve it. I know I am doomed to have no rest either in this world or in the other, but I cannot leave him—I cannot. Forgive me, Nehemiah, but I cannot. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

The gathering was dumfounded. Sorah-Elka dropped her immense arms. For several moments she stood bewildered. Then she said:

"A pain on my head! The good women have spent so much on the tickets!"

"I'll pay it all back—every cent—every single cent of it," pleaded Michalina. Again her own Yiddish sounded like a foreign tongue to her.

"You pay back! From the treasures of your beggarly peasant husband, perhaps? May you spend on doctor's bills a thousand dollars for every cent you have cost us, plaguy meshumedeste that you are!"

A bedlam of curses let itself loose. Michalina fled.

"Let her go to all the eighty dark, bitter, and swampy years!" Sorah-Elka concluded, as the door closed upon the apostate. "A meshumedeste will be a meshumedeste."



ON THE ROAD HOME.



THE GOLDEN-CROWN SPARROW OF ALASKA.

BY 'JOHN BURROUGHS.

WITH DRAWINGS BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD AND L. A. FUERTES.

I.

OH, minstrel of these borean hills,
Where twilight hours are long,
I would my boyhood's fragrant days
Had known thy plaintive song;

II.

Had known thy vest of ashen gray,
Thy coat of drab and brown,
The bands of jet upon thy head
That clasp thy golden crown.

III.

We heard thee in the cold White Pass,
Where cloud and mountain meet,
Again where Muir's great glacier shone
Far spread beneath our feet.

IV.

I bask me now on emerald heights
To catch thy faintest strain,
But cannot tell if in thy lay
Be more of joy or pain.

V.

Far off behold the snow-white peaks
Athwart the sea's blue shade;
Anear there rise green Kadiak hills,
Wherein thy nest is made.



VI.

I hear the wild bee's mellow chord,
In airs that swim above;
The lesser hermit tunes his flute
To solitude and love.

VII.

But thou, sweet singer of the wild,
I give more heed to thee;
Thy wistful note of fond regret
Strikes deeper chords in me.

VIII.

Farewell, dear bird! I turn my face
To other skies than thine—
A thousand leagues of land and sea
Between thy home and mine.





"AND DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE WAS N'T POISONED?" SAID SHE.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.¹

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR J. KELLER.

AT this present moment of time I am what the doctors call an interesting case, and am to be found in bed No. 10, Ward 11, Massachusetts General Hospital. I am told that I have what is called Addison's disease, and that it is this pleasing malady which causes me to be covered with large blotches of a dark mulatto tint. However, it is a rather grim subject to joke about, because, if I believed the doctor who comes around every day, and thumps me, and listens to my chest with as much pleasure as if I were music all through—I say, if I really believed him, I should suppose I was going to die. The fact is, I don't believe him at all. Some of these days I shall take a turn and get about again; but meanwhile it is rather dull for a stirring, active person like me to have to lie still and watch myself getting big brown and yellow spots all over me, like a map that has taken to growing.

The man on my right has consumption—smells of cod-liver oil, and coughs all night. The man on my left is a down-easter with a liver which has struck work; looks like a human pumpkin; and how he contrives to whistle jackstraws all day, and eat as he does, I can't understand. I have tried reading and tried whittling, but they don't either of them satisfy me, so that yesterday I concluded to ask the doctor if he could n't suggest some other amusement.

I waited until he had gone through the ward, and then seized my chance, and asked him to stop a moment.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want?"

I thought him rather disrespectful, but I replied, "Something to do, doctor."

He thought a little, and then said: "I'll tell you what to do. I think if you were to write out a plain account of your life it would be pretty well worth reading, and perhaps would serve to occupy you for a few

days, at least. If half of what you told me last week be true, you must be about as clever a scamp as there is to be met with; and I suppose you would just as lief put it on paper as talk it."

"Pretty nearly," said I. "I think I will try it, doctor."

After he left I lay awhile thinking over the matter. I knew well that I was what the world calls a scamp, and I knew also that I had got little good out of the fact. If a man is what people call virtuous, and fails in life, he gets credit at least for the virtue; but when a man is a—is—well, one of liberal views, and breaks down, somehow or other people don't credit him with even the intelligence he has put into the business. This I call hard. If I did not recall with satisfaction the energy and skill with which I did my work, I should be nothing but disgusted at the melancholy spectacle of my failure. I suppose that I shall at least find occupation in reviewing all this, and I think, therefore, for my own satisfaction, I shall try to amuse my convalescence by writing a plain, straightforward account of the life I have led, and the various devices by which I have sought to get my share of the money of my countrymen.

It does appear to me that I have had no end of bad luck. As no one will ever see these pages, I find it pleasant to recall for my own satisfaction the fact that I am really a very remarkable man. I am, or rather I was, very good-looking, five feet eleven, with a lot of curly red hair, and blue eyes. I am left-handed, which is another unusual thing. My hands have often been noticed. I get them from my mother, who was a Fishbourne, and a lady. As for my father, he was rather common. He was a little man, red and round like an apple, but very strong, for a reason I shall come to presently. The family must have had a pious liking for Bible names, because he was called Zebulon, my sister Peninnah, and I Ezra, which is not a name for a gentleman. At one time I

¹ The present story is rewritten from a shorter one of the same name published by Dr. Mitchell in "The Atlantic Monthly" many years ago.—EDITOR.



"I DID N'T UNDERSTAND THIS, OR I WOULD NOT HAVE COME."

thought of changing it, but I got over it by signing myself "E. Sandcraft."

Where my father was born I do not know, except that it was somewhere in New Jersey, for I remember that he was once angry because a man called him a Jersey Spaniard. I am not much concerned to write about my people, because I soon got above their level; and as to my mother, she died when I was

an infant. I get my manners, which are rather remarkable, from her.

My aunt, Rachel Sandcraft, who kept house for us, was a queer character. She had a snug little property, about seven thousand dollars. An old aunt left her the money because she was stone-deaf. As this defect came upon her after she grew up, she still kept her voice. This woman was the cause

of some of my ill luck in life, and I hope she is uncomfortable, wherever she is. I think with satisfaction that I helped to make her life uneasy when I was young, and worse later on. She gave away to the idle poor some of her small income, and hid the rest like a magpie, in her Bible or rolled in her stockings, or in even queerer places. The worst of her was that she could tell what people said by looking at their lips; this I hated. But as I grew and became intelligent, her ways of hiding her money proved useful, to me at least. As to Peninnah, she was nothing special until she suddenly bloomed out into a rather stout, pretty girl, took to ribbons, and liked what she called "keeping company." She ran errands for every one, waited on my aunt, and thought I was a wonderful person—as indeed I was. I never could understand her fondness for helping everybody. A fellow has got himself to think about, and that is quite enough. I was told pretty often that I was the most selfish boy alive. But, then, I am an unusual person, and there are several names for things.

My father kept a small shop for the sale of legal stationery and the like, on Fifth street north of Chestnut. But his chief interest in life lay in the bell-ringing of Christ Church. He was leader, or No. 1, and the whole business was in the hands of a kind of guild which is nearly as old as the church. I used to hear more of it than I liked, because my father talked of nothing else. But I do not mean to bore myself writing of bells. I heard too much about "back shake," "raising in peal," "scales," and "touches," and the Lord knows what.

My earliest remembrance is of sitting on my father's shoulder when he led off the ringers. He was very strong, as I said, by reason of this exercise. With one foot caught in a loop of leather nailed to the floor, he would begin to pull No. 1, and by and by the whole peal would be swinging, and he going up and down, to my joy; I used to feel as if it was I that was making the great noise that rang out all over the town. My familiar acquaintance with the old church and its lumber-rooms, where were stored the dusty arms of William and Mary and George II., proved of use in my later days.

My father had a strong belief in my talents, and I do not think he was mistaken. As he was quite uneducated, he determined that I should not be. He had saved enough to send me to Princeton College, and when I was about fifteen I was set free from the

public schools. I never liked them. The last I was at was the high school. As I had to come down-town to get home, we used to meet on Arch street the boys from the grammar-school of the university, and there were fights every week. In winter these were most frequent, because of the snow-balling. A fellow had to take his share or be marked as a deserter. I never saw any personal good to be had out of a fight, but it was better to fight than to be clobbered. That means that two fellows hold you, and the other fellows kick you with their bent knees. It hurts.

I find just here that I am describing a thing as if I were writing for some other people to see. I may as well go on that way. After all, a man never can quite stand off and look at himself as if he was the only person concerned. He must have an audience, or make believe to have one, even if it is only himself. Nor, on the whole, should I be unwilling, if it were safe, to let people see how much ability may be defeated by the crankiness of fortune.

I may add here that a stone inside of a snowball discourages the fellow it hits. But neither our fellows nor the grammar-school used stones in snowballs. I rather liked it. If we had a row in the springtime we all threw stones, and here was one of those bits of stupid custom no man can understand; because really a stone outside of a snowball is much more serious than if it is mercifully padded with snow. I felt it to be a rise in life when I got out of the society of the common boys who attended the high school.

When I was there a man by the name of Bache was the head master. He had a way of letting the boys attend to what he called the character of the school. Once I had to lie to him about taking another boy's ball. He told my class that I had denied the charge, and that he always took it for granted that a boy spake the truth. He knew well enough what would happen. It did. After that I was careful.

Princeton was then a little college, not expensive, which was very well, as my father had some difficulty to provide even the moderate amount needed.

I soon found that if I was to associate with the upper set of young men I wanted money. For some time I wanted in vain. But in my second year I discovered a small gold-mine, on which I drew with a moderation which shows even thus early the strength of my character.

I used to go home once a month for a

Sunday visit, and on these occasions I was often able to remove from my aunt's big Bible a five- or ten-dollar note, which otherwise would have been long useless.

Now and then I utilized my opportunities at Princeton. I very much desired certain things like well-made clothes, and for these I had to run in debt to a tailor. When he wanted pay, and threatened to send the bill to my father, I borrowed from two or three

somehow get to know if a fellow does not relate facts as they took place. I like to put it that way, because, after all, the mode of putting things is only one of the forms of self-defense, and is less silly than the ordinary wriggling methods which boys employ, and which are generally useless. I was rather given to telling large stories just for the fun of it, and, I think, told them well. But somehow I got the reputation of not being



"THEN I KNEW IT WAS SERIOUS."

young Southerners; but at last, when they became hard up, my aunt's uncounted hoard proved a last resource, or some rare chance in a neighboring room helped me out. I never did look on this method as of permanent usefulness, and it was only the temporary folly of youth.

Whatever else the pirate necessity appropriated, I took no large amount of education, although I was fond of reading, and especially of novels, which are, I think, very instructive to the young, especially the novels of Smollett and Fielding.

There is, however, little need to dwell on this part of my life. College students in those days were only boys, and boys are very strange animals. They have instincts. They

strictly definite, and when it was meant to indicate this belief they had an ill-mannered way of informing you. This consisted in two or three fellows shuffling noisily with their feet on the floor. When first I heard this I asked innocently what it meant, and was told it was the noise of the bearers' feet coming to take away Ananias. This was considered a fine joke.

During my junior year I became unpopular, and as I was very cautious, I cannot see why. At last, being hard up, I got to be foolishly reckless. But why dwell on the failures of immaturity?

The causes which led to my leaving Nassau Hall were not, after all, the mischievous outbreaks in which college lads indulge. In-

deed, I have never been guilty of any of those wanton pieces of wickedness which injure the feelings of others while they lead to no useful result. When I left to return home, I set myself seriously to reflect upon the necessity of greater care in following out my inclinations, and from that time forward I have steadily avoided, whenever it was possible, the vulgar vice of directly possessing myself of objects to which I could show no legal title. My father was indignant at the results of my college career; and, according to my aunt, his shame and sorrow had some effect in shortening his life. My sister believed my account of the matter. It ended in my being used for a year as an assistant in the shop, and in being taught to ring bells—a fine exercise, but not proper work for a man of refinement. My father died while training his bell-ringers in the Oxford triple bob—broke a blood-vessel somewhere. How I could have caused that I do not see.

I was now about nineteen years old, and, as I remember, a middle-sized, well-built young fellow, with large eyes, a slight mustache, and, I have been told, with very good manners and a somewhat humorous turn. Besides these advantages, my guardian held in trust for me about two thousand dollars. After some consultation between us, it was resolved that I should study medicine. This conclusion was reached nine years before the Rebellion broke out, and after we had settled, for the sake of economy, in Woodbury, New Jersey. From this time I saw very little of my deaf aunt or of Peninnah. I was resolute to rise in the world, and not to be weighted by relatives who were without my tastes and my manners.

I set out for Philadelphia, with many good counsels from my aunt and guardian. I look back upon this period as a turning-point of my life. I had seen enough of the world already to know that if you can succeed without exciting suspicion, it is by far the pleasantest way; and I really believe that if I had not been endowed with so fatal a liking for all the good things of life, I might have lived along as reputably as most men. This, however, is, and always has been, my difficulty, and I suppose that I am not responsible for the incidents to which it gave rise. Most men have some ties in life, but I have said I had none which held me. Peninnah cried a good deal when we parted, and this, I think, as I was still young, had a very good effect in strengthening my resolution to do nothing which could get me into

trouble. The janitor of the college to which I went directed me to a boarding-house, where I engaged a small third-story room, which I afterwards shared with Mr. Chaucer of Georgia. He pronounced it, as I remember, "Jawjah."

In this very remarkable abode I spent the next two winters, and finally graduated, along with two hundred more, at the close of my two years of study. I should previously have been one year in a physician's office as a student, but this regulation was very easily evaded. As to my studies, the less said the better. I attended the quizzes, as they call them, pretty closely, and, being of a quick and retentive memory, was thus enabled to dispense with some of the six or seven lectures a day which duller men found it necessary to follow.

Dissecting struck me as a rather nasty business for a gentleman, and on this account I did just as little as was absolutely essential. In fact, if a man took his tickets and paid the dissection fees, nobody troubled himself as to whether or not he did any more than this. A like evil existed at the graduation: whether you squeezed through or passed with credit was a thing which was not made public, so that I had absolutely nothing to stimulate my ambition. I am told that it is all very different to-day.

The astonishment with which I learned of my success was shared by the numerous Southern gentlemen who darkened the floors and perfumed with tobacco the rooms of our boarding-house. In my companions, during the time of my studies so-called, as in other matters of life, I was somewhat unfortunate. All of them were Southern gentlemen, with more money than I had. Many of them carried great sticks, usually sword-canes, and some bowie-knives or pistols; also, they delighted in swallow-tailed coats, long hair, broad-brimmed felt hats, and very tight boots. I often think of these gentlemen with affectionate interest, and wonder how many are lying under the wheat-fields of Virginia. One could see them any day sauntering along with their arms over their companions' shoulders, splendidly indifferent to the ways of the people about them. They hated the "Nawth" and cursed the Yankees, and honestly believed that the leanest of them was a match for any half a dozen of the bulkiest of Northerners. I must also do them the justice to say that they were quite as ready to fight as to brag, which, by the way, is no meager statement. With these gentry—for whom I retain a re-

spect which filled me with regret at the recent course of events—I spent a good deal of my large leisure. The more studious of both sections called us a hard crowd. What we did, or how we did it, little concerns me here, except that, owing to my esteem for chivalric blood and breeding, I was led into many practices and excesses which cost my guardian and myself a good deal of money. At the close of my career as a student I found myself aged twenty-one years, and the owner of some seven hundred dollars—the rest of my small estate having disappeared variously within the last two years. After my friends had gone to their homes in the South I began to look about me for an office, and finally settled upon very good rooms in one of the down-town localities of the Quaker City. I am not specific as to the number and street, for reasons which may hereafter appear. I liked the situation on various accounts. It had been occupied by a doctor; the terms were reasonable; and it lay on the skirts of a good neighborhood, while below it lived a motley population, among which I expected to get my first patients and such fees as were to be had. Into this new home I moved my medical textbooks, a few bones, and myself. Also, I displayed in the window a fresh sign, upon which was distinctly to be read:

DR. E. SANDCRAFT.

Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 9 P. M.

I felt now that I had done my fair share toward attaining a virtuous subsistence, and so I waited tranquilly, and without undue enthusiasm, to see the rest of the world do its part in the matter. Meanwhile I read up on all sorts of imaginable cases, stayed at home all through my office hours, and at intervals explored the strange section of the town which lay to the south of my office. I do not suppose there is anything like it elsewhere. It was then filled with grog-shops, brothels, slop-shops, and low lodging-houses. You could dine for a penny on soup made from the refuse meats of the rich, gathered at back gates by a horde of half-naked children, who all told varieties of one woeful tale. Here, too, you could be drunk for five cents, and be lodged for three, with men, women, and children of all colors lying about you. It was this hideous mixture of black and white and yellow wretchedness which made the place so peculiar. The blacks predominated, and had mostly that swollen, reddish, dark skin, the sign in this race of habitual drunkenness. Of course only the lowest

whites were here—rag-pickers, pawnbrokers, old-clothes men, thieves, and the like. All of this, as it came before me, I viewed with mingled disgust and philosophy. I hated filth, but I understood that society has to stand on somebody, and I was only glad that I was not one of the undermost and worst-squeezed bricks.

I can hardly believe that I waited a month without having been called upon by a single patient. At last a policeman on our beat brought me a fancy man with a dog-bite. This patient recommended me to his brother, the keeper of a small pawnbroking-shop, and by very slow degrees I began to get stray patients who were too poor to indulge in up-town doctors. I found the police very useful acquaintances; and, by a drink or a cigar now and then, I got most of the cases of cut heads and the like at the next station-house. These, however, were the aristocrats of my practice; the bulk of my patients were soap-fat men, rag-pickers, oystermen, hose-house bummers, and worse, with other and nameless trades, men and women, white, black, or mulatto. How they got the levies, tips, and quarters with which I was reluctantly paid, I do not know; that, indeed, was none of my business. They expected to pay, and they came to me in preference to the dispensary doctor, two or three squares away, who seemed to me to spend most of his days in the lanes and alleys about us. Of course he received no pay except experience, since the dispensaries in the Quaker City, as a rule, do not give salaries to their doctors; and the vilest of the poor prefer a "pay doctor" to one of these disinterested gentlemen, who cannot be expected to give their best brains for nothing, when at everybody's beck and call. I am told, indeed I know, that most young doctors do a large amount of poor practice, as it is called; but, for my own part, I think it better for both parties when the doctor insists upon some compensation being made to him. This has been usually my own custom, and I have not found reason to regret it.

Notwithstanding my strict attention to my own interests, I have been rather sorely dealt with by fate upon several occasions, where, so far as I could see, I was vigilantly doing everything in my power to keep myself out of trouble or danger. I may as well relate one of them, merely as an illustration of how little value a man's intellect may be when fate and the prejudices of the mass of men are against him.

One evening, late, I myself answered a

ring at the bell, and found a small black boy on the steps, a shoeless, hatless little wretch, curled darkness for hair, and teeth like new tombstones. It was pretty cold, and he was relieving his feet by standing first on one and then on the other. He did not wait for me to speak.

"Hi, sah, Missey Barker she say to come quick away, sah, to Numbah 709 Bedford street."

The locality did not look like pay, but it is hard to say in this quarter, because sometimes you found a well-to-do "brandy-snifter" (local for gin-shop) or a hard-working "leather jeweler" (ditto for shoemaker), with next door, in a house better or worse, dozens of human rats for whom every police trap in the city was constantly set.

With a doubt in my mind as to whether I should find a good patient or some dirty nigger, I sought the place to which I had been directed. I did not like its looks; but I blundered up an alley and into a back room, where I fell over somebody, and was cursed and told to lie down and keep easy, or somebody, meaning the man stumbled over, would make me. At last I lit on a staircase which led into the alley, and, after much useless inquiry, got as high as the garret. People hereabout did not know one another, or did not want to know, so that it was of little avail to ask questions. At length I saw a light through the cracks in the attic door, and walked in. To my amazement, the first person I saw was a woman of about thirty-five, in pearl-gray Quaker dress—one of your quiet, good-looking people. She was seated on a stool beside a straw mattress upon which lay a black woman. There were three others crowded close around a small stove, which was red-hot—an unusual spectacle in this street. Altogether a most nasty den.

As I came in, the little Quaker woman got up and said: "I took the liberty of sending for thee to look at this poor woman. I am afraid she has the smallpox. Will thee be so kind as to look at her?" And with this she held down the candle toward the bed.

"Good gracious!" I said hastily, seeing how the creature was speckled, "I did n't understand this, or I would not have come. I have important cases which I cannot subject to the risk of contagion. Best let her alone, miss," I added, "or send her to the smallpox hospital."

Upon my word, I was astonished at the little woman's indignation. She said just

those things which make you feel as if somebody had been calling you names or kicking you—Was I really a doctor? and so on. It did not gain by being put in the ungrammatical tongue of Quakers. However, I never did fancy smallpox, and what could a fellow get by doctoring wretches like these? So I held my tongue and went away. About a week afterwards I met Evans, the dispensary man, a very common fellow, who was said to be frank.

"Helloa!" says he. "Doctor, you made a nice mistake about that darky at No. 709 Bedford street the other night. She had nothing but measles, after all."

"Of course I knew," said I, laughing; "but you don't think I was going in for dispensary trash, do you?"

"I should think not," said Evans.

I learned afterwards that this Miss Barker had taken an absurd fancy to the man because he had doctored the darky and would not let the Quakeress pay him. The end was, when I wanted to get a vacancy in the Southwark Dispensary, where they do pay the doctors, Miss Barker was malignant enough to take advantage of my oversight by telling the whole story to the board; so that Evans got in, and I was beaten.

You may be pretty sure that I found rather slow the kind of practice I have described, and began to look about for chances of bettering myself. In this sort of locality rather risky cases turned up now and then; and as soon as I got to be known as a reliable man, I began to get the peculiar sort of practice I wanted. Notwithstanding all my efforts, I found myself, at the close of three years, with all my means spent, and just able to live meagerly from hand to mouth, which by no means suited a man of my refined tastes.

Once or twice I paid a visit to my aunt, and was able to secure moderate aid by overhauling her concealed hoardings. But as to these changes of property I was careful, and did not venture to secure the large amount I needed. As to the Bible, it was at this time hidden, and I judged it, therefore, to be her chief place of deposit. Banks she utterly distrusted.

Six months went by, and I was worse off than ever—two months in arrears of rent, and numerous other debts to cigar-shops and liquor-dealers. Now and then some good job, such as a burglar with a cut head, helped me for a while; but, on the whole, I was like Slider Downeyhille in Neal's "Charcoal Sketches," and kept going "downer and

downer" the more I tried not to. Something had to be done.

It occurred to me, about this time, that if I moved into a more genteel locality I might get a better class of patients, and yet keep the best of those I now had. To do this it was necessary to pay my rent, and the more so because I was in a fair way to have no house at all over my head. But here fortune interposed. I was caught in a heavy rain-storm on Seventh street, and ran to catch an omnibus. As I pulled open the door I saw behind me the Quaker woman, Miss Barker. I laughed and jumped in. She had to run a little before the 'bus again stopped. She got pretty wet. An old man in the corner, who seemed in the way of taking charge of other people's manners, said to me: "Young man, you ought to be ashamed to have got in before the lady, and in this pour, too!"

I said calmly, "But you got in before her."

He made no reply to this obvious fact, as he might have been in the 'bus a half-hour. A large, well-dressed man near by said, with a laugh, "Rather neat, that," and, turning, tried to pull up a window-sash. In the effort something happened, and he broke the glass, cutting his hand in half a dozen places. While he was using several quite profane phrases, I caught his hand and said, "I am a surgeon," and tied my handkerchief around the bleeding palm.

The guardian of manners said, "I hope you are not much hurt, but there was no reason why you should swear."

On this my patient said, "Go to —," which silenced the monitor.

I explained to the wounded man that the cuts should be looked after at once. The matter was arranged by our leaving the 'bus, and, as the rain had let up, walking to his house. This was a large and quite luxurious dwelling on Fourth street. There I cared for his wounds, which, as I had informed him, required immediate attention. It was at this time summer, and his wife and niece, the only other members of his family, were absent. On my second visit I made believe to remove some splinters of glass which I brought with me. He said they showed how shamefully thin was that omnibus window-pane. To my surprise, my patient, at the end of the month,—for one wound was long in healing,—presented me with one hundred dollars. This paid my small rental, and as Mr. Poynter allowed me to refer to him, I was able to get a better office and bedroom on Spruce street. I saw no more of my patient

until winter, although I learned that he was a stock-broker, not in the very best repute, but of a well-known family.

Meanwhile my move had been of small use. I was wise enough, however, to keep up my connection with my former clients, and contrived to live. It was no more than that. One day in December I was overjoyed to see Mr. Poynter enter. He was a fat man, very pale, and never, to my remembrance, without a permanent smile. He had very civil ways, and now at once I saw that he wanted something.

I hated the way that man saw through me. He went on without hesitation, taking me for granted. He began by saying he had confidence in my good judgment, and when a man says that you had better look out. He said he had a niece who lived with him, a brother's child; that she was out of health and ought not to marry, which was what she meant to do. She was scared about her health, because she had a cough, and had lost a brother of consumption. I soon came to understand that, for reasons unknown to me, my friend did not wish his niece to marry. His wife, he also informed me, was troubled as to the niece's health. Now, he said, he wished to consult me as to what he should do. I suspected at once that he had not told me all.

I have often wondered at the skill with which I managed this rather delicate matter. I knew I was not well enough known to be of direct use, and was also too young to have much weight. I advised him to get Professor L.

Then my friend shook his head. He said in reply, "But suppose, doctor, he says there is nothing wrong with the girl?"

Then I began to understand him.

"Oh," I said, "you get a confidential written opinion from him. You can make it what you please when you tell her."

He said no. It would be best for me to ask the professor to see Miss Poynter; might mention my youth, and so on, as a reason. I was to get the opinion in writing.

"Well?" said I.

"After that I want you to write me an opinion to meet the case—all the needs of the case, you see."

I saw, but hesitated as to how much would make it worth while to pull his hot chestnuts out of the fire—one never knows how hot the chestnuts are.

Then he said, "Ever take a chance in stocks?"

I said, "No."

He said that he would lend me a little money and see what he could do. And here was his receipt from me for one thousand dollars, and here, too, was my order to buy shares of P. T. Y. Would I please to sign it? I did.

I was to call in two days at his house, and meantime I could think it over. It seemed to me a pretty weak plan. Suppose the young woman—well, supposing is awfully destructive of enterprise; and as for me, I had only to misunderstand the professor's opinion. I went to the house, and talked to Mr. Poynter about his gout. Then Mrs. Poynter came in, and began to lament her niece's declining health. After that I saw Miss Poynter. There is a kind of innocent-looking woman who knows no more of the world than a young chicken, and is choke-full of emotions. I saw it would be easy to frighten her. There are some instruments anybody can get any tune they like out of. I was very grave, and advised her to see the professor. And would I write to ask him, said Mr. Poynter. I said I would.

As I went out Mr. Poynter remarked: "You will clear some four hundred easy. Write to the professor. Bring my receipt to the office next week, and we will settle."

We settled. I tore up his receipt and gave him one for fifteen hundred dollars, and received in notes five hundred dollars.

In a day or so I had a note from the professor stating that Miss Poynter was in no peril; that she was, as he thought, worried, and had only a mild bronchial trouble. He advised me to do so-and-so, and had ventured to reassure my young patient. Now, this was a little more than I wanted. However, I wrote Mr. Poynter that the professor thought she had bronchitis, that in her case tubercle would be very apt to follow, and that at present, and until she was safe, we thought marriage undesirable.

Mr. Poynter said it might have been put stronger, but he would make it do. He made it. The result was an attack of hysterics. The final result was that she eloped with her lover, because if she was to die, as she wrote her aunt, she wished to die in her husband's arms. Human nature plus hysteria will defy all knowledge of character. This was what our old professor of practice used to say.

Mr. Poynter had now to account for a large trust estate which had somehow dwindled. Unhappily, princes are not the only people in whom you must not put your trust. As to myself, Professor L. somehow

got to know the facts, and cut me dead. It was unpleasant, but I had my five hundred dollars, and—I needed them. I do not see how I could have been more careful.

After this things got worse. Mr. Poynter broke, and did not even pay my last bill. I had to accept several rather doubtful cases, and once a policeman I knew advised me that I had better be on my guard.

But, really, so long as I adhered to the common code of my profession I was in danger of going without my dinner.

Just as I was at my worst and in despair something always turned up, but it was sure to be risky; and now my aunt refused to see me, and Peninnah wrote me goody-goody letters, and said Aunt Rachel had been unable to find certain bank-notes she had hidden, and vowed I had taken them. This Peninnah did not think possible. I agreed with her. The notes were found somewhat later by Peninnah in the toes of a pair of my aunt's old slippers. Of course I wrote an indignant letter. My aunt declared that Peninnah had stolen the notes, and restored them when they were missed. Poor Peninnah! This did not seem to me very likely, but Peninnah did love fine clothes.

One night, as I was debating with myself as to how I was to improve my position, I heard a knock on my shutter, and, going to the door, let in a broad-shouldered man with a whisky face and a great hooked nose. He wore a heavy black beard and mustache, and looked like the wolf in the pictures of Red Riding-hood which I had seen as a child.

"Your name's Sandcraft?" said the man.

"Yes; that's my name—Dr. Sandcraft."

As he sat down he shook the snow over everything, and said coolly, "Set down, doc; I want to talk with you."

"What can I do for you?" said I.

The man looked around the room rather scornfully, at the same time throwing back his coat and displaying a red neckerchief and a huge garnet pin. "Guess you're not overly rich," he said.

"Not especially," said I. "What's that your business?"

He did not answer, but merely said, "Know Simon Stagers?"

"Can't say I do," said I, cautiously. Simon was a burglar who had blown off two fingers when mining a safe. I had attended him while he was hiding.

"Can't say you do. Well, you can lie, and no mistake. Come, now, doc. Simon says

you 're safe, and I want to have a leetle plain talk with you."

With this he laid ten gold eagles on the table; I put out my hand instinctively.

"Let 'em alone," cried the man, sharply. "They 're easy earned, and ten more like 'em." "For doing what?" I said.

The man paused a moment, and looked around him; next he stared at me, and loosened his cravat with a hasty pull. "You 're the coroner," said he.

"I! What do you mean?"

"Yes, you are the coroner; don't you understand?" And so saying, he shoved the gold pieces toward me.

"Very good," said I; "we will suppose I'm the coroner. What next?"

"And being the coroner," said he, "you get this note, which requests you to call at No. 9 Blank street to examine the body of a young man which is supposed—only supposed, you see—to have—well, to have died under suspicious circumstances."

"Go on," said I.

"No," he returned; "not till I know how you like it. Stagers and another knows it; and it would n't be very safe for you to split, besides not making nothing out of it. But what I say is this, Do you like the business of coroner?"

Now, I did not like it; but two hundred in gold was life then to me, so I said: "Let me hear the whole of it first. I am safe."

"That 's square enough," said the man. "My wife 's got"—correcting himself with a shivery shrug—"my wife had a brother that took to cutting up rough because when I'd been up too late I handled her a leetle hard now and again.

"Luckily he fell sick with typhoid just then—you see, he lived with us. When he got better I guessed he'd drop all that; but somehow he was worse than ever—clean off his head, and strong as an ox. My wife said to put him away in an asylum. I did n't think that would do. At last he tried to get out. He was going to see the police about—well—the thing was awful serious, and my wife carrying on like mad, and wanting doctors. I had no mind to run, and something had got to be done. So Simon Stagers and I talked it over. The end of it was, he took worse of a sudden, and got so he did n't know nothing. Then I rushed for a doctor. He said it was a perforation, and there ought to have been a doctor when he was first took sick.

"Well, the man died, and as I kept about the house, my wife had no chance to talk.

The doctor fussed a bit, but at last he gave a certificate. I thought we were done with it. But my wife she writes a note and gives it to a boy in the alley to put in the post. We suspicioned her, and Stagers was on the watch. After the boy got away a bit, Simon bribed him with a quarter to give him the note, which was n't no less than a request to the coroner to come to the house to-morrow and make an examination, as foul play was suspected—and poison."

When the man quit talking he glared at me. I sat still. I was cold all over. I was afraid to go on, and afraid to go back, besides which, I did not doubt that there was a good deal of money in the case.

"Of course," said I, "it 's nonsense; only I suppose you don't want the officers about, and a fuss, and that sort of thing."

"Exactly," said my friend. "It 's all bosh about poison. You 're the coroner. You take this note and come to my house. Says you, 'Mrs. File, are you the woman that wrote this note? Because in that case I must examine the body.'"

"I see," said I; "she need n't know who I am, or anything else; but if I tell her it 's all right, do you think she won't want to know why there is n't a jury, and so on?"

"Bless you," said the man, "the girl is n't over seventeen, and does n't know no more than a baby. As we live up-town miles away, she won't know anything about you."

"I'll do it," said I, suddenly, for, as I saw, it involved no sort of risk; "but I must have three hundred dollars."

"And fifty," added the wolf, "if you do it well."

Then I knew it was serious.

With this the man buttoned about him a shaggy gray overcoat, and took his leave without a single word in addition.

A minute later he came back and said: "Stagers is in this business, and I was to remind you of Lou Wilson,—I forgot that,—the woman that died last year. That 's all." Then he went away, leaving me in a cold sweat. I knew now I had no choice. I understood why I had been selected.

For the first time in my life, that night I could n't sleep. I thought to myself, at last, that I would get up early, pack a few clothes, and escape, leaving my books to pay as they might my arrears of rent. Looking out of the window, however, in the morning, I saw Stagers prowling about the opposite pavement; and as the only exit except the street door was an alleyway which opened alongside of the front of the house, I gave my-

self up for lost. About ten o'clock I took my case of instruments and started for File's house, followed, as I too well understood, by Stagers.

I knew the house, which was in a small up-town street, by its closed windows and the craped bell, which I shuddered as I touched. However, it was too late to draw back, and I therefore inquired for Mrs. File. A haggard-looking young woman came down, and led me into a small parlor, for whose darkened light I was thankful enough.

"Did you write this note?"

"I did," said the woman, "if you're the coroner. Joe File—he's my husband—he's gone out to see about the funeral. I wish it was his, I do."

"What do you suspect?" said I.

"I'll tell you," she returned in a whisper. "I think he was made away with. I think there was foul play. I think he was poisoned. That's what I think."

"I hope you may be mistaken," said I. "Suppose you let me see the body."

"You shall see it," she replied; and following her, I went up-stairs to a front chamber, where I found the corpse.

"Get it over soon," said the woman, with strange firmness. "If there ain't no murder been done I shall have to run for it; if there was"—and her face set hard—"I guess I'll stay." With this she closed the door and left me with the dead.

If I had known what was before me I never could have gone into the thing at all. It looked a little better when I had opened a window and let in plenty of light; for although I was, on the whole, far less afraid of dead than living men, I had an absurd feeling that I was doing this dead man a distinct wrong—as if it mattered to the dead, after all! When the affair was over, I thought more of the possible consequences than of its relation to the dead man himself; but do as I would at the time, I was in a ridiculous funk, and especially when going through the forms of a post-mortem examination.

I am free to confess now that I was careful not to uncover the man's face, and that when it was over I backed to the door and hastily escaped from the room. On the stairs opposite to me Mrs. File was seated, with her bonnet on and a bundle in her hand.

"Well," said she, rising as she spoke, and with a certain eagerness in her tone, "what killed him? Was it poison?"

"Poison, my good woman!" said I. "When a man has typhoid fever he don't need poison to kill him. He had a relapse, that's all."

"And do you mean to say he was n't poisoned," said she, with more than a trace of disappointment in her voice—"not poisoned at all?"

"No more than you are," said I. "If I had found any signs of foul play I should have had a regular inquest. As it is, the less said about it the better. The fact is, it would have been much wiser to have kept quiet at the beginning. I can't understand why you should have troubled me about it at all. The man had a perforation. It is common enough in typhoid."

"That's what the doctor said—I did n't believe him. I guess now the sooner I leave the better for me."

"As to that," I returned, "it is none of my business; but you may rest certain about the cause of your brother's death."

My fears were somewhat quieted that evening when Stagers and the wolf appeared with the remainder of the money, and I learned that Mrs. File had fled from her home and, as File thought likely, from the city also. A few months later File himself disappeared, and Stagers found his way for the third time into the penitentiary. Then I felt at ease. I now see, for my own part, that I was guilty of more than one mistake, and that I displayed throughout a want of intelligence. I ought to have asked more, and also might have got a good fee from Mrs. File on account of my services as coroner. It served me, however, as a good lesson; but it was several months before I felt quite comfortable.

(To be continued.)



THE FORGOTTEN MILLIONS.¹

II. JOHN GILLEY.

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT.

TO be absolutely forgotten in a few years is the common fate of mankind. Isaac Watts did not exaggerate when he wrote:

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears *all* its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

With the rarest exceptions, the death of each human individual is followed in a short time by complete oblivion, so far as living human memories are concerned. Even family recollection or tradition quickly becomes dim, and soon fades utterly away. Few of us have any clear transmitted impression of our great-grandparents; some of us could not describe our grandparents. Even men accounted famous at their deaths slip from living memories and become mere shadows or word-pictures—shadows or pictures which too often distort or misrepresent the originals. Not one human being in ten million is really long remembered. For the mass of mankind absolute oblivion, like death, is sure. But what if it is? Should this indubitable fact affect injuriously the mortal life in this world of the ordinary human being? Not at all. For most men and women the enjoyments, interests, and duties of this world are just as real and absorbing, at the moment, as they would be if the enjoying, interested, and dutiful individuals could imagine that they were long to be remembered on this earthly stage. A few unusually imaginative and ambitious persons are doubtless stimulated and supported by the hope of undying fame—a hope which in the immense majority of such cases proves to be a pure delusion. The fact is that fore-
looking is not a common occupation of the human mind. We all live, as a rule, in the present and the past, and take very little thought for the future. Now, in estimating the aggregate well-being and happiness of a community or a nation, it is obviously the condition of the obscure millions, who are sure to be absolutely forgotten, that it is

most important to see and weigh aright; yet history and biography alike neglect these humble, speechless multitudes, and modern fiction finds it profitable to portray the most squalid and vicious sides of the life of these millions rather than the best and the commonest. Thus the facts about the life of the common multitude go unobserved, or at least unrecorded, while fiction paints that life in false colors.

This paper describes with accuracy the actual life of one of the to-be-forgotten millions. Is this life a true American type? If it is, there is good hope for our country.

John Gilley was born February 22, 1822, at the Fish Point on Great Cranberry Island, Maine, whither his mother, who lived on Baker's Island, had gone to be confined at the house of Mrs. Stanley, a midwife. Baker's Island lies nearly four miles from the island of Mount Desert. It is a roundish island, a little more than half a mile long from north to south, and a little less than half a mile wide from east to west. At low tide it is connected with another much larger island, called Little Cranberry, by a reef and bar about a mile long; but by half-tide this bar is entirely covered. Almost all the coasting-vessels which come from the westward, bound to the Bay of Fundy or to the coast of Maine east of Frenchman's Bay, pass just outside of Baker's Island; and, as this island has some dangerous ledges near it, the United States built a lighthouse on its highest part in the year 1828. The island has no good harbor; but in the summer small vessels find a safe anchorage on the north side of it, except in easterly storms. The whole shore of the island is bare rock, and the vegetation does not approach the ordinary level of high water, the storm-waves keeping the rocks bare far above and behind the smooth-water level of high tide. There are many days in every year when it is impossible to land on the island or to launch a boat from it. In the milder half of the year the island is of course a convenient stopping-place for offshore fishermen, for it is several miles nearer the fishing-grounds than the harbors of Mount Desert proper.

¹ See article under the same title by President Eliot in THE CENTURY for August, 1890.

In the first years of this century the island was uninhabited, and was covered by a growth of good-sized trees, both evergreen and deciduous.

About the year 1812, William Gilley of Norwood's Cove, at the foot of Somes Sound on its west side, and Hannah Lurvey, his wife, decided to move on to Baker's Island with their three little children and all their goods. Up to that time he had got his living chiefly on fishing- or coasting-vessels; but, like most young men of the region, he was also something of a wood-cutter and farmer. He and his wife had already accumulated a little store of household goods and implements, and tools for fishing and farming. They needed no money wherewith to buy Baker's Island. There it lay in the sea, unoccupied and unclaimed; and they simply took possession of it.

William Gilley was a large, strong man, six feet tall, and weighing over two hundred pounds. His father is said to have come from Great Britain at fourteen years of age. Hannah Gilley was a robust woman, who had lived in Newburyport and Byfield, Massachusetts, until she was thirteen years old, and had there had much better schooling than was to be had on the island of Mount Desert. She was able to teach all her children to read, write, and cipher; and all her life she valued good reading, and encouraged it in her family. Her father, Jacob Lurvey, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and married Hannah Boynton of Byfield. The name Lurvey is a good transliteration of the German Loewe, which is a common name among German Jews; and there is a tradition in the Lurvey family that the first Lurvey, who emigrated to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, was of Jewish descent and came from Archangel in Russia. It is noticeable that many of the Lurveys have Old Testament names, such as Reuben, Levi, Samuel, Isaac, and Jacob, and that their noses tend to be aquiline. This was the case with most of the children of William and Hannah Gilley. The father of Hannah served in the Revolutionary army as a boy. He lived to the age of ninety-two, and had ten children and seventy-seven grandchildren. The Lurveys are therefore still numerous at South-West Harbor and the vicinity.

For William Gilley the enterprise of taking possession of Baker's Island involved much heavy labor, but few unaccustomed risks. For Hannah, his wife, it was different. She already had three little children, and she

was going to face for herself and her family a formidable isolation which was absolute for considerable periods in the year. Moreover, she was going to take her share in the severe labors of a pioneering family. Even to get a footing on this wooded island—to land lumber, live stock, provisions, and the implements of labor, and to build the first shelter—was no easy task. A small, rough beach of large stones was the only landing-place, and just above the bare rocks of the shore was the forest. However, health, strength, and fortitude were theirs; and in a few years they had established themselves on the island in considerable comfort. Nine more children were born to them there; so that they ultimately had a family of twelve children, of whom six were sons and six daughters. All these children grew to maturity. Fortunately, the eldest child was a girl, for it was the mother that most needed help. Three of the children are still (1899) living, two of them over eighty years of age and one over ninety. Nine of the twelve children married, and to them were born fifty-eight children, of whom forty-five are still living.

John Gilley was the tenth child and also the youngest son, and when he was born the family had already been ten years on the island, and had transformed it into a tolerable farm. When he began to look about him, his father was keeping about six cows, a yoke of oxen, two or three young cattle, about fifty sheep, and three or four hogs. Several of the children were already contributing by their labor to the support of the family. The girls, by the time they were twelve years old, were real helpers for the mother. They tended the poultry, made butter, and spun wool. The accompanying photograph of one of the daughters is declared by a surviving brother to be the perfect image of their mother. The boys naturally helped in the work of the father. He, unaided except by his boys, had cleared a considerable portion of the island, burning up in so doing a fine growth of trees—spruce, fir, birch, and beech. With his oxen he had broken up the cleared land, hauled off part of the stones and piled them on the protruding ledges, and gradually made fields for grass and other crops. In the earlier years, before flour began to be cheap at the Mount Desert "stores," he had even raised a little wheat on the island; but the main crops besides hay were potatoes and other vegetables for the use of the family and cattle. The son is still living who carried a boat-load of

wheat to Somesville, had it ground and sifted into three grades, and carried all three back to the island for winter use. The potato-bug and potato-rot were then unknown, and the island yielded any wished-for amount of potatoes. The family often dug from two to three hundred bushels of potatoes in a season, and fed what they did not want to their cattle and hogs.

Food at the island was habitually abundant. It was no trouble to get lobsters. No traps were needed; they could be picked up in the shallow water along the rocky shore. Fresh fish were always to be easily procured, except in stormy weather and in cold and windy February and March. A lamb could be killed at any time in the summer. In the fall, in sorting the flock of sheep, the family killed from ten to fifteen sheep; and what they could not use as fresh mutton they salted. Later in the season, when the weather turned cold, they killed a "beef-critter," and sometimes two when the family grew large. Part of this beef was salted, but part was kept frozen throughout the winter to be used fresh. Sea-birds added to their store of food. Shooting them made sport for the boys. Ducks and other sea-fowl were so abundant in the fall that the gunners had to throw away the bodies of the birds, after picking off all the feathers. The family never bought any salt pork, but every winter made a year's supply. Although codfish were easily accessible, the family made no use of salt cod. They preferred mackerel, which were to be taken in the near waters in some month of every year. They had a few nets, but they also caught mackerel on the hook. During the summer and early autumn the family had plenty of fresh vegetables.

For clothing the family depended mostly on wool from their own sheep. They used very little cotton. There were spinning-wheels and looms in the house, and the mother both spun and wove. Flax they raised on the island, and from it made a coarse kind of linen, chiefly for towels. They did, however, buy a cotton warp, and filled it with wool, thus making a comfortable sort of sheet for winter use or light blanket for summer. The wool of at least fifty sheep was used every year in the household, when the family had grown large. The children all went barefoot the greater part of the year; but in the winter they wore shoes or boots, the eldest brother having learned enough of the shoemaker's art to keep the family supplied with footwear in

winter. At that time there were no such things as rubber boots, and the family did not expect to have dry feet.

Their uses for money were few; but some essentials to comfort they must procure at the store, seven miles away, at South-West Harbor, in return for money or its equivalent. Their available resources for procuring money were very much like those of similar families to-day in the same neighborhood. They could sell or exchange butter and eggs at the store, and they could sell in Boston dried fish and feathers. One of John's elder brothers shot birds enough in a single year to yield over a hundredweight of feathers, worth fifty cents a pound in Boston. The family shipped their feathers to Boston every year by a coasting-vessel; and this product represented men's labor, whereas the butter and eggs represented chiefly the women's labor. The butter was far the best of the cash resources; and so it remains to this day in these islands. It sold in the vicinity at twelve and a half cents a pound. There was one other source of money, namely, smoked herring. The herring which abound in these waters had at that time no value for bait; but smoked herring could be sold in New York, which was the best market for them, at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and ten cents a box, each box holding half a bushel. The herring were caught, for the most part, in gill-nets; for there were then no weirs and no seines. The family had their own smoke-house, and made the boxes themselves from lumber which was sawed for them at the Somesville or the Duck Brook saw-mill. Each of these saw-mills was at least nine miles distant from Baker's Island; so that it was a serious undertaking, requiring favorable weather, to boat the lumber from the mill and land it safely at the rough home beach. The family nailed the boxes together out of the sawed lumber in the early fall, and packed them with the fragrant fish; and then some coasting-vessel, usually a schooner owned in a neighboring island, carried the finished product to distant New York, and brought back, after a month or two, clear cash to pay for the winter's stores.

In this large and united family the boys stayed at home and worked for their parents until they were twenty-one years of age, and the girls stayed at home until they were married and had homes of their own or had come of age. All the boys and three of the girls were ultimately married. The three girls who did not marry went away from

home to earn money by household labor, factory work, nursing, or sewing. It was not all work for the children on the island, or, indeed, for the father and mother. In the long winter evenings they played checkers and fox and geese; and the mother read to the family until the children grew old enough to take their share in reading aloud. Out of doors they played ball, and in winter coasted on the snow. The boys, as soon as they were ten or twelve years of age, were in and out of boats much of the time, and so attained that quick, instinctive use of oar, sail, and tiller in which lies safety. When they grew older they had the sport of gunning, with the added interest of profit from the feathers. Their domestic animals were a great interest as well as a great care. Then, they always had before them some of the most splendid aspects of nature. From their sea-girt dwelling they could see the entire hemisphere of the sky; and to the north lay the grand hills of Mount Desert, with outline clear and sharp when the north-west wind blew, but dim and soft when southerly winds prevailed. In every storm a magnificent surf dashed up on the rock-bound isle. In winter the low sun made the sea toward the south a sheet of shimmering silver; and all the year an endless variety of colors, shades, and textures played over the surfaces of hills and sea. The delight in such visions is often but half conscious in persons who have not the habit of reflection; but it is nevertheless a real source of happiness, which is soon missed when one brought up amid such pure and noble scenes is set down among the straitened, squalid, ugly sights of a city. On the whole, the survivors of that isolated family look back on their childhood as a happy one; and they feel a strong sense of obligation to the father and mother—particularly to the mother, because she was a person of excellent faculties and an intellectual outlook. Like most of her people for two generations, she was a member of the Congregational Church; and in the summer-time she took the eldest children nearly every Sunday in mild weather to the church at South-West Harbor, going seven miles each way in an open boat. To be sure, the minister taught that hell was paved with infants' skulls, and descriptions of hell-fire and the undying worm formed an important part of every discourse. Some of the children supposed themselves to accept what they heard at church; but the mother did not. She bought books and read for herself; and by the time she had borne half a dozen

children she could no longer accept the old beliefs, and became a Universalist, to which more cheerful faith she adhered till her death.

It is obvious that this family on its island domain was much more self-contained and independent than any ordinary family is today, even under similar circumstances. They got their fuel, food, and clothing as products of their own skill and labor, their supplies and resources being almost all derived from the sea and from their own fields and woods. In these days of one crop on a farm, one trade for a man, and factory labor for whole families, it is not probable that there exists a single American family which is so little dependent on exchange of products, or on supplies resulting from the labor of others, as was the family of William and Hannah Gilley from 1812 to 1842. It should also be observed that sea-shore people have a considerable advantage in bringing up boys, because boys who become good boatmen must have had an admirable training in alertness, prompt decision, resource in emergencies, and courageous steadiness in difficulties and dangers. The shore fisherman or lobsterman on the coast of Maine, often going miles to sea alone in a half-decked boat, is liable to all sorts of vexatious or formidable weather changes—in summer to fog, calms, and squalls, in winter to low-lying icy vapor, blinding snow, and the sudden northwester at zero, against which he must beat homeward with the flying spray freezing fast to hull, sails, and rigging. The youth who learns to wring safety and success out of such adverse conditions has been taught by these struggles with nature to be vigilant, patient, self-reliant, and brave. In these temperate regions the adverse forces of nature are not, as they sometimes are in the tropics, irresistible and overwhelming. They can be resisted and overcome by man; and so they develop in successive generations some of the best human qualities.

It resulted from the principles in which the children had been brought up that no one of the boys began to save much of anything for himself until he was twenty-one years of age. It was therefore 1843 before John Gilley began to earn money on his own account. Good health, a strong body, skill as a sailor, and some knowledge of farming, stock-raising, and fishing, he had acquired. In what way should he now begin to use these acquisitions for his own advantage? A fortunate change in his father's occupation fifteen years before probably facilitated

John's entrance on a career of his own. William Gilley had been appointed light-keeper in 1828, with a compensation of three hundred and fifty dollars a year in money, the free occupation of a house, and all the sperm-oil he could use in his household. He held this place until the year 1849, when, on the coming into power of the Whig party, he was turned out and a Whig was appointed in his place. Perhaps in recognition of his long service, it was considerably suggested to him that he might retain his position if he should see fit to join the dominant party; but to this overture he replied, with some expletives, that he would not change his political connection for all the lighthouses in the United States. Now, three hundred and fifty dollars a year in cash, besides house and light, was a fortune to any coast-of-Maine family seventy years ago,—indeed, it still is,—and William Gilley undoubtedly was able to lay up some portion of it, besides improving his buildings, live stock, boats, tools, and household furniture. From these savings the father was able to furnish a little money to start his sons each in his own career. This father was himself an irrepressible pioneer, always ready for a new enterprise. In 1837, long before he was turned out of the lighthouse, he bought for three hundred dollars Great Duck Island, an uninhabited island about five miles southwest of Baker's Island, and even more difficult of access, his project being to raise live stock there. Shortly after he ceased to be light-keeper, when he was about sixty-three years old and his youngest children were grown up, he went to live on Great Duck, and there remained almost alone until he was nearly eighty years of age. His wife Hannah had become somewhat infirm, and was unable to do more than make him occasional visits on Duck Island. She died at sixty-nine, but he lived to be ninety-two. Each lived in their declining years with one of their married sons, Hannah on Little Cranberry and William on Baker's. Such is the natural mode of taking care of old parents in a community where savings are necessarily small and only the able-bodied can really earn their livelihood.

John Gilley's first venture was the purchase of a part of a small coasting-schooner called the *Preference*, which could carry about one hundred tons, and cost between eight and nine hundred dollars. He became responsible for one third of her value, paying down one or two hundred dollars, which his father probably lent him. For the rest of

the third he obtained credit for a short time from the seller of the vessel. The other two owners were men who belonged on Great Cranberry Island. The owners proceeded to use their purchase during all the mild weather—perhaps six months of each year—in carrying paving-stones to Boston. These stones, unlike the present rectangular granite blocks, were smooth cobblestones picked up on the outside beaches of the neighboring islands. They of course were not found on any inland or smooth-water beaches, but only where heavy waves rolled the beach-stones up and down. The crew of the *Preference* must therefore anchor her off an exposed beach, and then, with a large dory, boat off to her the stones which they picked up by hand. This work was possible only during moderate weather. The stones must be of tolerably uniform size, neither too large nor too small; and each one had to be selected by the eye and picked up by the hand. When the dory was loaded, it had to be lifted off the beach by the men standing in the water, and rowed out to the vessel; and there every single stone had to be picked up by hand and thrown on to the vessel. A hundred tons having been thus got aboard by sheer hard work of human muscle, the old craft, which was not too seaworthy, was sailed to Boston, to be discharged at what was then called the "Stone Wharf" in Charlestown. There the crew threw the stones out of her hold on to the wharf by hand. They therefore lifted and threw these hundred tons of stone three times at least before they were deposited on the city's wharf. The cobblestones were the main freight of the vessel; but she also carried dried fish to Boston, and fetched back goods to the island stores of the vicinity. Some of the island people bought their flour, sugar, dry-goods, and other family stores in Boston through the captain of the schooner. John Gilley soon began to go as captain, being sometimes accompanied by the other owners and sometimes by men on wages. He was noted among his neighbors for the care and good judgment with which he executed their various commissions, and he knew himself to be trusted by them. This business he followed for several years, paid off his debt to the seller of the schooner, and began to lay up money. It was an immense satisfaction to him to feel himself thus established in an honest business which he understood, and in which he was making his way. There are few solid satisfactions to be won in this world by anybody, in any condition of

life. The scale of the business—large or small—makes little difference in the measure of content.

At that time—about 1843 to 1850—there were very few guides to navigation between Mount Desert and Boston compared with the numerous marks that the government now maintains. Charts were lacking, and the government had issued no coast-pilot. Blount's "Coast-Pilot" was the only book in use among the coastwise navigators, and its description of the coast of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts was very incomplete, though tolerably accurate in the few most important regions. It was often an anxious business for the young owners of an old, uninsured vessel to encounter the various weather of the New England coast between the 1st of April and the 1st of December. Their all and sometimes their lives were at stake on their own prudence, knowledge, and skill. None of them had knowledge of navigation in the technical sense; they were coasting sailors only, who found their way from point to point along the shore by practice, keen observation, and good memory for objects once seen and courses once safely steered. The young man who can do this work successfully has some good grounds for self-respect. At this business John Gilley laid up several hundred dollars. In a few years he was able to sell the *Preference* and buy half of a much better vessel called the *Express*. She was larger, younger, and a better sailer, and cost her purchasers between fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars. He followed the same business in the *Express* for several years more, laying her up in the late autumn and fitting her out again every spring. The winters he generally spent with his father and mother, or with one of his married brothers; but even in such periods of comparative repose he kept busy, and was always trying to make a little money. He was fond of gunning, and liked it all the better because it yielded feathers for sale. In December, 1853, he was staying with his brother Samuel Gilley on Little Cranberry Island, and gunning as usual; but his brother observed that he did not sell the feathers which he assiduously collected. That winter there was a school-teacher from Sullivan on Little Cranberry, who seemed to be an intelligent and pleasing girl. He made no remarks on the subject to his brother; but that brother decided that John was looking for a wife—or, as this brother expressed it at the age of eighty-two, "John was thinking of looking out for the woman; he saved his

feathers—and actions speak louder than words." Moreover, he sold his vessel at Rockland, and found himself in possession of nine or ten hundred dollars in money, the product of patient industry, and not the result of drawing a prize or two in the fishing lottery. In the following spring he went with six or seven other men, in a low-priced fishing-vessel of about thirty-five tons which his brother Samuel and he had bought, up the Bay of Fundy and to the banks between Mount Desert and Cape Sable, fishing for cod and haddock. Every fortnight or three weeks the brothers came home to land their fish and get supplies; but the schoolmistress had gone home to Sullivan. During that spring John Gilley crossed more than once to Sutton's Island, an island about a mile long, which lies between the Cranberry Islands and the island of Mount Desert, with its long axis lying nearly east and west. On this island he bought that season a rough, neglected farm of about fifty acres, on which stood a house and barn. It was a great undertaking to put the buildings into habitable condition and clear up and improve the few arable fields. But John Gilley looked forward to the task with keen interest and a good hope, and he had the definite purpose of providing here a permanent home for himself and a wife.

When cold weather put an end to the fishing season, John Gilley, having provided all necessary articles for his house, sailed over to Sullivan, distant about eighteen miles, in his fishing-vessel, and brought back to the home on Sutton's Island Harriet Bickford Wilkinson, the schoolmistress from Sullivan. The grandfather of Harriet Wilkinson came to Sullivan from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1769, and her mother's family came from York, Maine. The marriage took place on December 25, 1854, when John was thirty-two and Harriet was twenty-five; and both entered with joy upon married life at their own island farm. She was a pretty woman, but delicate, belonging to a family which was thought to have a tendency to consumption. The accompanying portrait of John Gilley is from a daguerreotype taken in 1854, the year of his marriage. In the summer of 1855 he spent about half his time on this same vessel which had brought home his wife, and made a fair profit on the fishing; and the next year he sometimes went on short trips of shore fishing, but that was the last of his going away from the farm. Whatever fishing he did afterward he did in an open boat not far from home, and he

went coasting no more. A son was born to them, but lived only seven months; and soon the wife's health began to fail. A wife's sickness, in the vast majority of families, means, first, the loss of her labor in the care and support of the household, and, secondly, the necessity of hiring some woman to do the work which the wife cannot do. This necessity of hiring is a heavy burden in a family where little money is earned, although there may be great comfort so far as food, fire, and clothing are concerned. His young wife continuing to grow worse, John Gilley tried all means that were possible to him to restore her health. He consulted the neighboring physicians, bought quantities of medicine in great variety, and tried in every way that love or duty could suggest to avert the threatening blow. It was all in vain. Harriet Gilley lived only two years and a half after her marriage, dying in June, 1857. At this period, his expenses being large and his earning power reduced, John Gilley was forced to borrow a little money. The farm and the household equipment had absorbed his whole capital.

On April 27, 1857, there came from Sullivan, to take care of Harriet, Mary Jane Wilkinson, her cousin. This cousin was only twenty-one years of age; but her father was dead, and her mother had married again. She had helped her mother till she was almost twenty-one years of age, but now felt free. Until this cousin came, nieces and a sister of John Gilley had helped him to take care of his dying wife. The woman relatives must always come to the aid of a family thus distressed. To help in taking care of the farm and in fishing, John Gilley habitually hired a man all through the season, and this season of 1857 the hired man was his wife's brother. When Harriet Gilley died, there was still the utmost need of a woman on the farm; so Mary Jane Wilkinson stayed during the summer and through the next winter, and before the end of that winter she had promised to marry John Gilley. There were at that time eight houses on Sutton's Island, and more permanent residents than there are now. Mary Jane Wilkinson was fond of the care of animals and of farm duties in general. She found at the farm only twelve hens, a cow, and a calf, and she set to work at once to increase the quantity of live stock; but in April, 1858, she returned to her mother's house at West Gouldsboro', that she might prepare her wardrobe and some articles of household linen. When, later in the season, John Gil-

ley came after Mary Jane Wilkinson at Jones's Cove, he had to transport to Sutton's Island, besides Mary Jane's personal possessions, a pair of young steers, a pig, and a cat. They were married at North-East Harbor by Squire Kimball, in the old tavern on the west side of the harbor, in July, 1858; and then these two set about improving their condition by unremitting industry and frugality, and an intelligent use of every resource the place afforded. The new wife gave her attention to the poultry and made butter whenever the milk could not be sold as such. The price of butter had greatly improved since John Gilley was a boy on Baker's Island. It could now be sold at from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. In summer Squire Kimball, at the tavern, bought their milk. All summer eggs could be sold at the stores on the neighboring islands; but in the fall it was necessary to send them to Boston. During the fishing season the husband frequently went for fish in an open boat with one sail; but he no longer absented himself from home for weeks at a time. His labor on the farm was incessant. On the crest of the island a small field had been cleared by the former occupant of the house. With the help of a yoke of oxen John Gilley proceeded to add to this field on the east and on the west. The piles of stones which he heaped up on the bare ledges remain to this day to testify to his industry. One of them is twenty-four feet long, fifteen feet wide, and five feet high. In after years he was proud of these piles, regarding them as monuments to his patient industry and perseverance in the redemption, or rather creation, of this precious mowing-field.

In these labors three or four years passed away, when the Civil War broke out, and soon, linseed-oil becoming scarce, porgy-oil attained an unheard-of value. Fortunately for the New England shore people, the porgies arrived in shoals on the coast in every season for rather more than ten years. At various places along the shore from Long Island Sound to the Bay of Fundy, large factories were built for expressing the oil from these fish; but this was an industry which could also be well conducted on a small scale with a few nets, a big kettle, and a screw-press worked by hand. For an enterprising and energetic man here was a new chance of getting profit from the sea. Accordingly, John Gilley, like thousands of other fishermen along the New England coast, set up a small porgy-oil factory, and during the porgy season this was his most

profitable form of industry. During the last part of the war porgy-oil sold at a dollar or even a dollar and ten cents a gallon. The chum, or refuse from the press, was a valuable element in manure. All of John Gilley's porgy-chum went to enrich his precious fields. We may be sure that this well-used opportunity gave him great satisfaction.

The farm, like most farms on the Maine shore, not sufficing for the comfortable support of his family, John Gilley was always looking for another industry by which he could add to his annual income. He found such an industry in the manufacture of smoked herring. This was at that time practised in two ways among the island people. Fresh herring were caught near home, and were immediately corned and smoked; and salted herring brought from the Magdalen Islands were bought by the vessel-load, soaked in fresh water to remove a part of the salt, and then smoked. John Gilley built a large smoke-house on his shore close to a safe and convenient anchorage, and there pursued the herring business in both forms, whenever supplies of herring could be obtained. This is an industry in which women can bear a part. They can pull out the gills and string the wet fish on the sticks by which they are hung up in the smoke-house; and they can pack the dried fish into the boxes in which they are marketed. So the wife and the eldest daughter, as time went on, took a hand in this herring work. The sawed lumber for the boxes was all brought from the saw-mill at the head of Somes Sound, eight miles away. The men did that transportation, and nailed the boxes together. It was characteristic of John Gilley that he always took pains to have his things better than anybody else's. He was careful and particular about all his work, and thoroughly believed in the good results of this painstaking care. He was always confident that his milk, butter, eggs, fowls, porgy-oil, and herring were better than the common, and were worth a higher price; and he could often induce purchasers to think so, too.

Of the second marriage there came three girls, who all grew to maturity, and two of whom were married in due season; but when John Gilley was seventy-four years old he had but two grandchildren, of whom the elder was only eight years old, his fate in this respect being far less fortunate than that of his father. Late marriage caused him to miss some of the most exquisite of natural human delights. He could not witness the coming of grandchildren to maturity.

He had the natural, animal fondness—so to speak—for children, the economic liking for them as helpers, and the real love for them as affectionate comrades and friends.

The daughters were disposed to help in the support of the family and the care of the farm. The eldest went through the whole course of the Normal School at Castine, and became a teacher. The youngest was best at household and farm work, having her father's head for business. The other daughter was married early, but had already gone from her father's house to Little Cranberry Island as a helper in the family of the principal storekeeper on that island. Since the household needed the assistance of another male, it was their custom to hire a well-grown boy or a man during the better part of the year, the wages for such services being not more than from fifteen to twenty dollars a month in addition to board and lodging.

Although the island lay much nearer to the shores of Mount Desert than Baker's Island did, the family had hardly more intercourse with the main island than William Gilley's family on Baker's Island had had a generation before. They found their pleasures chiefly at home. In the winter evenings they read aloud to one another, thus carrying down to another generation the habit which Hannah Lurvey Gilley had established in her family. The same good habit has been transmitted to the family of one of John Gilley's married daughters, where it is now in force.

In the early autumn of 1874 a serious disaster befell this industrious and thriving family. One evening Mr. and Mrs. Gilley were walking along the southern shore of the island toward a neighbor's house, when John suggested that it was time for Mary Jane to get the supper, and for him to attend to the fire in the smoke-house, which was full of herring hung up to smoke, and also contained on the floor a large quantity of packed herring, the fruit of the entire summer's work on herring. The smoke-house was large, and at one end there stood a carpenter's bench with a good many tools. It was also used as a place of storage for rigging, anchors, blocks, and other seaman's gear. Mrs. Gilley went home and made ready the supper. John Gilley arranged the fire as usual in the smoke-house, and went up to the house from the shore. As the family were sitting at supper, a neighbor, who had been calling there and had gone out, rushed back, exclaiming, "Your smoke-house is all afire!" So indeed it was; and

in a few minutes John Gilley's chief investment and all his summer's work went up in flames. The whole family ran to the scene, but it was too late to do more than save the fish-house, which stood near. John opened the door of the smoke-house and succeeded in rescuing a pair of oiled trousers and his precious compass, which stood on a shelf by the door. Everything else was burned up clean. John said but little at the moment, and looked calmly on at the quick destruction; but when he went to bed that night, he broke down and bewailed his loss with tears and sobs. He had lost not only a sum of money which was large for him,—perhaps five hundred dollars,—but, what was more, he had lost an object of interest and affection, and a means of livelihood which represented years of patient labor. It was as if a mill-owner had lost his mill without insurance, or the owner of a noble vessel had seen her go down within sight of home. This was the only time in all their married life that his wife ever saw him overcome by such emotion. In consequence of this disaster, it was necessary for John Gilley, in order to buy stores enough for the ensuing winter, to sell part of the live stock off his farm. This fact shows how close may be the margin of livelihood for a family on the New England coast which really owns a good deal of property and is justly held by its neighbors to be well off. If the cash proceeds of a season's work are lost or destroyed, extraordinary and undesirable means have to be taken to carry over the family to another season. This may happen to a healthy, industrious, frugal household. Much worse, of course, may happen in consequence of sudden disaster in an unthrifty or sickly family. The investments of poor men are apt to be very hazardous. They put their all into farming-tools or live stock; they risk everything they have on an old vessel or on a single crop, and therefore on the weather of a single season; with their small savings they build a barn or a smoke-house, which may be reduced to ashes with all its contents in fifteen minutes. Insurance they can seldom afford. If the investments of the rich were as hazardous as are those of the poor, theirs would be a lot even more worrisome than it is now.

The smoke-house was never rebuilt. At first the money to rebuild was lacking, and later a new prospect opened before the family. After the fire John Gilley went more into cows and less into fat oxen. Hitherto he had always kept a good yoke of

oxen and some steers, and he had been accustomed to do their hauling and plowing for all the families on the island. Thereafter he generally had as many as five cows, but often only a single young ox to do the hauling for the island. He always trained his oxen himself, and had pleasure in the company of these patient and serviceable creatures.

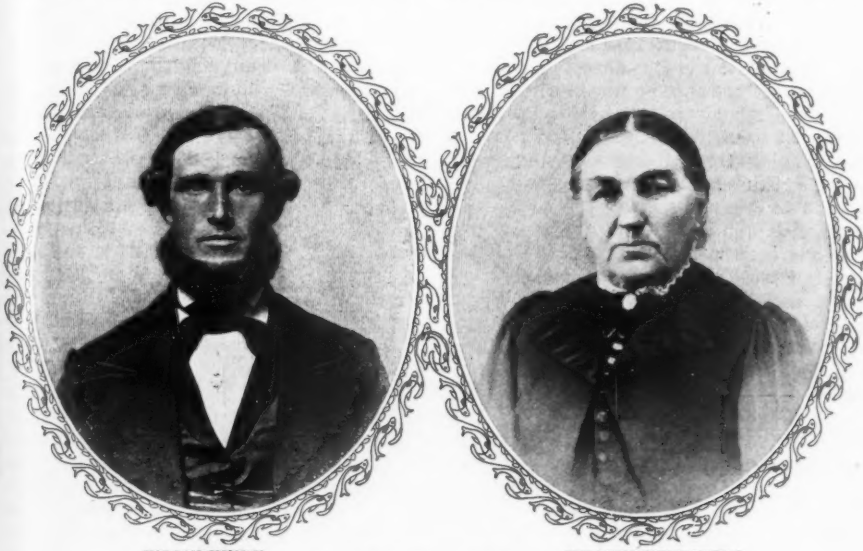
In 1880 the Gilleys on Sutton's Island heard that three "Westerners," or "rusticators," had bought land at North-East Harbor. One was said to be a bishop, another the president of a college, and the third and earliest buyer a landscape-gardener—whatever that might be. It was even reported that one of these pioneers had landed on the western end of Sutton's Island and walked the length of the island. The news was intensely interesting to all the inhabitants. They had heard of the fabulous prices of land at Bar Harbor, and their imaginations began to play over their own pastures and wood-lots. John Gilley went steadily on his laborious and thrifty way. He served the town in various capacities, such as selectman and collector of taxes. He was one of the school committee for several years, and later one of the board of health. He was also road-surveyor on the island—there being but one road, and that grass-grown. As a town officer John Gilley exhibited the same uprightness and frugality which he showed in all his private dealings. To be chosen to responsible office by his fellow-townsmen, every one of whom knew him personally, was to him a source of rational gratification; and in each of his offices he had occasion to enlarge his knowledge and to undertake new responsibilities.

In 1884 the extreme western point of Sutton's Island was sold to a "Westerner," a professor in Harvard College, and shortly after a second sale in the same neighborhood was effected; but it was not until 1886 that John Gilley made his first sale of land for summering purposes. In the next year he made another sale, and in 1894 a third. The prices he obtained, though moderate compared with the prices charged at Bar Harbor or North-East Harbor, were forty or fifty times any price which had ever been put on his farm by the acre. Being thus provided with what was for him a considerable amount of ready money, he did what all his like do when they come into possession of ready money—he first gave himself and his family the pleasure of enlarging and improving his house and other buildings, and



then lent the balance on small mortgages on village real estate. Suddenly he became a prosperous man, at ease, and a leader in his world. Up to this time he had merely earned a comfortable livelihood by means of diversified industry; since his second marriage now he had a secured capital in addition to his farm and its buildings. Now, at last, he was highly content, but nevertheless ready

trips to the western side of North-East Harbor, where he found a much larger market for his goods than he had found thirty-five years before, when he first delivered milk at Squire Kimball's tavern. This business involved what was new work for John Gilley, namely, the raising of fresh vegetables in much larger variety and quantity than he was accustomed to. He entered on this new



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

HALF-TONE PLATES ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SANTELLE.

JOHN GILLEY AND MATILDA GILLEY ALLEN, HIS ELDER SISTER.

as ever for new undertakings. His mind was active, and his eye and hand were steady.

When three cottages had stood for several years on the eastern foreside of North-East Harbor,—the nearest point of the shore of Mount Desert to Sutton's Island,—John Gilley, at the age of seventy-one, undertook to deliver at these houses milk, eggs, and fresh vegetables every day, and chickens and fowls when they were wanted. This undertaking involved his rowing in all weathers nearly two miles from his cove to the landings of these houses, and back again, across bay waters which are protected indeed from the heavy ocean swells, but are still able to produce what the natives call "a big chop." Every morning he arrived with the utmost punctuality, in rain or shine, calm or blow, and alone, unless it blew heavily from the northwest (a head wind from Sutton's), or his little grandson—his mate, as he called the boy—wanted to accompany him on a fine, still morning. Soon he extended his

work with interest and intelligence, but was of course sometimes defeated in his plans by wet weather in spring, a drought in summer, or by the worms and insects which unexpectedly attacked his crops. On the whole he was decidedly successful in this enterprise undertaken at seventy-one. Those who bought of him liked to deal with him, and he found in the business fresh interest and pleasure. Not many men take up a new out-of-door business at seventy, and carry it on successfully by their own brains and muscles. It was one of the sources of his satisfaction that he thus supplied the two daughters who still lived at his house with a profitable outlet for their energies. One of these—the school-teacher—was an excellent laundress, and the other was devoted to the work of the house and the farm, and was helpful in her father's new business. John Gilley transported the washes from North-East Harbor and back again in his rowboat, and under the new conditions of

the place washing and ironing proved to be more profitable than school-keeping.

In the fall of 1896 the family which had occupied that summer one of the houses John Gilley was in the habit of supplying with milk, eggs, and vegetables, and which had a young child dependent on the milk, lingered after the other summer households had departed. He consented to continue his daily trips a few days into October that the child's milk might not be changed, although it was perfectly clear that his labor could not be adequately recompensed. On the last morning but one that he was to come across from the island to the harbor a strong northeast wind was blowing, and some sea was running through the deep passage between Sutton's Island and Bear Island, which he had to cross on his way to and fro. He took with him in his boat the young man who had been working for him on the farm the few weeks past. They delivered the milk, crossed to the western side of North-East Harbor, did some errands there, and started cheerfully for home, as John Gilley had done from that shore hundreds of times before. The boy rowed from a seat near the bow, and the old man sat on the thwart near the stern, facing the bow, and pushing his oars from him. They had no thought of danger; but to ease the rowing they kept to windward under Bear Island, and then pushed across the deep channel, south by west, for the western point of Sutton's Island. They were more than half-way across when, through some inattention or lack of skill on the part of the young man in the bow, a sea higher or swifter than the rest threw a good deal of water into the

boat. John Gilley immediately began to bail, and told the rower to keep her head to the waves. The overweighted boat was less manageable than before, and in a moment another roller turned her completely over. Both men clung to the boat and climbed on to her bottom. She drifted away before the wind and sea toward South-West Harbor. The oversetting of the boat had been seen from both Bear Island and Sutton's Island; but it was nearly three quarters of an hour before the rescuers could reach the floating boat, and then the young man, though unconscious, was still clinging to the boat's keel, but the old man, chilled by the cold water and stunned by the waves which beat about his head, had lost his hold and sunk into the sea. In half an hour John Gilley had passed from a hearty and successful old age in this world, full of its legitimate interests and satisfactions, into the voiceless mystery of death. No trace of his body was ever found. It disappeared into the waters on which he had played and worked as boy and man all his long and fortunate life. He left his family well provided for, and full of gratitude and praise for his honorable career and his sterling character.

This is the life of one of the forgotten millions. It contains no material for distinction, fame, or long remembrance; but it does contain the material and present the scene for a normal human development through mingled joy and sorrow, labor and rest, adversity and success, and through the tender loves of childhood, maturity, and age. We cannot but believe that it is just for countless quiet, simple lives like this that God made and upholds this earth.

A SPUR TO GENIUS.

BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON.

IS it my Plutarch that the boy holds there
 Upon his knee, his soul absorbed in deeds
 Of other races, lands, and times, and creeds,
 The soft *Ægean* breeze within his hair,
 And tales of heroes for his daily fare?
 Ah! let him burn to face the haughty Medes,
 And glory in the men that Athens breeds,
 Or thrill at all the odds that Romans dare!
 E'en thus it was that Shakspeare learned to know
 His Timon and his Serpent of old Nile,
 And thus Montaigne in wisdom learned to grow,
 And thus the Corsican who left his isle
 To rule a world got thews that world to throw:
 My boy may get him something worth his while.

THE GOLF BONNET.

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

WITH PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



WITH poet-pencil subtle,
In days of "scoop" and "scuttle,"
Rob Herrick sang to Julia in quaintly fashioned phrase.
And when Priscilla modest
Wore headgear of the oddest,
Her sober millinery even won its meed of praise.

But ah, not a scintilla
 Care I for prim Priscilla!
 With Julia's antique fripperies I would not be acquaint;
 If I should write a sonnet
 I'd sing the golfing bonnet,
 Whose ruffled glory crowns her like the nimbus of a saint.

When skies are pink at morning,
 Of cloudless weather warning,
 And Phœbus gets him up to march unwinking round the world,
 Though ardently he kisses,
 His winsome mark he misses
 When o'er her brow her bonnet's jealous banner is unfurled.



Yet oftentimes it chances
 That, fearing not his glances,—
 In intervals of resting under leafy branches dim,
 With shadows intervening,—
 She needs no bonnet's screening,
 But shows her face completely in the halo of its brim.

I, too, have found its vizor
 A very tantalizer;
 For when the game is over, and the players leave the links,
 Although I walk beside her,
 It yet contrives to hide her,
 While Phœbus, the defeated, smiles as down the west he sinks.

What matters his deriding?
 For, patiently abiding
 Till half she turns unto me as we saunter slowly on,
 As swift I lean toward her,
 Lo! in its crimplly border
 Her cheek has caught the color of its frills of rosy lawn.



Oh, often may she don it,
Her bonny golfing bonnet!
And as she deftly ties her dainty head its shade within,
Though down she looks demurely,
Full well she knows, securely
She holds my heart a captive in the bow beneath her chin.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY"
ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

PART III. JUAN FERNANDEZ AND SAMOA.

I WAS determined to rely on my own small resources to repair the damages of the great gale which drove me southward toward the Horn, after I had passed from the Strait of Magellan out into the Pacific. So when I had gotten back into the strait, by way of Cockburn Channel,¹ I did not proceed eastward for help at the Sandy Point settlement, but turning again into the northwestward reach of the strait, set to work with my palm and needle at every opportunity, when at anchor and when sailing. Little by little the square-sail on the boom expanded to the dimensions of a serviceable mainsail with a peak to it and a leech besides. If it was not the best-setting sail afloat, it was at least very strongly made and would stand a hard blow. A ship, meeting the *Spray* long afterward, reported her as wearing a mainsail of some improved design and patent reefer, but that was not the case.

The *Spray* for a few days after the storm enjoyed fine weather and made fair time through the Strait of Magellan as far as "Coffee Island," which I sighted February 20, 1896. There she encountered another gale that brought her in the lee of great Charles Island for shelter. On a bluff point on Charles were signal-fires, and a tribe of savages, mustered here since my first trip through the strait, manned their canoes to put off for the sloop. It was not prudent to come to, the anchorage being within bow-shot of the shore, which was thickly wooded; but I made signs that one canoe might come alongside, while the sloop ranged about under sail in the lee of the land. The others I motioned to keep off, and incidentally laid a smart Martini-Henry rifle in sight, close at hand, on the top of the cabin. In the canoe that came alongside, crying their never-ending begging word "yam-

merschooner," were two squaws and one Indian, the hardest specimens of humanity I had ever seen in any of my travels. "Yammerschooner" was their plaint when they pushed off from the shore, and "yammerschooner" it was when they got alongside. The squaws beckoned for food, while the Indian, a black-visaged savage, stood sulkily as if he took no interest in the matter at all; but on turning my back for some biscuits and jerked beef for the squaws, the "buck" sprang on deck and confronted me, saying in Spanish jargon that we had met before. I thought I recognized the tone of his "yammerschooner," and his full beard identified him as the Black Pedro whom, it was true, I had met before. "Where are the rest of the crew?" he asked, as he looked uneasily around, expecting hands, maybe, to come out of the fore-scuttle and deal him his just deserts for many murders. "About three weeks ago," said he, "when you passed up here, I saw three men on board. Where are the other two?" I answered him briefly that the same crew was still on board. "But," said he, "I see you are doing all the work," and with a leer he added, as he glanced at the mainsail, "hombre valiente." I explained that I did all the work in the day, while the rest of the crew slept, so that they would be fresh to watch for Indians at night. I was interested in the subtle cunning of this savage, knowing him, as I did, better perhaps than he was aware. Even had I not been advised before I sailed from Sandy Point, I should have measured him for an arch-villain now. Moreover, one of the squaws, with that spark of kindness which is somehow found in the breast of even the lowest savage, warned me by a sign to be on my guard, and that Black Pedro would do me harm. There was no need of the warning, however, for I was on my guard from the first, and at that moment held a smart revolver in my hand ready for instant service.

¹ The reader is referred to the map on page 939 of the October CENTURY for the *Spray's* course in her double trip through the Strait of Magellan.—EDRON.

"When you sailed through here before," he said, "you fired a shot at me," adding with some warmth that it was "muy malo." I affected not to understand, and said, "You have lived at Sandy Point, have you not?" He answered frankly, "Yes," and appeared delighted to meet one who had come from the dear old place. "At the mission?" I queried. "Why, yes," he replied, stepping forward as if to embrace an old friend. I motioned him back, for I did not share his flattering humor. "And you know Captain Pedro Samblich?" continued I. "Yes," said the vil-

to give him; but I held it toward him on the muzzle of my rifle, the one that "kept on shooting." The chap picked the box off the gun gingerly enough, to be sure, but he jumped when I said, "Quedao [Look out]," at which the squaws laughed and seemed not at all displeased. Perhaps the wretch had clubbed them that morning for not gathering mussels enough for his breakfast. There was a good understanding among us all.

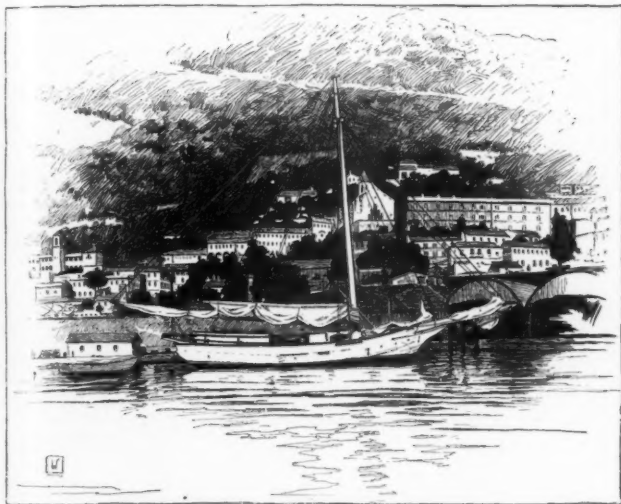
From Charles Island the *Spray* crossed over to Fortescue Bay, where she anchored

and spent a comfortable night under the lee of high land, while the wind howled outside. The bay was deserted now. They were Fortescue Indians whom I had seen at the island, and I felt quite sure they could not follow the *Spray* in the present hard blow. Not to neglect a precaution, however, I sprinkled tacks on deck before I turned in.

On the following day the loneliness of the place was broken by the appearance of a great steamship, making for the anchorage with a lofty bearing. She was no Diego craft. I knew the sheer, the model, and the pose. I threw out

my flag, and directly saw the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze from the great ship.

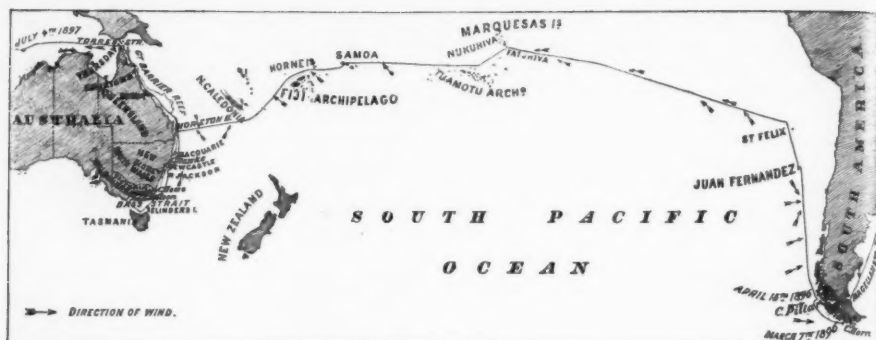
The wind had then abated, and toward night the savages made their appearance from the island, going direct to the steamer to "yammerschooner." Then they came to the *Spray* to beg more, or to steal all, declaring that they got nothing from the steamer. Black Pedro here came alongside again. My own brother could not have been more delighted to see me, and he begged the loan of my rifle to shoot a guanaco for me in the morning. I assured the fellow that if I remained there another day I would lend him the gun, but I had no mind to remain. I gave him a cooper's draw-knife and some other small implements which would be of service in canoe-making, and bade him be off.



THE "SPRAY" AT ANCHOR OFF GIBRALTAR.

This picture (printed here because it gives a good idea of the lines of the hull) shows the rig of the *Spray* in her voyage from the United States to Gibraltar, and again across the Atlantic to the Strait of Magellan, where the rig was changed to a yawl, as shown on page 684 of the September *CENTURY*.

lain, who had killed a kinsman of Samblich—"yes, indeed; he is a great friend of mine." "I know it," said I. Samblich had told me to shoot him on sight. Pointing to my rifle on the cabin, he wanted to know how many times it fired. "Quantos?" said he. When I explained to him that that gun kept right on shooting, his jaw fell, and he spoke of getting away. I did not hinder him from going. I gave the squaws biscuits and beef, and one of them gave me several lumps of tallow in exchange, and I think it worth mentioning that she did not offer me the smallest pieces, but with some extra trouble reached me the largest pieces of all in the canoe. No Christian could have done more. Before pushing off from the sloop the cunning savage asked for matches, and made as if to reach with the end of his spear the box I was about



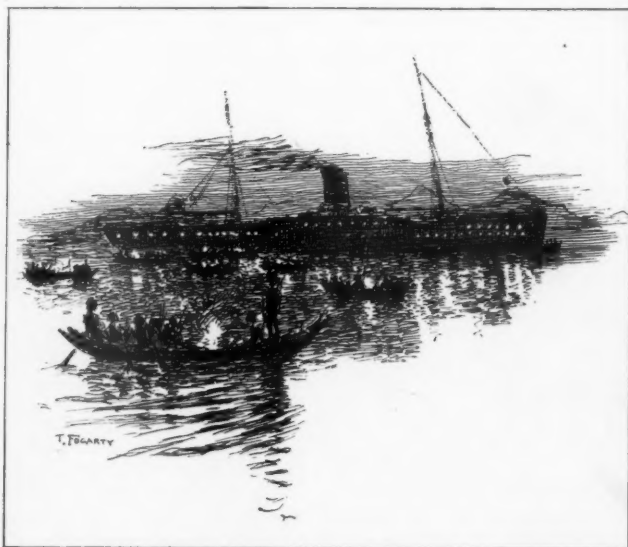
THE "SPRAY'S" COURSE FROM THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN TO TORRES STRAIT.

Under the cover of darkness that night I went to the steamer, which I found to be the *Colombia*, Captain Henderson, from New York, bound for San Francisco. I carried all my guns along with me, in case it should be necessary to fight my way back. In the chief mate of the *Colombia*, Mr. Hannibal, I found an old friend, and he referred affectionately to days in Manila when we were there together, he in the *Southern Cross* and I in the *Northern Light*, both ships as beautiful as their names.

The *Colombia* had an abundance of fresh stores on board. The captain gave his steward some order, and I remember that the

guileless young man asked me if I could manage, besides other things, a few cans of milk and a cheese. When I offered my Montevideo gold for the supplies, the captain roared like a lion and told me to put my money up. It was a glorious outfit of provisions of all kinds that I got there.

Returning to the *Spray*, where I found all secure, I prepared for an early start in the morning. It was agreed that the steamer should blow her whistle for me if first on the move, but the sloop was the first under way. I had watched the steamer, off and on, through the night for the pleasure alone of seeing her electric lights, a pleasing sight in



A CONTRAST IN LIGHTING—THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS OF THE "COLOMBIA" AND THE CANOE FIRES OF THE FORTESCUE INDIANS.

contrast to the ordinary Fuegian canoe with a brand of fire in it. But the *Colombia*, soon following, passed, and saluted as she went by. Had the captain given me his steamer, his company would have been no worse off than they were two or three months later. I read afterward, in a late California paper, "The *Colombia* will be a total loss." On her second trip to Panama she was wrecked on the rocks of the California coast.

The *Spray* was then beating against wind and current, as usual in the strait. At this point the tides from the Atlantic and the Pacific meet, setting with most force toward the Atlantic. In the strait, as on the outside coast, their meeting makes a commotion of whirlpools and combers that in a gale of wind is dangerous to canoes and other frail craft.

About eight miles up the strait from Fortescue was the next anchorage, Borgia Bay. There the *Spray* arrived for the second time and cast anchor early in the afternoon. I threw out my skiff, and with ax and gun landed at the head of the cove, where I filled a barrel of water from a considerable stream. Then, as before, there was no sign of Indians at the place. Finding it quite deserted, I rambled about near the beach for an hour or more. The fine weather seemed, somehow, to add loneliness to the place, and when I came upon a spot where a grave was marked I went no farther. Returning to the head of the cove, I came to a sort of Calvary, it appeared to me, where navigators, carrying their cross, had each set one up as a beacon to others coming after. They had anchored here and gone on, all except the one under the little mound. One of the simple marks, curiously enough, had been left there by the steamship *Colimbia*, sister ship to the *Colombia*, my neighbor of that morning.

I read the names of many other vessels; some of them I copied in my journal, others were illegible. Many of the crosses had decayed and fallen, and many a hand that put them there I had known, many a hand now still. The air of depression was about the place, and I hurried back to the sloop to forget myself again in the voyage.

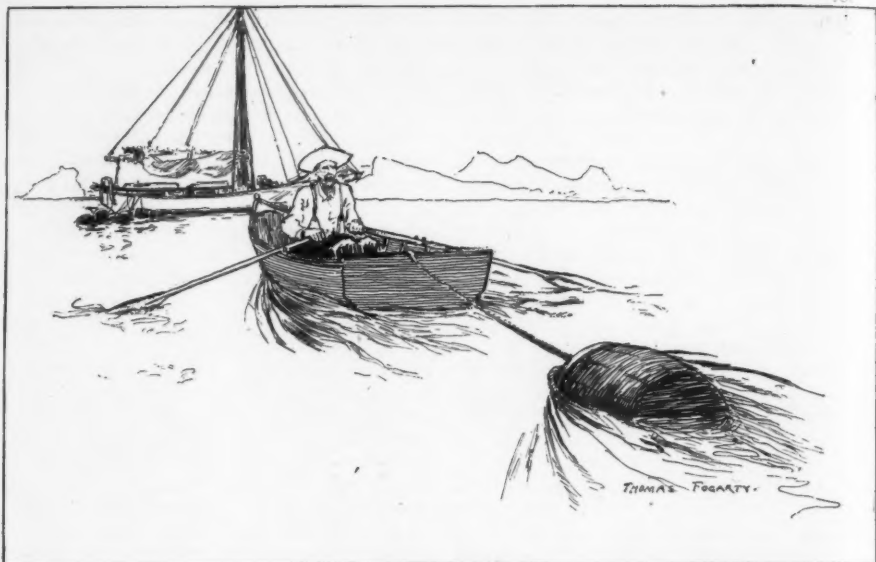
Early the next morning I stood out from Borgia Bay, and off Cape Quod, where the wind fell light, I moored the sloop by kelp in twenty fathoms of water, and held her there a few hours against a three-knot current. That night I anchored in Langara Cove, a few miles farther along, where on the following day I discovered wreckage and goods washed up from the sea. I worked all day

now, salving and boating off a cargo to the sloop. The bulk of the goods was tallow in casks and in lumps from which the casks had broken away; and embedded in the seaweed was a barrel of wine, which I also towed alongside. I hoisted them in with the throat-halyards, which I took to the windlass. The weight of some of the casks was a little over eight hundred pounds.

There were no Indians about Langara; evidently there had not been any since the great gale which had washed the wreckage on shore. Probably it was the same gale that drove the *Spray* off Cape Horn, from March 3 to 8. Hundreds of tons of kelp had been torn from beds in deep water and rolled up into ridges on the beach. A specimen stalk which I found entire, roots, leaves, and all, measured one hundred and thirty-one feet in length. At this place I filled a barrel of water at night, and on the following day sailed with a fair wind at last.

I had not sailed far, however, when I came abreast of more tallow in a small cove, where I anchored, and boated off as before. It rained and snowed hard all that day, and it was no light work carrying tallow in my arms over the boulders on the beach. But I worked on till the *Spray* was loaded with a full cargo. I was happy then in the prospect of doing a good business farther along on the voyage, for the habits of an old trader would come to the surface. I sailed from the cove about noon, greased from top to toe, while my vessel was tallowd from keelson to truck. My cabin, as well as the hold and deck, was stowed full of tallow, and all were thoroughly smeared.

Another gale had then sprung up, but the wind was still fair, and I had only twenty-six miles to run for Port Angosto, a dreary enough place, where, however, I would find a safe harbor in which to refit and stow cargo. I carried on sail to make the harbor before dark, and the *Spray* fairly flew along, all covered with snow, which fell thick and fast, till she looked like a white winter bird. Between the storm-bursts I saw the headland of my port, and was steering for it when a flaw of wind caught the mainsail by the lee, jibed it over, and dear! dear! how nearly was this the cause of disaster; for the sheet parted and the boom unshipped, and it was then close upon night. I worked till the perspiration poured from my body to get things adjusted and in working order before dark, and, above all, to get it done before the sloop drove to leeward of the port of refuge. Even then I did not get the boom



SALVING WRECKAGE.

shipped in its saddle. I was at the entrance of the harbor before I could get this done, and it was time to haul her to or lose the port; but in that condition, like a bird with a broken wing, she made the haven. The accident which so jeopardized my vessel and cargo came of a defective sheet-rope, one made from sisal, a treacherous fiber which has caused a great deal of strong language among sailors.

I did not run the *Spray* into the inner harbor of Port Angosto, but came to inside a bed of kelp under a steep bluff on the port hand going in. It was an exceedingly snug nook, and to make doubly sure of holding on here against all williwaws I moored her with two anchors and secured her by cables to trees. However, no wind ever reached there more than back flaps from the mountains on the opposite side of the harbor. There, as elsewhere in that region, the country was made up of mountains. This was the place where I was to refit and whence I was to sail direct, once more, for Cape Pillar and the Pacific.

I remained at Port Angosto some days, busily employed about the sloop. I stowed the tallow from the deck to the hold, arranged my cabin in better order, and took in a good supply of wood and water. I also mended my sails and rigging, and fitted a jigger, which changed the rig to a yawl. I called the boat a sloop just the same, the jigger being merely a temporary affair.

I never forgot, even at the busiest time of my work there, to have my rifle by me ready for instant use; for I was of necessity within range of savages, and I had seen Fuegian canoes at this place when I anchored in the port, farther down the reach, on the first trip through the strait. I think it was on the second day, while I was busily employed about decks, that I heard the swish of something through the air close by my ear, and heard a "zip"-like sound in the water, but saw nothing. Presently, however, I suspected that it was an arrow of some sort, for just then one passing not far from me struck the mainmast, where it stuck fast, vibrating from the shock—a Fuegian autograph. A savage was somewhere near, there could be no doubt about that. I did not know but he might be shooting at me, with a view to getting my sloop and her cargo; so I threw up my old Martini-Henry, the rifle that kept on shooting, and the first shot uncovered three Fuegians, who scampered from a clump of bushes where they had been concealed, and made over the hills. I fired away a good many cartridges, aiming under their feet to encourage their climbing. My dear old gun woke up the hills, and at every report all three of the savages jumped as if shot; but they kept on, and put Fuego real estate between themselves and the *Spray* as fast as their legs could carry them. I took care then, more than ever before, that all my

firearms should be in order and that a supply of ammunition should always be ready at hand. But the savages did not return, and although I put tacks on deck every night, I never discovered that any more visitors came, and I had only to sweep the deck of tacks carefully every morning after.

As the days went by, the season became more favorable for a chance to clear the strait with a fair wind, and so I made up my mind after six attempts, being driven back each time, to be in no further haste to sail. The bad weather on my last return to Port Angosto for shelter brought the Chilean gunboat *Condor* and the Argentine cruiser *Azopardo* into port. As soon as the latter came to anchor, Captain Mascarella, the commander, sent a boat to the *Spray* with the message that he would take me in tow for Sandy Point if I would give up the voyage and return—the thing farthest from my mind.

I procured some cordage and other small supplies from these vessels, and the officers of each of them mustered a supply of warm flannels, of which I was most in need. With these additions to my outfit, and with the vessel in good trim, though somewhat deeply laden, I was well prepared for another bout with the Southern, misnamed Pacific, Ocean.

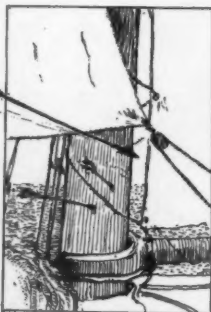
In the first week of April southeast winds, such as appear about Cape Horn in the fall and winter seasons, bringing better weather than that experienced in the summer, began to disturb the upper clouds; a little more patience, and the time would come for sailing with a fair wind.

At Port Angosto I met Professor Dusen of the Swedish scientific expedition to South America and the Pacific Islands. The professor was camped by the side of a brook at the head of the harbor, where there were many varieties of moss, in which he was interested, and where the water was, as his Argentine cook said, "muy rico." The professor had three well-armed Argentines along in his camp to fight savages. They seemed disgusted when I filled water at a small stream near the vessel, slighting their advice to go farther up to the greater brook where it was "muy rico." But they were all fine fellows, though it was a wonder that they did not all die of rheumatic pains from living on wet ground.

Of all the little haps and mishaps to the *Spray* at Port Angosto, of the many attempts to put to sea, and of each return for shelter, it is not my purpose to speak. Of hindrances there were many to keep her back, but on the thirteenth day of April, and for the seventh and last time, she weighed anchor from that port. Difficulties, however, multiplied all about in so strange a manner that had I been given to superstitious fears I should not have persisted in sailing on a thirteenth day, notwithstanding that a fair wind blew in the offing. Many of the incidents were ludicrous. When I found myself, for instance, disentangling the sloop's mast from the branches of a tree after she had drifted three times around a small island, against my will, it seemed more than one's nerves could bear, and I had to speak about it, so I thought, or die of lockjaw, and I apostrophized the *Spray* as an impatient farmer might his horse or his ox. "Did n't you know," cried I—"did n't you know that you could n't climb a tree?" But the poor old *Spray* had essayed, and successfully too, nearly everything else in the Strait of Magellan, and my heart softened toward her when I thought of what she had gone through. Now at last she carried me free of Tierra del Fuego.

If by a close shave only, still she carried me clear, though her boom actually hit the beacon rocks to leeward as she lugged on sail to clear the point. The thing was done on the 13th of April, 1896.

But a close shave and a narrow escape were nothing new to the *Spray*. The waves doffed their white caps beautifully to her in the strait that day before the southeast wind, the first true winter breeze of the season from that quarter, and here she was out on the first of it, with every prospect of clearing Cape Pillar before it



A FUEGIAN AUTOGRAPH.

should shift. So it turned out; the wind blew hard, as it always blows about Cape Horn, but she had cleared the great tide-race off Cape Pillar and the Evangelistas, the outermost rocks of all, before the change came. I remained at the helm humoring my vessel in the cross seas, for it was rough, and I did not dare to let her take a straight course. It was necessary to change her course in the combing seas, to meet them with what skill I could when they rolled up ahead, and to keep off when they came up abeam.

On the following morning, April 14, only the tops of the highest mountains were in sight, and the *Spray*, making good headway on a northwest course, soon sank these out of sight. "Hurrah for the *Spray*!" I shouted to seals, sea-gulls, and penguins; for there were no other living creatures about, and she had weathered all the dangers of Cape Horn. Moreover, she had on her voyage round the Horn salvaged a cargo of which she had not jettisoned a pound. And why should not one rejoice also in the main chance coming so of itself?

I shook out a reef, and set the whole jib, for, having sea-room, I could square away two points. This brought the sea more on her quarter, and she was the wholesomer under a press of sail. Occasionally an old southwest sea, rolling up, combed athwart her, but did no harm. The wind freshened as the sun rose half-mast or more, and the air, a bit chilly in the morning, softened

later in the day; but I gave little thought to such things as these.

One wave, in the evening, larger than others that had threatened all day,—one such as sailors call "fine-weather seas,"—broke over the sloop fore and aft. It washed over me at the helm, the last that swept over the *Spray* off Cape Horn. It seemed to wash away old regrets. All my troubles were now astern; summer was ahead; all the world was again before me. The wind was even literally fair. My "trick" at the wheel was now up, and it was 5 P. M. I had stood at the helm since eleven o'clock the morning before, or thirty hours.

Then was the time to uncover my head, for I sailed alone with my God. The vast ocean was again around me, and the horizon was unbroken by land. A few days later the *Spray* was under full sail, and I saw her for the first time with a jigger spread. This was indeed a small incident, but it was the

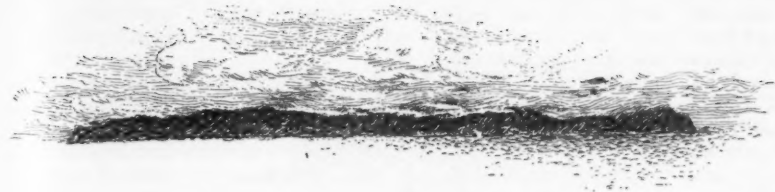
incident following a triumph. The wind was still southwest, but it had moderated, and roaring seas had turned to gossiping waves that rippled and pattered against her sides as she rolled among them, delighted with their story. Rapid changes went on those days in things all about while she headed for the tropics. New species of birds came around; albatrosses fell back and became scarcer and scarcer; lighter gulls came in their stead, and pecked for crumbs in the sloop's wake.

On the tenth day from Cape Pillar a shark came along, the first of its kind on this part of the voyage to get into trouble. I harpooned him, and took out his ugly jaws. I had not till then felt inclined to take the life of any animal, but when John Shark hove in sight my sympathy flew to the winds.

From Cape Pillar I steered for Juan Fernandez, and on the 26th of April, fifteen days out, made that historic island right ahead.



"THE FIRST SHOT UNCOVERED THREE FUEGIANS."



THE "SPRAY" APPROACHING JUAN FERNANDEZ,
ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The blue hills of Juan Fernandez, high among the clouds, could be seen about thirty miles off. A thousand emotions thrilled me when I saw the island, and I bowed my head to the deck. We may mock the Oriental salaam, but for my part I could find no other way of expressing myself.

The wind being light through the day, the *Spray* did not reach the island till night. With what wind there was to fill her sails she stood close in to shore on the northeast side, where it fell calm and remained so all night. I saw the twinkling of a small light farther along in a cove, and fired a gun, but got no answer, and soon the light disappeared altogether. I heard the sea booming against the cliffs all night, and realized that the ocean swell was still great, although from the deck of my little ship it was apparently small. From the cry of animals in the hills, which sounded fainter and fainter through the night, I judged that a light current was drifting the sloop from the land, though she seemed all night dangerously near the shore, for, the land being very high, appearances were deceptive.

Soon after daylight I saw a boat putting out toward me. As it pulled near, it so happened that I picked up my gun, which was on the deck, meaning only to put it below; but the people in the boat, seeing the piece in my hands, quickly turned and pulled back for shore, which was about four miles distant. There were six rowers in her, and I observed that they pulled with oars in oarlocks, after the manner of trained seamen, and so I knew they belonged to a civilized race; but their opinion of me must have been anything but flattering when they mistook my purpose with the gun and pulled away with all their might. I made them understand by signs, but not without difficulty, that I did not intend to shoot, that I was simply putting the piece in the cabin, and that I wished them to return. When they understood my meaning they came back and were soon on board.

One of the party, whom the rest called

"king," spoke English; the others spoke Spanish. They had all heard of the voyage of the *Spray* through the papers of Valparaíso, and were hungry for news concerning it. They told me of a war between Chile and the Argentine, which I had not heard of when I was there. I had just visited both countries, and I told them that according to the latest reports, while I was in Chile, their own island was sunk. (This same report that Juan Fernandez had sunk was current in Australia when I arrived there three months later.)

I had already prepared a pot of coffee and a plate of doughnuts, which, after some words of civility, the islanders stood up to and discussed with a will, after which they took the *Spray* in tow of their boat and made toward the island with her at the rate of a good three knots. The man they called king took the helm, and with whirling it up and down he so rattled the *Spray* that I thought she would never carry herself straight again. The others pulled away lustily with their oars. The king, I soon learned, was king only by courtesy. Having lived longer on the island than any other man in the world, — thirty years, — he was so dubbed. Juan Fernandez was then under the administration of a governor of Swedish nobility, so I was told. I was also told that his daughter could ride the wildest goat on the island. The governor, at the time of my visit, was away at Valparaíso with his family, to place his children at school. The king had been away once for a year or two, and had married a Brazilian woman in Rio de Janeiro, who followed his fortunes to the far-off island. He was himself a Portuguese and a

native of the Azores. He had sailed in New Bedford whale-ships and had steered a boat. All this I learned, and more too, before we reached the anchorage. The sea-breeze, coming in before long, filled the *Spray's* sails, and the experienced Portuguese mariner piloted her to a safe berth in the bay, where she was moored to a buoy abreast the settlement.

The *Spray* being secured, the islanders returned to the coffee and doughnuts, and I was more than flattered when they did not slight my buns, as the professor had done in the Strait of Magellan. Between buns and doughnuts there was little difference except in name. Both had been fried in tallow, which was the strong point in both, for there was nothing on the island fatter than a goat, and a goat is but a lean beast, to make the best of it. So with a view to business I hooked my steelyards to the boom at once, ready to weigh out tallow, there being no customs officer to say, "Why do you do so?" and before the sun went down the islanders had learned the art of making buns and doughnuts. I did not charge a high price for what I sold, but the ancient and curious coins I got in payment, some of them from the wreck of a galleon sunk in the bay no one knows when, I sold afterward to antiquarians for more than face-value. In this way I made a reasonable profit. I brought away money of all denominations from the island, and nearly all there was, so far as I could find out.

Juan Fernandez, as a place of call, is a lovely spot. The hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are streams of pure water. There are no serpents on the island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a dog or two. The people lived without the use of rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The fashions of Paris did not affect



THE HOUSE OF THE KING.

the inhabitants; each dressed according to his own taste. Although there was no doctor, the people were all healthy, and the children were all beautiful. There were about forty-five souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One lady there, from Chile, who made a flying-jib for the *Spray*, taking her pay in tallow, would be

called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you was more than I could make out.

A large ship which had arrived some time before, on fire, had been stranded at the head of the bay, and as the sea smashed her to pieces on the rocks, after the fire was drowned, the islanders picked up the timbers and utilized them in the construction of houses, which naturally presented a ship-like appearance. The house of the king of Juan Fernandez, Manuel Carroza by name, besides resembling the ark, wore a polished brass knocker on its only door, which was painted green. In front of this gorgeous entrance was a flag-mast all ataunto, and near it a smart whale-boat painted red and blue, the delight of the king's old age.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the old lookout place at the top of the mountain, where Selkirk spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. From a tablet fixed into the face of the rock I copied these words, inscribed in Arabic capitals:

In Memory
of

ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

Mariner,

A native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke*, privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died Lieutenant of

H. M. S. *Weymouth*, A. D. 1723,¹ aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A. D. 1868.

The cave in which Selkirk dwelt while on the island is at the head of the bay, now called Robinson Crusoe Bay. It is around a bold headland west of the present anchorage and landing. Ships have anchored there, but it affords a very indifferent berth. Both of these anchorages are exposed to north winds, which, however, do not reach home with much violence. The holding-ground being good in the first-named bay to the eastward, the anchorage there may be considered safe, although the undertow at times makes it wild riding.

I visited Robinson Crusoe Bay in a boat, and with some difficulty landed through the surf near the cave, which I entered. I found it dry and inhabitable. It is located in a beautiful nook sheltered by high mountains from all the severe storms that sweep over the island, which are not many; for it lies near the limits of the trade-wind regions, being in latitude 35½° S. The island is about fourteen miles in length, east and west, and eight miles in width; its height is over three thousand feet. Its distance from Chile, to which country it belongs, is about three hundred and forty miles.

Juan Fernandez was once a convict station. A number of caves in which the prisoners were kept, damp, unwholesome dens, are no longer in use, and no more prisoners are sent to the island.

The pleasantest day I spent on the island, if not the pleasantest on my whole voyage, was my last day on shore, —but by no means because it was the last, —when the children of the little community, one and all, went out with me to gather wild fruits for the voyage. We found quinces, peaches, and figs, and the children gathered a basket of each.

It takes very little to please children, and these little ones, never hearing a word in their lives except Spanish, made the hills ring with mirth at the sounds of words in English. They asked me the names of all manner of things on the island. We came to a wild fig-tree loaded with fruit, of which I gave them the English name. "Figgies, figgies!" they cried, while they picked till their baskets were full. But when I told them that the *cabra* they pointed out was only a goat, they screamed with laughter and rolled on the grass in wild delight to think that a man had come to their island who would call a *cabra* a goat.

The first child born on Juan Fernandez, I was told, had become a beautiful woman and was now a mother. Manuel Carroza and the good soul who followed him here from Brazil had laid away their only child, a girl at the age of seven, in the little churchyard on the point. In the same half-acre were other mounds among the rough lava rocks, some marking the burial-place of native-born children, some the resting-places of seamen from passing ships, landed here to end days of sickness and get into a sailors' heaven.

The greatest drawback I saw in the island

was the want of a school. A class there would necessarily be small, but to some kind soul who loved teaching and quietude life on Juan Fernandez would, for a limited time, be one of delight.

On the morning of May 5, 1896, I sailed from Juan Fernandez, having feasted on many things, but on nothing sweeter than the adventure itself of a visit to the home and to the very cave of Robinson Crusoe. From the island the *Spray* bore away to

the north, passing the island of St. Felix before she gained the trade-winds, which seemed slow in reaching their limits.

If the trades were tardy, however, when they did come they came with a bang, and made up for lost time; and the *Spray*, under reefs, sometimes one, sometimes two, flew before a gale for a great many days, with a



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE.

¹ Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1899, shows that the tablet is in error as to the year of Selkirk's death. It should be 1721. — EDITOR.

bone in her mouth, toward the Marquesas, in the west, which she made on the forty-third day out, and still kept on sailing. My time was all taken up those days—not by standing at the helm; no man, I think, could stand or sit and steer a vessel round the world: I did

I wished for no other compass to guide me, for these were true. If I doubted my reckoning after a long time at sea I verified it by reading the clock aloft made by the Great Architect, and it was right.

There was no denying that the comical



THE MAN WHO CALLED A CABRA A GOAT.

better than that; for I sat and read my books, mended my clothes, or cooked my meals and ate them in peace. I had already found that it was not good to be alone, and so I made companionship with what there was around me, sometimes with the universe and sometimes with my own insignificant self; but my books were always my friends, let fail all else. Nothing could be easier or more restful than my voyage in the trade-winds.

I sailed with a free wind day after day, marking the position of my ship on the chart with considerable precision; but this was done by intuition, I think, more than by slavish calculations. For one whole month my vessel held her course true; I had not, the while, so much as a light in the binnacle. The Southern Cross I saw every night abeam. The sun every morning came up astern; every evening it went down ahead.

side of the strange life appeared. I awoke at morning, sometimes, to find the sun already shining into my cabin. I heard water rushing by my head, with only a thin plank between, and I said, "How is this?" But it was all right; it was my ship on her course, sailing as no other ship had ever sailed before in the world. The rushing water along her side told me that she was sailing at full speed. I knew that no human hand was at the helm; I knew that all was well with "the hands" forward, and that there was no mutiny on board.

The phenomena of ocean meteorology were interesting studies even here in the trade-winds. I observed that about every seven days the wind freshened and drew several points farther than usual from the direction of the pole; that is, it went round from east-southeast to south-southeast, while at the

same time a heavy swell rolled up from the southwest. All this indicated that gales were going on in the anti-trades. The wind then hauled day after day as it moderated, till it stood again at the normal point, east-south-east. This is more or less the constant state of the winter trades in latitude 12° S., where I "ran down the longitude" for weeks. The sun, we all know, is the creator of the trade-winds and of the wind system over all the earth. But ocean meteorology is, I think, the most fascinating of all. From Juan Fernandez to the Marquesas I experienced six changes of these great palpitations of sea-winds and of the sea itself, the effect of far-off gales. To know the laws that govern the winds, and to know that you know them, will give you an easy mind on your voyage round the world; otherwise you may tremble at the appearance of every cloud. What is true of this in the trade-winds is much more so in the variables, where changes run more to extremes.

To cross the Pacific Ocean, even under the most favorable circumstances, brings you for many days close to nature, and you realize the vastness of the sea. Slowly but surely the mark of my little ship's course on the track-chart reached out on the ocean and across it, while at her utmost speed she marked with her keel still slowly the sea that carried her. On the forty-third day from land, —a long time to be at sea alone,—the sky being beautifully clear and the moon being "in distance" with the sun, I threw up my sextant for sights. I found from the result of three observations, after long wrestling with lunar tables, that her longitude by observation agreed within five miles of that by dead-reckoning.

This was wonderful; both, however, might be in error, but somehow I felt confident that both were nearly true, and that in a few hours more I should see land; and so it happened, for then I made the island of Futahiva, the southernmost of the Marquesas group, clear-cut and lofty. The verified longitude when abreast was somewhere between the two reckonings; this was extraordinary. All navigators will tell you that from one day to another a ship may lose or gain more than five miles in her sailing-account, and again, in the matter of lunars, even expert lunarians are considered as doing clever work when they average within eight miles of the truth.

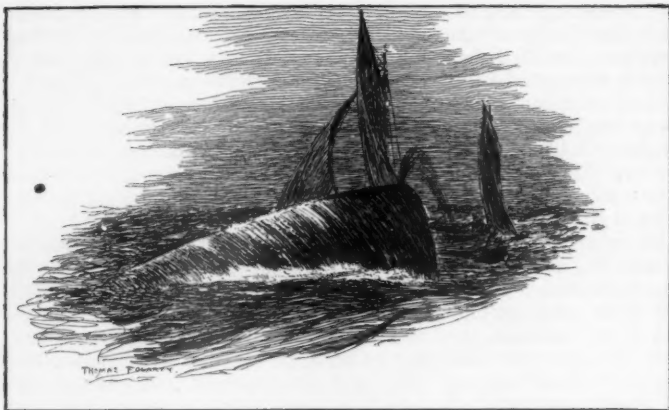
I hope I am making it clear that I do not lay claim to cleverness or to slavish calculations in my reckonings. I think I have

already stated that I kept my longitude, at least, mostly by intuition. A rotator log always towed astern, but so much has to be allowed for currents and for drift, which the log never shows, that it is only an approximation, after all, to be corrected by one's own judgment from data of a thousand voyages; and even then the master of the ship, if he be wise, cries out for the lead and the lookout.

Unique was my experience in nautical astronomy from the deck of the *Spray*. So much so that I feel justified in briefly telling it here. The first set of sights put her many hundred miles west of my reckoning by account. I knew in all reason that this could not be correct. In about an hour's time I took another set of observations with the utmost care; the mean result of these was about the same as that of the first set. I asked myself why, with my boasted self-dependence, I had not done at least better than this. Then I went in search of a discrepancy in the tables, and I found it. In the tables I found that the column of figures from which I had got an important logarithm was in error. It was a matter I could prove beyond a doubt, and it made the difference as already stated. The tables being corrected, I sailed on with self-reliance unshaken, and with my tin clock fast asleep. The result of these observations naturally tickled my vanity, for I knew that it was something to stand on a great ship's deck and with two assistants take lunar observations approximately near the truth. As one of the poorest of American sailors, I was proud of that little achievement alone on the sloop, even by chance though it may have been.

I was *en rapport* now with my surroundings, and was carried on a vast stream where I felt the buoyancy of His hand who made all the worlds. I realized the mathematical truth of their motions, so well known that astronomers compile tables of their positions through the years and the days, and the minutes of a day, with such precision that one coming along over the sea even five years later may, by their aid, find the standard time of any given meridian on the earth.

To find local time is a simpler matter. The difference between local and standard time is shown by longitude, four minutes of time, we all know, representing one degree of longitude. This, briefly, is the principle on which longitude is found independent of chronometers. The work of the lunarian, though seldom practised in these days of chronometers, is beautifully edifying, and there is



MEETING WITH THE WHALE.

nothing in the realm of navigation that lifts one's heart up more in adoration.

To be alone forty-three days would seem a long time, but in reality, even here, winged moments flew lightly by, and instead of my hauling in for Nukahiva, which I could have made as well as not, I kept on for Samoa, where I wished to make my next landing. This occupied twenty-nine days more, making seventy-two days in all. I was not distressed in any way during that time. There was no end of companionship; the very coral reefs kept me company, and there were many of them now in my course to Samoa.

First among the incidents of the voyage from Juan Fernandez to Samoa (which were not many) was a narrow escape from collision with a great whale that was absent-mindedly plowing the ocean at night while I was below. The noise from his startled snort and the commotion he made in the sea, as he turned to clear my vessel, brought me on deck in time to catch a wetting from the water he threw up with his flukes. The monster was apparently frightened. He headed quickly for the east; I kept on going west. Soon another whale passed, evidently a companion, following in its wake. I saw no more on this part of the voyage, nor did I wish to.

Hungry sharks came about the vessel often when she neared islands or coral reefs. I own to a satisfaction in shooting them as one would a tiger. Sharks, after all, are the tigers of the sea. Nothing is more dreadful to the mind of a sailor, I think, than a possible encounter with a hungry shark.

A number of birds were always about; occasionally one poised on the mast to look

which I made two or three times a week. I had always plenty of coffee, tea, sugar, and flour. I carried usually a good supply of potatoes, but before reaching Samoa I had a mishap which left me destitute of this highly prized sailors' luxury. Through meeting at Juan Fernandez the Yankee Portuguese named Manuel Carroza, who nearly traded me out of my boots, I ran out of potatoes in mid-ocean, and was wretched thereafter. I prided myself on being something of a trader; but this Portuguese from the Azores by the way of New Bedford, who gave me new potatoes for the older ones I had got from the *Colombia*, a bushel or more of the best, left me no ground for boasting. He wanted mine, he said, "for changee the seed." When I got to sea I found that his tubers were rank and unedible, and full of fine yellow streaks of repulsive appearance. I tied the sack up and returned to the few left of my old stock, thinking that maybe when I got right hungry the island potatoes would improve in flavor. Three weeks later I opened the bag again, and out flew millions of winged insects! Manuel's potatoes had all turned to moths. I tied them up quickly and threw all into the sea.

Manuel had a large crop of potatoes on hand, and as a hint to whalemén, who are always eager to buy vegetables, he wished me to report whales off the island of Juan Fernandez, which I have already done, and big ones at that, but they were a long way off.

Taking things by and large, as sailors say, I got on fairly well in the matter of provisions even on the long voyage across the Pacific. I found always some small

the *Spray* over, wondering, perhaps, at her odd wings, for she now wore her Fuego mainsail, which, like Joseph's coat, was made of many pieces. Ships are less common on the Southern seas than formerly. I saw not one in the many days crossing the Pacific.

My diet on these long passages usually consisted of potatoes and salt cod and biscuits,

stores to help the fare of luxuries; what I lacked of fresh meat was made up in fresh fish, at least while in the trade-winds, where flying-fish crossing on the wing at night would hit the sails and fall on deck, sometimes two or three of them, sometimes a dozen. Every morning except when the moon was large I got a bountiful supply by merely picking them up from the lee scuppers. All tinned meats went begging.

On the 16th of July, after considerable care and some skill and hard work, the *Spray* cast anchor at Apia, in the kingdom of Samoa, about noon. My vessel being moored, I spread an awning, and instead of going at once on shore I sat under it till late in the evening, listening with delight to the musical voices of the Samoan men and women.

A canoe coming down the harbor, with three young women in it, rested her paddles abreast the sloop. One of the fair crew, hailing with the naive salutation, "Talofa lee" ("Love to you, chief"), asked:

"Schoon come Melike?"

"Love to you," I answered, and said,

"Yes."

"You man come lone?"

Again I answered, "Yes."

"I don't believe that. You had other mans, and you eat 'em."

At this sally the others laughed. "What for you come long way?" they asked.

"To hear you ladies sing," I replied.

"Oh, talofa lee!" they all cried, and sang on. Their voices filled the air with music that rolled across to the grove of tall palms on the other side of the harbor and back. Soon after this

six young men came down in the United States consul-general's boat, singing in parts and beating time with their oars. In my interview with them I came off better than with the damsels in the canoe. They bore an invitation from General Churchill for me to come and dine at the consulate.

Next morning bright and early Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson came to the *Spray*

and invited me to Vailima the following day. I was of course thrilled when I found myself, after so many days of adventure, face to face with this bright woman, so lately the companion of the author, who had delighted me on the voyage. The kindly eyes, that looked me through and through, sparkled when we compared notes of adventure. I marveled at some of her experiences and escapes. She told me that along with her husband she had voyaged in all manner of rickety craft among the islands of the Pacific, reflectively adding, "Our tastes were similar."

Following the subject of voyages, she gave me the four beautiful volumes of sailing directories for the Mediterranean, writing on the fly-leaf of the first:

To Captain Slocum. These volumes have been read and re-read many times by my husband, and I am very sure that he would be pleased that they should be passed on to the sort of seafaring man that he liked above all others.

FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.



FIRST EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES IN SAMOA.

Mrs. Stevenson also gave me a great directory of the Indian Ocean. It was not without a feeling of reverential awe that I received the books so nearly direct from the hand of Tusitala, "who sleeps in the forest." Aolele, the *Spray* will cherish your gift.

The novelist's stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, walked through the Vailima mansion with me and bade me write my letters at the old

desk. I thought it would be presumptuous to do that; it was sufficient for me to enter the hall on the floor of which the "Writer of Tales," according to the Samoan custom, was wont to sit.

Coming through the main street of Apia one day, with my hosts, all bound for the *Spray*, Mrs. Stevenson on horseback, I walking by her side, and Mr. and Mrs. Osbourne close in our wake on bicycles, at a sudden turn in the road we found ourselves mixed with a remarkable native procession, with a somewhat primitive band of music, in front of us, while behind was a festival or a funeral, we could not tell which. Several of the stoutest men carried bales and bundles on poles. Some were evidently bales of tapa-cloth. The burden of one set of poles, heavier than the rest, however, was not so easily made out. My curiosity was whetted to know whether it was a roast pig or something of a gruesome nature, and I inquired about it. "I don't know," said Mrs. Stevenson, "whether this is a wedding or a funeral. Whatever it is, though, captain, our place seems to be at the head of it."

The *Spray* being in the stream, we boarded her from the beach abreast, in the little razeed Gloucester dory, which had been painted a smart green. Our combined weight loaded it gunwale to the water, and I was obliged to steer with great care to avoid swamping. The adventure pleased Mrs. Stevenson greatly, and as we paddled along she sang, "They went to sea in a pea-green boat." I could understand her saying of

her husband and herself, "Our tastes were similar."

As I sailed farther from the center of civilization I heard less and less of what would and what would not pay. Mrs. Stevenson, in speaking of my voyage, did not once ask me what I would make out of it. When I came to a Samoan village, the chief did not ask the price of gin, or say, "How much will you pay for roast pig?" but, "Dollar, dollar," said he; "white man know only dollar."

"Never mind dollar. The *tapo* has prepared ava; let us drink and rejoice." The *tapo* is the virgin hostess of the village; in this instance it was Taloa, daughter of the chief. "Our taro is good; let us eat. On the tree there is fruit. Let the day go by; why should we mourn over that? There are millions of days coming. The breadfruit grows in the sun, and from the cloth-tree is Taloa's gown. Our house, which is good, cost us but the labor of building it, and there is no lock on the door."

While the days go thus in these Southern islands we at the North are struggling for the bare necessities of life.

For food the islanders have only to put out their hand and take what nature has provided for them; if they plant a banana-tree, their only care afterward is to see that too many trees do not grow. They have great reason to love their country and to fear the white man's yoke, for once harnessed to the plow, their life would no longer be a poem.

(To be continued.)



VAILIMA, THE HOME OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MILITARY PREPAREDNESS AND UNPREPAREDNESS.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, M. Pierre Loti, member of the French Academy and cultivated exponent of the hopes and beliefs of the average citizen of continental Europe in regard to the contest, was at Madrid. Dewey's victory caused him grief; but he consoled himself, after watching a parade of the Spanish troops, by remarking, "They are indeed still the solid and splendid Spanish troops, heroic in every epoch—it needs only to look at them to divine the woe that awaits the American shopkeepers when brought face to face with such soldiers." The excellent M. Loti had already explained Manila by vague references to American bombs loaded with petroleum, and to a devilish mechanical ingenuity wholly unaccompanied by either humanity or courage, and he still allowed himself to dwell on the hope that there were reserved for America *des surprises sanglantes*.

M. Loti's views on military matters need not detain us, for his attitude toward the war was merely the attitude of continental Europe generally, in striking contrast to that of England. But it is a curious fact that his view reflects not unfairly two different opinions, which two different classes of our people would have expressed before the event—opinions singularly falsified by the fact. Our pessimists feared that we had lost courage and fighting capacity; some of our optimists asserted that we needed neither, in view of our marvelous wealth and extraordinary inventiveness and mechanical skill. The national trait of "smartness," used in the Yankee sense of the word, has very good and very bad sides. Among the latter is its tendency to create the belief that we need not prepare for war, because somehow we shall be able to win by some novel patent device, some new trick or new invention developed on the spur of the moment by the ingenuity of our people. In this way it is hoped to provide a substitute for preparedness—that is, for years of patient and faithful attention to detail in advance. It is even sometimes said that these mechanical devices

will be of so terrible a character as to nullify the courage which has always in the past been the prime factor in winning battles.

Now, as all sound military judges knew in advance must inevitably be the case, the experience of the Spanish war completely falsified every prediction of this kind. We did not win through any special ingenuity. Not a device of any kind was improvised during or immediately before the war which was of any practical service. The "bombs enveloped in petroleum" had no existence save in the brains of the Spaniards and their more credulous sympathizers. Our navy won because of its preparedness and because of the splendid seamanship and gunnery which had been handed down as traditional in the service, and had been perfected by the most careful work. The army, at the only point where it was seriously opposed, did its work by sheer dogged courage and hard fighting, in spite of an unpreparedness which almost brought disaster upon it, and would without doubt actually have done so had not the defects and shortcomings of the Spanish administration been even greater than our own.

We won the war in a very short time, and without having to expend more than the merest fraction of our strength. The navy was shown to be in good shape; and Secretary Root, to whom the wisdom of President McKinley has intrusted the War Department, has already shown himself as good a man as ever held the portfolio—a man whose administration is certainly to be of inestimable service to the army and to the country. In consequence, too many of our people show signs of thinking that, after all, everything was all right, and is all right now; that we need not bother ourselves to learn any lessons that are not agreeable to us, and that if in the future we get into a war with a more formidable power than Spain, we shall pull through somehow. Such a view is unjust to the nation, and particularly unjust to the splendid men of the army and of the navy, who would be sacrificed to it, should we ever engage in a serious war without having learned the lessons that the year 1898 ought to have taught.

If we wish to get an explanation of the efficiency of our navy in 1898, and of the astonishing ease with which its victories were won, we must go a long way back of that year, and study not only its history, but the history of the Spanish navy for many decades. Of course any such study must begin with a prompt admission of the splendid natural quality of our officers and men. On the bridge, in the gun-turrets, in the engine-room, and behind the quick-firers, every one alike, from the highest to the lowest, was eager for the war, and was, in heart, mind, and body, of the very type which makes the best kind of fighting man.

Many of the officers of our ships have mentioned to me that during the war punishments almost ceased, because the men who got into scrapes in times of peace were so aroused and excited by the chance of battle that their behavior was perfect. We read now and then of foreign services where men hate their officers, have no community of interest with them, and no desire to fight for the flag. Most emphatically such is not the case in our service. The discipline is just but not severe, unless severity is imperatively called for. As a whole, the officers have the welfare of the men very much at heart, and take care of their bodies with the same forethought that they show in training them for battle. The physique of the men is excellent, and to it is joined eagerness to learn, and readiness to take risks and to stand danger unmoved.

Nevertheless, all this, though indispensable as a base, would mean nothing whatever for the efficiency of the navy without years of careful preparation and training. A war-ship is such a complicated machine, and such highly specialized training is self-evidently needed to command it, that our naval commanders, unlike our military commanders, are freed from having to combat the exasperating belief that the average civilian could at short notice do their work. Of course, in reality a special order of ability and special training are needed to enable a man to command troops successfully; but the need is not so obvious as on shipboard. No civilian could be five minutes on a battle-ship without realizing his unfitness to command it; but there are any number of civilians who firmly believe they can command regiments, when they have not a single trait, natural or acquired, that really fits them for the task. A blunder in the one case meets with instant, open, and terrible punishment; in the other, it is at the moment only a

source of laughter or exasperation to the few, ominous though it may be for the future. A colonel who issued the wrong order would cause confusion. A ship captain by such an order might wreck his ship. It follows that the navy is comparatively free in time of war from the presence in the higher ranks of men utterly unfit to perform their duties. The nation realizes that it cannot improvise naval officers even out of first-rate skippers of merchantmen and passenger-steamers. Such men could be used to a certain extent as under-officers to meet a sudden and great emergency; but at best they would meet it imperfectly, and this the public at large understands.

There is, however, some failure to understand that much the same condition prevails among ordinary seamen. The public speakers and newspaper writers who may be loudest in clamoring for war are often precisely the men who clamor against preparations for war. Whether from sheer ignorance or from demagoguery, they frequently assert that, as this is the day of mechanics, even on the sea, and as we have a large mechanical population, we could at once fit out any number of vessels with men who would from the first do their duty thoroughly and well.

As a matter of fact, though the sea mechanic has replaced the sailorman, yet it is almost as necessary as ever that a man should have the sea habit in order to be of use aboard ship; and it is infinitely more necessary than in former times that a man-of-war's man should have especial training with his guns before he can use them aright. In the old days cannon were very simple; sighting was done roughly; and the ordinary merchant seaman speedily grew fit to do his share of work on a frigate. Nowadays men must be carefully trained for a considerable space of time before they can be of any assistance whatever in handling and getting good results from the formidable engines of destruction on battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo-boat. Crews cannot be improvised. To get the very best work out of them, they should all be composed of trained and seasoned men; and in any event they should not be sent against a formidable adversary unless each crew has for a nucleus a large body of such men filling all the important positions. From time immemorial it has proved impossible to improvise so much as a makeshift navy for use against a formidable naval opponent. Any such effort must meet with disaster.

Most fortunately, the United States had

grown to realize this some time before the Spanish war broke out. After the gigantic Civil War the reaction from the strain of the contest was such that our navy was permitted to go to pieces. Fifteen years after the close of the contest in which Farragut took rank as one of the great admirals of all time, the splendid navy of which he was the chief ornament had become an object of derision to every third-rate power in Europe and South America. The elderly monitors and wooden steamers, with their old-fashioned smooth-bore guns, would have been as incompetent to face the modern ships of the period as the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* were to face the *Merrimac*. Our men were as brave as ever, but in war their courage would have been of no more avail than the splendid valor of the men who sank with their guns firing and flags flying when the great Confederate ironclad came out to Hampton Roads.

At last the nation awoke from its lethargy. In 1883, under the administration of President Arthur, when Secretary Chandler was in the Navy Department, the work was begun. The first step taken was the refusal to repair the more antiquated wooden ships, and the building of new steel ships to replace them. One of the ships thus laid down was the *Boston*, which was in Dewey's fleet. It is therefore merely the literal truth to say that the preparations which made Dewey's victory possible began just fifteen years before the famous day when he steamed into Manila Bay. Every senator and congressman who voted an appropriation which enabled Secretary Chandler to begin the upbuilding of the new navy, the President who advised the course, the secretary who had the direct management of it, the shipbuilder in whose yard the ship was constructed, the skilled experts who planned her hull, engine, and guns, and the skilled workmen who worked out these plans, all alike are entitled to their share in the credit of the great Manila victory.

The majority of the men can never be known by name, but the fact that they did well their part in the deed is of vastly more importance than the obtaining of any reward for it, whether by way of recognition or otherwise; and this fact will always remain. Nevertheless, it is important for our own future that, so far as possible, we should recognize the men who did well. This is peculiarly important in the case of Congress, whose action has been the indispensable prerequisite for every effort to build up the navy, as Congress provided the means for each step.

As there was always a division in Congress, while in the popular mind the whole body is apt to be held accountable for any deed, good or ill, done by the majority, it is much to be wished, in the interest of justice, that some special historian of the navy would take out from the records the votes, and here and there the speeches, for and against the successive measures by which the navy was built up. Every man who by vote and voice from time to time took part in adding to our fleet, in buying the armor, in preparing the gun-factories, in increasing the personnel and enabling it to practise, deserves well of the whole nation, and a record of his action should be kept, that his children may feel proud of him. No less clearly should we understand that throughout these fifteen years the men who, whether from honest but misguided motives, from short-sightedness, from lack of patriotism, or from demagoguery, opposed the building up of the navy, have deserved ill of the nation, exactly as did those men who recently prevented the purchase of armor for the battle-ships, or, under the lead of Senator Gorman, prevented the establishment of our army on the footing necessary for our national needs. If disaster comes through lack of preparedness, the fault necessarily lies far less with the men under whom the disaster actually occurs than with those to whose wrong-headedness or short-sighted indifference in time past the lack of preparedness is due.

The mistakes, the blunders, and the shortcomings in the army management during the summer of 1898 should be credited mainly not to any one in office in 1898, but to the public servants of the people, and therefore to the people themselves, who permitted the army to rust since the Civil War with a wholly faulty administration, and with no chance whatever to perfect itself by practice, as the navy was perfected. In like manner, any trouble that may come upon the army, and therefore upon the nation, in the next few years, will be due to the failure to provide for a thoroughly reorganized regular army of adequate size last year; and for this failure the members in the Senate and the House who took the lead against increasing the regular army, and reorganizing it, will be primarily responsible. On them will rest the blame of any check to the national arms, and the honor that will undoubtedly be won for the flag by our army will have been won in spite of their sinister opposition.

In May, 1898, when our battle-ships were

lying off Havana and the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers were crossing the ocean, our best commanders felt justifiable anxiety because we had no destroyers to guard our fleet against the Spanish destroyers. Thanks to the blunders and lack of initiative of the Spaniards, they made no good use whatever of their formidable boats, sending them against our ships in daylight, when it was hopeless to expect anything from them.

But in war it is unsafe to trust to the blunders of the adversary to offset our own blunders. Many a naval officer, when with improvised craft of small real worth they were trying to guard our battle-ships against the terrible possibilities of an attack by torpedo-boat destroyers in the darkness, must have thought with bitterness how a year before, when Senator Lodge and those who thought like him were striving to secure an adequate support of large, high-class torpedo-boats, the majority of the Senate followed the lead of Senator Gorman in opposition. So in the future, if what we all most earnestly hope will not happen does happen, and we are engaged in war with some formidable sea power, any failure of our arms resulting from an inadequate number of battle-ships, or imperfectly prepared battle-ships, will have to be credited to those members of Congress who opposed increasing the number of ships, or opposed giving them proper armament, for no matter what reason. On the other hand, the national consciousness of capacity to vindicate national honor must be due mainly to the action of those congressmen who have in fact built up our fleet.

Secretary Chandler was succeeded by a line of men, each of whom, however he might differ from the others politically and personally, sincerely desired and strove hard for the upbuilding of the navy. Under Messrs. Whitney, Tracy, Herbert, and Long the work has gone steadily forward, thanks, of course, to the fact that successive Congresses, Democratic and Republican alike, have permitted it to go forward.

But the appropriation of money and the building of ships were not enough. We must keep steadily in mind that not only was it necessary to build the navy, but it was equally necessary to train our officers and men aboard it by actual practice. If in 1883 we had been able suddenly to purchase our present battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, they could not have been handled with any degree of efficiency by our officers and crews as they then were. Still less would it

be possible to handle them by improvised crews. In an emergency bodies of men like our naval militia can do special bits of work excellently, and, thanks to their high average of character and intellect, they are remarkably good makeshifts, but it would be folly to expect from them all that is expected from a veteran crew of trained man-of-war's men. And if we are ever pitted ship for ship on equal terms against the first-class navy of a first-class power, we shall need our best captains and our best crews if we are to win.

As fast as the new navy was built we had to break in the men to handle it. The young officers who first took hold and developed the possibilities of our torpedo-boats, for instance, really deserve as much credit as their successors have rightly received for handling them with dash and skill during the war. The admirals who first exercised the new ships in squadrons were giving the training without which Dewey and Sampson would have found their tasks incomparably more difficult. As for the ordinary officers and seamen, of course it was their incessant practice in handling the ships and the guns at sea, in all kinds of weather, both alone and in company, year in and year out, that made them able to keep up the never relaxing night blockade at Santiago, to steam into Manila Bay in the darkness, to prevent breakdowns and make repairs of the machinery, and finally to hit what they aimed at when the battle was on. In the naval bureaus the great bulk of what in the army would be called staff places are held by line officers. The men who made ready the guns were the same men who afterward used them. In the engineering bureau were the men who had handled or were to handle the engines in action. The bureau of navigation, the bureau of equipment, the bureau of information, were held by men who had commanded ships in actual service, or who were thus to command them against the Spaniards. The head of the bureau of navigation is the chief of staff, and he has always been an officer of distinction, detailed, like all of the other bureau chiefs, for special service. From the highest to the lowest officer, every naval man had seen and taken part, during time of peace, in the work which he would have to do in time of war. The commodores and captains who took active part in the war had commanded fleets in sea service, or at the least had been in command of single ships in these fleets. There was not one thing they were to do in war which they had not done in peace, save actually receive the enemy's fire.

Contrast this with the army. The material in the army is exactly as good as that in the navy, and in the lower ranks the excellence is as great. In no service, ashore or afloat, in the world could better men of their grade be found than the lieutenants, and indeed the captains, of the infantry and dismounted cavalry at Santiago. But in the army the staff bureaus are permanent positions, instead of being held, as of course they should be, by officers detailed from the line, with the needs of the line and experiences of actual service fresh in their minds.

The artillery had for thirty-five years had no field practice that was in the slightest degree adequate to its needs, or that compared in any way with the practice received by the different companies and troops of the infantry and cavalry. The bureaus in Washington were absolutely enmeshed in red tape, and were held for the most part by elderly men, of fine records in the past, who were no longer fit to break through routine and to show the extraordinary energy, business capacity, initiative, and willingness to accept responsibility which were needed. Finally, the higher officers had been absolutely denied that chance to practise their profession to which the higher officers of the navy had long been accustomed. Every time a war-ship goes to sea and cruises around the world, its captain has just such an experience as the colonel of a regiment would have if sent off for a six or eight months' march, and if during those six or eight months he incessantly practised his regiment in every item of duty which it would have to perform in battle. Every war-ship in the American navy, and not a single regiment in the American army, had had this experience.

Every naval captain had exercised command for long periods, under conditions which made up nine tenths of what he would have to encounter in war. Hardly a colonel had such an experience to his credit. The regiments were not even assembled, but were scattered by companies here and there. After a man ceased being a junior captain he usually had hardly any chance for field service; it was the lieutenants and junior captains who did most of the field work in the West of recent years. Of course there were exceptions; even at Santiago there were generals and colonels who showed themselves not only good fighters, but masters of their profession; and in the Philippines the war has developed admirable leaders, so that now we have ready the right man; but the general rule remains true. The best man alive, if

allowed to rust at a three-company post, or in a garrison near some big city, for ten or fifteen years, will find himself in straits if suddenly called to command a division, or mayhap even an army-corps, on a foreign expedition, especially when not one of his important subordinates has ever so much as seen five thousand troops gathered, fed, sheltered, manœuvred, and shipped. The marvel is, not that there was blundering, but that there was so little, in the late war with Spain.

Captain (now Colonel) John Bigelow, Jr., in his account of his personal experiences in command of a troop of cavalry during the Santiago campaign, has pictured the welter of confusion during that campaign, and the utter lack of organization, and of that skilled leadership which can come only through practice. His book should be studied by every man who wishes to see our army made what it should be. In the Santiago campaign the army was more than once uncomfortably near grave disaster, from which it was saved by the remarkable fighting qualities of its individual fractions, and, above all, by the incompetency of its foes. To go against a well-organized, well-handled, well-led foreign foe under such conditions would inevitably have meant failure and humiliation. Of course party demagogues and the thoughtless generally are sure to credit these disasters to the people under whom they occur, to the secretary, or to the commander of the army.

As a matter of fact, the blame must rest in all such cases far less with them than with those responsible for the existence of the system. Even if we had the best secretary of war the country could supply and the best general the army could furnish, it would be impossible for them offhand to get good results if the nation, through its representatives, had failed to make adequate provision for a proper army, and to provide for the reorganization of the army and for its practice in time of peace. The whole staff system, and much else, should be remodeled. Above all, the army should be practised in mass in the actual work of marching and camping. Only thus will it be possible to train the commanders, the quartermasters, the commissaries, the doctors, so that they may by actual experience learn to do their duties, as naval officers by actual experience have learned to do theirs. Only thus can we do full justice to as splendid and gallant a body of men as any nation ever had the good luck to include among its armed defenders.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

France—and at Home.

NO American who inherits the historical regard of America for France, or who has an instinctive sympathy with the great European republic, or who cherishes a love for all that is precious to civilization in the Latin spirit, and especially in the high manifestations of this spirit in French art, literature, and science—no such American can take pleasure in any sweeping condemnation of the French people owing to a failure of justice in the Dreyfus case.

Condemnation there must be of this shining illustration of a perverted idea of justice to the individual; but all that France has been and still is must not be forgotten—not the heroes that this very episode has produced, nor the conservative and vivifying elements at-work through educational channels to lift the nation to its own true ideal.

It was hoped by those to whom France is dear that the verdict of the second court martial would not only render justice to Dreyfus,—condemned before simply, it would seem, on suspicion and dislike,—but that it would form a vindication of whatever is really useful in those methods of procedure which, in some of their singular workings, often fill the Anglo-Saxon mind with curiosity and wonderment.

Indeed, the interference of the Court of Cassation was itself a proof that the accused in France are not so fantastically and inhumanly treated as is supposed by many; and Dreyfus's second conviction may be taken rather as an example of the present state of the French military mind, and of the methods of courts martial in general, than of the utter incompetence of French law to deal fairly by those charged with crime. French civil law may not be according to our notions, but it is not its civil law, it is its military régime, that has been on trial.

At the same time, the present verdict is an example, crying from the tops of all the monuments dedicated to France's glory, of the danger of regarding a prisoner guilty till he is proved innocent. Maître Demange vainly pointed out to the judges that possibility of crime should not be construed as probability. (The judges themselves would probably not like to be considered murderers largely because a given murder *might* have been conveniently committed by them.) And the verdict is, too, an example of the dangerous absurdity and horrible wrong of sacrificing the public honor in its relation to the individual, with the vain thought of preserving the honor of the nation or of the nation's representative, the army. That army, in this very attempt, has before all the world suffered a catastrophe "more shameful than

Sedan." But the end is not yet, and even as we write the victim has been released.

Meantime there is for Americans as much in the way of warning as there is of deprecation in the events connected with this significant prosecution. We condemn the blind and unbalanced resentment of Frenchmen at foreign critical opinion; but have we forgotten times when Americans (if not America) bitterly resented the opinion of "abroad"? Of late it has not been as politically unsafe as it sometimes has been, from Washington's day to ours, publicly to express respect for England and its government and its opinion of ourselves.

Again, as to matters of prejudice, and as to conspicuous failures of justice in courts, military or civil, is public opinion in America always just, calm, and unprejudiced, and have our courts martial never been incorrect in judgment? Even when colossal lies are not formulated in judicial verdicts, do they never gain credence over wide territories, and work base injury to the reputations of those who are, or have been, public servants?

As to miscarriages of justice, have there been no cases where groups of men among our most disinterested citizens, moved by misinformation or touched by pride or influenced by false notions of "honor," have stood up on the side of falsehood and worked sad injustice to men of conscience who spoke the truth and feared not? At least one such *cause célèbre* has not quite passed out of the memory of the living.

France should not be so fearfully angry at the honest expression of disinterested foreign opinion. Such anger is wrong; it is dangerous. But such unreasonable anger is wrong not only when exhibited by Frenchmen. The civilized nations of the world are proper critics one of the other even as to internal affairs; and the criticism of one people by another should be heard and weighed, and not scorned and rejected for the mere fact of its foreign origin. The nation that is vociferously careless of "abroad" is very likely "up to something" disreputable. International criticism is a natural accompaniment of increasing international dependence. The world is coming closer together every year. Every year international criticism is likely to be at once more common, more intelligent, and more useful; and the nation that is unable to profit by it is likely to fall sadly behind in the universal march of progress.

The Boycott International.

WHILE a feeling of resentment naturally followed upon the shock given to the civilized world by the second condemnation of Captain Dreyfus, the suggestion of boycotting France fortunately did not gain any great headway. With time it will ap-

pear more and more that the unfortunate officer was the victim of an inconceivably vicious class cabal and of an ignoble party rancor, rather than of a French spirit of unfairness and French methods of procedure. Circumstances have given the victim the sympathy of the wide world apart from the question of guilt or innocence; it is a remonstrance, on the testimony as known to the world, against the monstrous theory that a civil or a military court may "guess" that a man is guilty and condemn him without substantial proof.

Injustices wrought through the stupidity or the malevolence of individuals are known to the records of every nation. Acts have been committed in public within the boundaries of the United States, during the last twelvemonth, which might well lead strenuous citizens of other countries to exclaim that they would not eat bread made of our flour, or visit our shores. On some substantial count, every nation of Europe might be excluded from international comity; and the fact remains that in its fundamental passions and vices mankind is much the same, no matter in what language or under what sky it disports itself.

France has contributed too much to the intelligence, the beauty, and the refinement of the world to be lightly adjudged a human enemy. From the historic record and her present offerings to civilization it is easy to picture her in the character of a benefactor. No two peoples, though separated merely by an imaginary line, have the same manners and similar standards of private and public morality. The meretricious amusements of every capital are in large part an obvious appeal to the lax taste and appetite for sensation of the idle and prodigal visitor. In this respect the capital of all capitals, Paris, is not France, as the sober and generous life of her provincial towns attests. The foreign visitor who comes in contact with the family life of France must admire the simplicity and probity and the unaffected refinement of the home circle among the educated classes. And as for that part of the literature and art which may be called the solid food of the mind and taste of the French people, the whole world runs to it for instruction and edification.

Politically, France is still suffering from the lingering conflict between the old order and the new. The Dreyfus affair afforded a much-sought-after rallying-point for the reactionary forces of the nation. Whatever the yet uncovered merits of either side to the controversy, the demerits have been made obvious. So far as the latter strike root into the national life they will be eradicated; for the average Frenchman is a man who loves individual right and human justice.

The enlightened nations of the earth should rejoice that France is passing calmly through a national crisis which must result in progress, in a higher moral tone in her army, and in greater security to the individual citizen. To withhold the hand of international amity at this time would be to show a dull sense of appreciation of national merits, of gratitude for benefits conferred, and of sympathy for a great nation purging itself of an internal disorder.

The Ideal.

PERHAPS the note of protest and regret must always accompany the noise and tumult of healthy movement and progress. So one should not be too easily or sadly persuaded by those who find only misfortune in new views and new methods. On the other hand, because methods are new and noisy does not prove them to be desirable, admirable, or in any wise other than retrogressive and pernicious. In our own hour and moment one not only hears the usual condemnation of the monstrosities of ostentatiously vulgar journalism; of an increasing salaciousness on the stage and in literature; of thinly disguised licentiousness in certain small but conspicuous social circles—and so on through the gamut of criticism; but one also hears men in various sorts and kinds of business, even those which touch upon the intellectual and the spiritual, deprecate the introduction of new, vociferous, and plunging means and methods—methods and means which tend toward speculation and sensationalism.

In literature the clamor of reality seems to dominate the hour, though in the heart of the best of this modern realism is a latent, somewhat shy idealism. But literature is not given up wholly to the realistic; notwithstanding that the purely poetic may not be the vogue, nevertheless literature may be trusted to assert and reassert the everlasting ideal. It is seldom, indeed, in literature or in art, that no voice is heard proclaiming the dream of the pure and contrite heart.

The dictionary calls the "ideal" "a standard of desire; an ultimate object or aim; a mental conception of what is most desirable," and defines the "idealist" as "one who pursues or dwells upon the ideal; a seeker after the highest beauty or good." Two notable books have recently appeared in American literature whose subjects meet the first definition and whose authors are definitely described by the second: books of repose, of contemplation, and of ideality, that are doubly welcome in an epoch when the motion of, what it is to be hoped are, the wheels of progress does make at times a most execrable sound of grinding.

One of these books is George Edward Woodberry's "Heart of Man." The essays are "Taormina" (known to the readers of THE CENTURY), "A New Defense of Poetry," "Democracy," and "The Ride." The intention of the author, he says, "was to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding-roots in a common soil, 'deep in the general heart of men.'" Even the reader who may not accept in whole the philosophy of the writer can hardly fail to do justice to the lofty idealism of his thought.

As Fiske unveils the weakness of "materialism," so Woodberry condemns "realism." As the former writer insists upon the unity of nature, the latter upholds the idea of a universal order obtaining in the soul. In the culminating passage of the "New Defense" the appeal for the ideal takes on a personal urgency, and Youth is enjoined, with a noble enthusiasm, to live in the ideal; "idealize

your friend, for it is better to love and be deceived than not to love at all; idealize your masters, and take Shelley and Sidney to your bosom; . . . idealize your country; . . . fear not to act as your ideal shall command. . . . Fear not either to believe that the soul is as eternal as the order that obtains in it, wherefore you shall forever pursue that divine beauty which has here so touched and influenced you,—for this is the faith of man, your race, and those who were fairest in its records. And have recourse always to the fountains of this life in literature, which are the wells of truth. How to live is the one matter; the wisest man in his ripe age is yet to seek in it; but Thou begin now and seek wisdom in the beauty of virtue and live in its light, rejoicing in it; so in this world shall you live in the foregleam of the world to come."

In "Through Nature to God" Professor Fiske advances what he believes to be a new argument in support of a belief in God and in immortality. He holds that step by step in the upward advance toward humanity the environment has enlarged, and that every stage of enlargement has reference to actual existences outside; the eye, for instance, was developed in response to the outward existence of radiant light, the mother-love came in response to the infant's needs, fidelity and honor were slowly developed as the nascent

social life required them: everywhere the internal adjustment has been brought about so as to harmonize with some actually existing external fact. Such has been nature's method. At a critical moment in the history of our planet, when civilization was to be superadded to organic evolution, we see the nascent human soul vaguely reaching forth toward something akin to itself in the Eternal Presence beyond. "The crude, childlike mind was groping to put itself into relation with an ethical world not visible to the senses." "So far as our knowledge of nature goes, the whole momentum of it carries us onward to the conclusion that the Unseen World, as the objective term in a relation of fundamental importance that has co-existed with the whole career of Mankind, has a real existence; and it is but following out the analogy to regard that Unseen World as the theater where the ethical process is destined to reach its full consummation." And so, memorably, declares the distinguished expounder of evolution: "Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to Man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the Everlasting Reality of Religion."

The thought of the world is enriched and ennobled by books like these, which appeal not only to the highly cultured intellect but to the "general heart of men."

OPEN LETTERS

A Yiddish Poet.

PREVIOUS to the extinction of the Judeo-German (Yiddish) dialect, whose longest lease of life, according to their own writers, is twenty-five years, the Jews have developed an unusual activity. Their periodical literature is more numerous than that of the rest of Judaism combined; they furnish their coreligionists in the Cape Colony and the Transvaal with wagon-loads of weekly publications; three of their theaters in the city of New York appeal to the tastes of the Jewish populace, and their poetry has received its highest perfection here, to die in oblivion with the last sounds of the dialect.

A long list of folk-poets have tried to rouse the Russian Jews, by means of tunable songs, from their lethargy of the past few centuries to the necessity of reforms and assimilation. The riots and expatriation of the eighties have shattered their dreams, and their best men, like the poet Frug, abandoning the adoptive Russian language, have returned to the Judeo-German to give utterance to their grief. Thousands upon thousands have found an abiding-place on these hospitable shores—alas! frequently only to exchange their

political oppression for the incubus of the sweat-shop. At the same time, the greater freedom which they enjoy here has enabled them to give free expression to their feelings, and a host of writers, from the balladmonger to the political agitator and poet by profession, have sung of their misery.

Among these towers Morris Rosenfeld, the personification of the sufferings of his race. Escaping prosecution at home, he arrived in America, to become for eight years a slave of the sweat-shops. His health broke down, and he exchanged his wretched life for the even more precarious existence of a Yiddish penny-a-liner. Not possessing a thorough knowledge of any language except his native dialect, yet innately sensitive to the music of verse and the harmonies of thought, imbued with the spirit of his nationality and burning with revolt against industrial slavery, he strikes notes on his lyre that have hardly been heard before with so much vigor. Nor is his muse one-sided, for he sings also of joy and spring and love, and these songs are the sweeter, since to him who suffers and bleeds for humanity they are the unattainable. In his national songs he either portrays the persecutions of ages under which the

Jews could not be crushed, or, more often, the conflict between religious duties and actualities. The latter form the subject of many of his best ballads. His songs of labor, powerful in their simplicity, irresistible in their realism, are all taken from familiar scenes in the Ghetto of New York, and not a few of them are recitals of his own experiences in the sweat-shop. In all of his poems there is a rare combination of the dramatic with the lyrical. Though in sympathy with the suffering which he depicts, he does not degenerate into a didactic agitator, but simply presents his case before the judgment-seat of Mercy. It is not possible in the space of this letter to give an adequate idea of his genius, but the following poem may serve to form some conception of his individuality. It compares favorably with Shelley's "Misery" and Musset's "La nuit de décembre." The prose translation, which follows the text closely, unfortunately cannot render the charm of the original.

"MY MISERY.

"MISERY, you are the only one who has loved me from my first hour, and besides you, alas, no one knows me, and I have not a friend!

"Whithersoever I turn I meet enemies and per-

secutions, but you, O Misery, your pale face smiles on me at all times.

"Misery, you have nurtured me, I first became acquainted with you in my cradle—the same dim, small eyes, the same bony hands.

"You took me to the infant school and carried me home upon your back; oh, you have colored my flowers in the spring morn of my happiness.

"You were my go-between, my teacher, too, and half despairing you read my contract of marriage and told me, 'Good luck to you!'

"Oh, no, I need no further proofs that you are true to me; . . . you went with me to the last door after the funeral of my hopes.

"And even now, when, vexed with sorrows, I bend my head in resignation, my only, my kind Misery, even now you do not abandon me.

"I see you always, I see you coming from the gloomy mart of destiny with faded flowers of the grave, O Misery, with a song for the dead.

"And when, rocked by the laments of life, I shall fall asleep, you will come gently and unfold me in your black garment.

"And as a reward for it all, . . . we shall remain brothers! I will pay you your due—to you alone I dedicate my songs, my aching heart, my somber moods!"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Leo Wiener.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Muskrat Joe.

TALL Antoine loves a French-four dance—
That 's a handsome fellow's chance;
Big Pierre Latour can show them how
Through forest-land to hold the plow,
And Old Man Gadois' log dugout
Comes home at night half full of trout;
But Muskrat Joe, round-backed and small,
You think he is no good at all!

At him no brown girl snaps her eye;
When strong men work he 's sitting by,
Bad as fireweed in the oats—
Till muskrats get their winter coats;
Then, when inlet banks are white
With mist that 's frozen overnight,
The teal-ducks fly before the bow
Of Muskrat Joe's light trapping-scow,
And in his shanty, tier on tier,
Are pelts to keep him through the year.

So Joe the trapper, small and bent,
Is a man of weight in the settlement.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

Motifs.

SHE helped him up the steep steps of success, at first by aiding him with her strength, then by her weakness forcing him to use his own.

SHE gave her life for his, yet he owed her nothing. For it was done, not that he might live, but that she might die but once in her own death, and not twice by dying first in his.

In the magic light of love they saw each other, and grew to be what each to the other seemed by thus seeing.

He led her aright high up the narrow path he had never trod before, for by looking to him for guidance she showed him the way.

A YOUTH came through the sunlight, crowned with glory, bearing in his hand a cup whose draught was sweet. He paused amid a circle of fair maidens, then laid his offering at the feet of one. "I knew not with which to share my cup of joy," he said, "until I saw her to whom alone I would have brought my grief."

E. Scott O'Connor.

HIGH C, AND HOW THEY TAKE IT.

DRAWINGS BY HENRY MAYER.



I. THE HEROIC TENOR.



II. THE LYRIC TENOR.



III. THE PRIMA DONNA.



IV. THE AMATEUR.

Ballade of Chevy Chase.

WHEN tourists seek a boarding-place,
And Congress' session has begun;
When looms the much-respected mace
Where he who does n't Reed must run;
When every shining noonday sun
Shows to each senatorial face
'T is Frye-day (pray forgive the pun),
I hie me straight to Chevy Chase.

When Fashion sets the social pace,
And teas and luncheons must be done;
When public functions bring out trace
Of many a Hottentot and Hun;
When coal is going up per ton,
When notes are going on their grace,
All city ways and wiles I shun,
And hie me straight to Chevy Chase.

In fact, in almost any case,
Unless a rain should spoil the fun;
Unless a fog should quite efface
The landscape, as in Albion;
Unless, perhaps, I had not won
The day before; unless each ace
Were mine at whist, the days are none
I would not hie to Chevy Chase.

ENVOY.

Ye golfers! Daughter, sire, and son,
Athletic-lovers of our race,
When you too come to Washington,
You fain will hie to Chevy Chase.

Beatrice Hanscom.

A Dixie Thanksgivin'.

HOLLERDAYS hab come once mo'—
Hyar it am Thanksgivin'!
Ole man gittin' stiff an' so'e—
Hahdly make a livin'.
But, sah, when Thanksgivin' come,
Honey, I ain't nevah glum;
'Ca'se ma dinnah 'll sho be some—
Bress de good Thanksgivin'!

Bes'es' white folks in dis town
Sont a turkey to me!
'N' evahthaing to go aroun'—
Dat 's de way dey do me.
Lucy Ann 's a-comin' down
Fuh to bake it nice an' brown;
Den we 'll 'vite de preachah roun'—
No time to be gloomy!

Lucy Ann 's my dorter, chile,
Wo'kin' fuh de white folks—
Up de road about a mile—
One o' dese hyar light folks.

Roun' hyar she 's de cullud belle,—
Preachah 's sot to huh a spell,—
But when Lucy marries—well,
Dey mus' be de right folks!

Lucy's mammy 's dead an' gone
Sence she wuz a baby;
Tuk ma chile an' trabbled on—
Raised huh lak a lady!
She ken ciphah, wash, an' cook,
An' she reads me f'om de Book
Dat lights up de paff I 's took
To'rds de lan' dat 's shady.

But, sah, come aroun' to-night,
Ef you would n't mine it;
Take de road dah to de right—
Easy 'nough to fine it;
Come an' tas'e dat dinnah, sah,
'N' meet the preachah 'n' Lucy; fuh,
Ef he wants a 'cept fuh huh,
You 'll be dar to sign it.

James D. Corrothers.

A Plea for Meat.

Dr. Leo Lilienfeld of Vienna has discovered a method of producing artificial albumen. The production is effected by the condensation of phenol and amidoacetic acid with phosphochloric oxide. Dr. Lilienfeld calls the product pepton. It is maintained that meat and other organic albuminous products will be superseded.
—*Cable Despatch.*

OH, doctor, though we know it 's so,
Man wants but little here below,
Yet, when it comes to things to eat,
Few men of blood will give up meat.

Think not from men of brawn to purloin
The succulent and tasty sirloin;
Nor yet expect a hearty benison,
If from them you would filch their venison.

Who "eats to live," and hates to eat,
May find your "pepton" wondrous sweet;
But he who "lives to eat," dear sir,
At your invention will demur.

Hail, chop and steak, and game and fish,
And every other toothsome dish!
Hail, grill and spit and ovens hot,
And chafing-dish, and pan and pot!

Dyspeptics care not what they 're kept on,
So let them praise your odious pepton;
But gourmands will not give a button
For pepton as opposed to mutton.

Charles Battell Loomis.

